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FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

SINCE Jonah made his short and ignominious voyage along the Syrian coast, mariners have had the same difficulty in getting ashore that the sailors experienced who attempted to land the prophet; his tedious though safe method of disembarking was not followed by later navigators, and the landing at Jaffa has remained a vexatious and half the time an impossible achievement.

The town lies upon the open sea and has no harbor. It is only in favorable weather that vessels can anchor within a mile or so from shore, and the Mediterranean steamboats often pass the port without being able to land either freight or passengers. In the usual condition of the sea the big fish would have found it difficult to discharge Jonah without stranding itself, and it seems that it waited three days for the favorable moment. The best chance for landing nowadays is in the early morning, in that calm period when the winds and the waves alike await the movements of the sun. It was at that hour, on the 5th of April, 1875, that we arrived from Port Said on the French steamboat Erymanthe. The night had been pleasant and the sea tolerably smooth, but not to the apprehensions of some of the passengers, who always declare that they prefer, now, a real tempest to a deceitful groundswell. On a recent trip a party had been prevented from landing, owing to the deliberation of the ladies in making their toilet; by the time they had attired themselves in a proper manner to appear in Southern Palestine, the golden hour had slipped away, and they were able only to look upon the land which their beauty and clothes would have adorned. None of us were caught in a like delinquency. At the moment the anchor went down we were bargaining with a villain to take us ashore, a bargain in which the yeasty and waxingly uneasy sea gave the boatman all the advantage.

Our little company of four is guided by the philosopher and dragoman Mohammed Abd-el-Atti, of Cairo, who has served us during the long voyage of the Nile. He is assisted in his task by the Abyssinian boy Ahman Abdallah, the brightest and most faithful of servants. In making his first appearance in the Holy Land he has donned over his gay Oriental costume a blue Frank coat, and set his fez back upon his head at an angle exceeding the slope of his forehead. His black face has an unusual lustre and his eyes dance with more than their ordinary merriment as he points excitedly to the shore and cries, —

"Yâfa! Mist'r Dunham."

The information is addressed to Madame, whom Ahman, utterly regardless of sex, invariably addresses by the name

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of one of our traveling companions on the Nile.

"Yes, marm; you see him, Yâfa," interposed Abd-el-Atti, coming forward with the air of brushing aside, as impertinent, the geographical information of his subordinate; "not much, I tink, but him bery old. Let us to go ashore."

Jaffa, or Yâfa, or Joppa, must have been a well-established city, since it had maritime dealings with Tarshish in that remote period in which the quaint story of Jonah is set — a piece of Hebrew literature that bears internal evidence of great antiquity in its extreme *naïveté*. Although the Canaanites did not come into Palestine till about 2400 B. C., that is to say about the time of the twelfth dynasty in Egypt, yet there is a reasonable tradition that Jaffa existed before the deluge. For ages it has been the chief Mediterranean port of great Jerusalem. Here Solomon landed his Lebanon timber for the temple. The town swarmed more than once with the Roman legions on their way to crush a Jewish insurrection. It displayed the banner of the Saracen host a few years after the Hegira. And, later, when the Crusaders erected the standard of the cross on its walls, it was the *dépôt* of supplies which Venice and Genoa and other rich cities contributed to the holy war. Great kingdoms and conquerors have possessed it in turn, and for thousands of years merchants have trusted their fortunes to its perilous roadstead. And yet no one has ever thought it worth while to give it a harbor by the construction of a mole, or a pier like that at Port Said. I should say that the first requisite in the industrial, to say nothing of the moral, regeneration of Palestine is a harbor at Jaffa.

The city is a cluster of irregular, flat-roofed houses, and looks from the sea like a brown bowl turned bottom up; the roofs are terraces on which the inhabitants can sleep on summer nights, and to which they can ascend, out of the narrow, evil-smelling streets, to get a whiff of sweet odor from the orange gardens which surround the town. The ordinary pictures of Jaffa do it ample justice. The chief feature in the view is the hundreds of clumsy felucca tossing about in the aggravating waves, diving endwise and dipping sidewise, guided a little by the long sweeps of the sailors, but apparently the sport of the most uncertain billows. A swarm of them, four or five deep, surrounds our vessel; they are rising and falling in the most sickly motion, and dashing into each other in the frantic efforts of their rowers to get near the gangway ladder. One minute the boat nearest the stairs rises as if it would mount into the ship, and the next it sinks below the steps into a frightful gulf. The passengers watch the passing opportunity to jump on board, as people dive into the "lift" of a hotel. Freight is discharged into lighters that are equally frisky; and it is taken on and off splashed with salt water and liable to a thousand accidents in the violence of the transit.

Before the town stretches a line of rocks worn for ages, upon which the surf is breaking and sending white jets into the air. It is through a narrow opening in this that our boat is borne on the back of a great wave, and we come into a strip of calmer water and approach the single landing-stairs. These stairs are not so convenient as those of the vessel we have just left, and two persons can scarcely pass on them. But this is the only sea entrance to Jaffa; if the Jews attempt to return and enter their ancient kingdom this way, it will take them a long time to get in. A sea wall fronts the town, fortified by a couple of rusty cannon at one end, and the passage is through the one gate at the head of these stairs.

It seems forever that we are kept waiting at the foot of this shaky stairway. Two opposing currents are struggling to get up and down it: excited travelers, porters with trunks and knapsacks, and dragomans who appear to be pushing their way through simply to show their familiarity with the country. It is a dangerous ascent for a delicate woman. Somehow, as we wait at this gate where so many men of note have entered, from Solomon to Origen, from Tiglath-Pileser

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to Frederick Barbarossa, the historical figure which most pervades Jaffa is that of the whimsical Jonah, whose connection with it was the slightest. There is no evidence that he ever returned here. Josephus, who takes liberties with the Hebrew Scriptures, says that a whale carried the fugitive into the Euxine Sea, and there discharged him much nearer to Nineveh than he would have been if he had kept with the conveyance in which he first took passage and landed at Tarsus. Probably no one in Jaffa noticed the little man as he slipped though this gate and took ship, and yet his simple embarkation from the town has given it more notoriety than any other event. Thanks to an enduring piece of literature, the unheroic Jonah and his whale are better known than St. Jerome and his lion; they are the earliest associates and Oriental acquaintances of all well-brought-up children in Christendom. For myself, I confess that the strictness of many a New England Sunday has been relieved by the perusal of his unique adventure. He in a manner anticipated the use of the monitors and other cigar-shaped submerged sea vessels.

When we have struggled up the slippery stairs and come through the gate, we wind about for some time in a narrow passage on the side of the sea, and then cross through the city, still on foot. It is a rubbishy place; the streets are steep and crooked; we pass through archways, we ascend steps, we make unexpected turns; the shops are a little like bazars, but rather Italian than Oriental; we pass a pillared mosque and a Moslem fountain; we come upon an ancient square, in the centre of which is a round fountain with pillars and a canopy of stone, and close about it are the bazars of merchants. This old fountain is profusely sculptured with Arabic inscriptions; the stones are worn and have taken the rich tint of age, and the sunlight blends it into harmony with the gay stuffs of the shops and the dark skins of the idlers on the pavement. We come into the great market of fruit and vegetables, where vast heaps of oranges, like apples in a New England orchard, line the way and fill the atmosphere with a golden tinge.

The Jaffa oranges are famous in the Orient: they grow to the size of ostrich eggs, they have a skin as thick as the hide of a rhinoceros, and, in their season, the pulp is sweet, juicy, and tender. It is a little late now, and we open one golden globe after another before we find one that is not dry and tasteless as a piece of punk. But one cannot resist buying such magnificent fruit.

Outside the walls, through broad dusty highways, by lanes of cactus hedges and in sight again of the sea breaking on a rocky shore, we come to the Hotel of the Twelve Tribes, occupied now principally by Cook's tribes, most of whom appear to be lost. In the adjacent lot are pitched the tents of Syrian travelers, and one of Cook's expeditions is in all the bustle of speedy departure. The bony, nervous Syrian horses are assigned by lot to the pilgrims, who are excellent people from England and America, and most of them as unaccustomed to the back of a horse as to that of an ostrich. It is touching to see some of the pilgrims walk around the animals which have fallen to them, wondering how they are to get on, which side they are to mount, and how they are to stay on. Some have already mounted, and are walking the steeds carefully round the inclosure or timidly essaying a trot. Nearly every one concludes, after a trial, that he would like to change, — something not quite so much up and down, you know, an easier saddle, a horse that more unites gentleness with spirit. Some of the dragomans are equipped in a manner to impress travelers with the perils of the country. One, whom I remember on the Nile as a mild though showy person, has bloomed here into a Bedawee: he is fierce in aspect, an arsenal of weapons, and gallops furiously about upon a horse loaded down with accoutrements. This, however, is only the beginning of our real danger.

After breakfast we sallied out to see the sights: besides the house of Simon the tanner, they are not many. The house of Simon is, as it was in the time

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of St. Peter, by the sea-side. We went upon the roof (and it is more roof than anything else) where the apostle lay down to sleep and saw the vision, and looked around upon the other roofs and upon the wide sweep of the tumbling sea. In the court is a well, the stone curb of which is deeply worn in several places by the rope, showing long use. The water is brackish; Simon may have tanned with it. The house has not probably been destroyed and rebuilt more than four or five times since St. Peter dwelt here; the Romans once built the entire city. The chief room is now a mosque. We inquired for the house of Dorcas, but that is not shown, although I understood that we could see her grave outside the city. It is a great oversight not to show the house of Dorcas, and one that I cannot believe will long annoy pilgrims in these days of multiplied discoveries of sacred sites.

Whether this is the actual spot where the house of Simon stood, I do not know, nor does it much matter. Here, or hereabouts, the apostle saw that marvelous vision which proclaimed to a weary world the brotherhood of man. From this spot issued the gospel of democracy: "Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." From this insignificant dwelling went forth the edict that broke the power of tyrants, and loosed the bonds of slaves, and ennobled the lot of woman, and enfranchised the human mind. Of all places on earth I think there is only one more worthy of pilgrimage by all devout and liberty-loving souls.

We were greatly interested, also, in a visit to the well-known school of Miss Arnot, a mission school for girls in the upper chambers of a house in the most crowded part of Jaffa. With modest courage and tact and self-devotion this lady has sustained it here for twelve years, and the fruits of it already begin to appear. We found twenty or thirty pupils, nearly all quite young, and most of them daughters of Christians; they are taught in Arabic the common branches, and some English, and they learn to sing. They sang for us English tunes like any Sunday-school; a strange sound in a Moslem town. There are one or two other schools of a similar character in the Orient, conducted as private enterprises by ladies of culture; and I think there is no work nobler, and none more worthy of liberal support or more likely to result in giving women a decent position in Eastern society.

On a little elevation a half mile outside the walls is a cluster of wooden houses, which were manufactured in America. There we found the remnants of the Adams colony, only half a dozen families out of the original two hundred and fifty persons; two or three men and some widows and children. The colony built in the centre of their settlement an ugly little church out of Maine timber; it now stands empty and staring, with broken windows. It is not difficult to make this adventure appear romantic. Those who engaged in it were plain New England people, many of them ignorant, but devout to fanaticism. They had heard the prophets expounded, and the prophecies of the latter days unraveled, until they came to believe that the day of the Lord was nigh, and that they had laid upon them a mission in the fulfillment of the divine purposes. Most of them were from Maine and New Hampshire, accustomed to bitter winters and to wring their living from a niggardly soil. I do not wonder that they were fascinated by the pictures of a fair land of blue skies, a land of vines and olives and palms, where they were undoubtedly called by the Spirit to a life of greater sanctity and considerable ease and abundance. I think I see their dismay when they first pitched their tents amid this Moslem squalor, and attempted to "squat," Western fashion, upon the skirts of the Plain of Sharon, which has been for some ages preëmpted. They erected houses, however, and joined the other inhabitants of the region in a struggle for existence. But Adams, the preacher and president, had not faith enough to wait for the unfolding of prophecy; he took to strong drink, and with general bad management the whole enterprise came to grief, and the deluded people

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were rescued from starvation only by the liberality of our government.

There was the germ of a good idea in the rash undertaking. If Palestine is ever to be repeopled, its coming inhabitants must have the means of subsistence; and if those now here are to be redeemed to a better life, they must learn to work; before all else there must come a revival of industry and a development of the resources of the country. To send here Jews or Gentiles and to support them by charity, only adds to the existing misery.

It was eight years ago that the Adams community exploded. Its heirs and successors are Germans, a colony from Würtemberg, an Advent sect akin to the American, but more single-minded and devout. They own the ground upon which they have settled, having acquired a title from the Turkish government; they have erected substantial houses of stone and a large hotel, The Jerusalem, and give many evidences of shrewdness and thrift as well as piety. They have established a good school, in which, with German thoroughness, Latin, English, and the higher mathematics are taught, and an excellent education may be obtained. More land the colony is not permitted to own; but they hire ground outside the walls which they farm to advantage.

I talked with one of the teachers, a thin young ascetic in spectacles, whose severity of countenance and demeanor was sufficient to rebuke all the Oriental levity I had encountered during the winter. There was in him and in the other leaders an air of sincere fanaticism, and a sobriety and integrity in the common laborers, which are the best omens for the success of the colony. The leaders told us that they thought the Americans came here with the expectation of making money uppermost in mind, and hardly in the right spirit. As to themselves, they do not expect to make money; they repelled the insinuation with some warmth; they have had, in fact, a very hard struggle, and are thankful for a fair measure of success. Their sole present purpose is evidently to redeem and reclaim the land, and make it fit for the expected day of jubilee. The Jews from all parts of the world, they say, are to return to Palestine, and there is to issue out of the Holy Land a new divine impulse which is to be the regeneration and salvation of the world. I do not know that anybody but the Jews themselves would oppose their migration to Palestine, though their withdrawal from the business of the world suddenly would create wide disaster. With these doubts, however, we did not trouble the youthful knight of severity. We only asked him upon what the community founded its creed and its mission. Largely, he replied, upon the prophets, and especially upon Isaiah; and he referred us to Isaiah xxxii. 1; xlix. 12 *et seq.*; and lii. 1. It is not every industrial community that would flourish on a charter so vague as this.

A lad of twelve or fourteen was our guide to the Advent settlement; he was an early polyglot, speaking, besides English, French, and German, Arabic and, I think, a little Greek; a boy of uncommon gravity of deportment and of precocious shrewdness. He is destined to be a guide and dragoman. I could see that the whole Biblical history was a little *fade* to him, but he does not lose sight of the profit of a knowledge of it. I could not but contrast him with a Sunday-school scholar of his own age in America, whose imagination kindles at the Old Testament stories, and whose enthusiasm for the Holy Land is awakened by the wall maps and the pictures of Solomon's temple. Actual contact has destroyed the imagination of this boy; Jerusalem is not so much a wonder to him as Boston; Samson lived just over there beyond the Plain of Sharon, and is not so much a hero as Old Put.

The boy's mother was a good New Hampshire woman, whose downright Yankeeism of thought and speech was in odd contrast to her Oriental surroundings. I sat in a rocking-chair in the sitting-room of her little wood cottage, and could scarcely convince myself that I was not in a prim New Hampshire

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parlor. To her mind there were no more Oriental illusions, and perhaps she had never indulged any; certainly, in her presence Palestine seemed to me as commonplace as New England.

"I s'pose you 've seen the meetin' house?"

"Yes."

"Wal, it 's goin' to rack and ruin like everything else here. There is n't enough here to have any service now. Sometimes I go to the German; I try to keep up a little feeling."

I have no doubt it is more difficult to keep up a religious feeling in the Holy Land than it is in New Hampshire, but we did not discuss that point. I asked, "Do you have any society?"

"Precious little. The Germans are dreffle unsocial. The natives are all a low set. The Arabs will all lie; I don't think much of any of 'em. The Mohammedans are all shiftless; you can't trust any of 'em."

"Why don't you go home?"

"Wal, sometimes I think I 'd like to see the old place, but I reckon I could n't stand the winters. This is a nice climate, that 's all there is here; and we have grapes and oranges, and loads of flowers — you see my garden there; I set great store by that, and me and my daughter take solid comfort in it, especially when *he* is away, and he has to be off most of the time with parties, guidin' 'em. No, I guess I shan't ever cross the ocean again."

It appeared that the good woman had consoled herself with a second husband, who bears a Jewish name; so that the original object of her mission, to gather in the chosen people, is not altogether lost sight of.

There is a curious interest in these New England transplantations. Climate is a great transformer. The habits and customs of thousands of years will insensibly conquer the most stubborn prejudices. I wonder how long it will require to blend these scions of our vigorous civilization with the motley growth that makes up the present Syriac population — people whose blood is streaked with a dozen different strains, Egyptian, Ethiopian, Arabian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Canaanite, Jewish, Persian, Turkish, with all the races that have in turn ravaged or occupied the land. I do not, indeed, presume to say what the Syrians are who have occupied Palestine for so many hundreds of years, but I cannot see how it can be otherwise than that their blood is as mixed as that of the modern Egyptians. Perhaps these New England offshoots will maintain their distinction of race for a long time, but I should be still more interested to know how long the New England mind will keep its integrity in these surroundings, and whether those ruggednesses of virtue and those homely simplicities of character which we recognize as belonging to the hilly portions of New England will insensibly melt away in this relaxing air that so much wants moral tone. These Oriental countries have been conquered many times, but they have always conquered their conquerors. I am told that even our American consuls are not always more successful in resisting the undermining seductions of the East than were the Roman pro-consuls.

These reflections, however, let it be confessed, did not come to me as I sat in the rocking-chair of my countrywoman. I was rather thinking how completely her presence and accent dispelled all my Oriental illusions and cheapened the associations of Jaffa. There is I know not what in a real living Yankee that puts all appearances to the test and dissipates the colors of romance. It was not until I came again into the highway and found in front of The Jerusalem hotel a company of Arab acrobats and pyramid-builders, their swarthy bodies shining in the white sunlight, and a lot of idlers squatting about in enjoyment of the exertions of others, that I recovered in any degree my delusions.

With the return of these, it seemed not so impossible to believe even in the return of the Jews; especially when we learned that preparations for them multiply. A second German colony has been established outside of the city. There is another at Haifa; on the Je-

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rusalem road the beginning of one has been made by the Jews themselves. It amounts to something like a "movement."

At three o'clock in the afternoon we set out for Ramleh, ignominiously, in a wagon. There is a carriage-road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and our dragoman had promised us a "private carriage." We decided to take it, thinking it would be more comfortable than horseback for some of our party. We made a mistake which we have never ceased to regret. The road I can confidently commend as the worst in the world. The carriage into which we climbed belonged to the German colony, and was a compromise between the ancient ark, a modern dray, and a threshing-machine. It was one of those contrivances that a German would evolve out of his inner consciousness, and its appearance here gave me grave doubts as to the adaptability of these honest Germans to the Orient. It was, however, a great deal worse than it looked. If it were driven over smooth ground it would soon loosen all the teeth of the passengers, and shatter their spinal columns. But over the Jerusalem road the effect was indescribable. The noise of it was intolerable, the jolting incredible. The little, solid Dutchman who sat in front and drove, shook like the charioteer of an artillery wagon; but I suppose he had no feeling. We pounded along over the roughest stone pavement, with the sensation of victims drawn to execution in a cart, until we emerged into the open country; but there we found no improvement in the road.

Jaffa is surrounded by immense orange groves, which are protected along the highways by hedges of prickly-pear. We came out from a lane of these upon the level and blooming Plain of Sharon, and saw before us, on the left, the blue hills of Judea. It makes little difference what kind of conveyance one has, it is impossible for him to advance upon this historic, if not sacred plain, and catch the first glimpse of those pale hills which stood to him for a celestial vision in his childhood, without a great quickening of the pulse; and it is a most lovely view after Egypt, or after anything. The elements of it are simple enough, — merely a wide sweep of prairie and a line of graceful mountains; but the forms are pleasing, and the color is incomparable. The soil is warm and red, the fields are a mass of wild flowers of the most brilliant and variegated hues, and, alternately swept by the shadows of clouds and bathed in the sun, the scene takes on the animation of incessant change.

It was somewhere here, outside the walls, I do not know the spot, that the massacre of Jaffa occurred. I purposely go out of my way to repeat the well-known story of it, and I trust that it will always be recalled whenever any mention is made of the cruel little Corsican who so long imposed the vulgarity and savageness of his selfish nature upon Europe. It was in March, 1799, that Napoleon, toward the close of his humiliating and disastrous campaign in Egypt, carried Jaffa by storm. The town was given over to pillage. During its progress four thousand Albanians of the garrison, taking refuge in some old khans, offered to surrender on condition that their lives should be spared; otherwise they would fight to the bitter end. Their terms were accepted, and two of Napoleon's aids-de-camp pledged their honor for their safety. They were marched out to the general's head-quarters and seated in front of the tents with their arms bound behind them. The displeased commander called a council of war and deliberated two days upon their fate, and then signed the order for the massacre of the entire body. The excuse was that the general could not be burdened with so many prisoners. Thus in one day were murdered in cold blood about as many people as Jaffa at present contains. Its inhabitants may be said to have been accustomed to being massacred; eight thousand of them were butchered in one Roman assault; but I suppose all antiquity may be searched in vain for an act of perfidy and cruelty combined equal to that of the Grand Emperor.

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The road over which we rattle is a causeway of loose stones; the country is a plain of sand, but clothed with a luxuriant vegetation. In the fields the brown husbandmen are plowing, turning up the soft red earth with a rude plow drawn by cattle yoked wide apart. Red-legged storks, on their way, I suppose, from Egypt to their summer residence further north, dot the meadows, and are too busy picking up worms to notice our halloo. Abd-el-Atti, who has a passion for shooting, begs permission to "go for" these household birds with the gun; but we explain to him that we would no more shoot a stork than one of the green birds of Paradise. Quails are scudding about in the newly turned furrows, and song birds salute us from the tops of swinging cypresses. The Holy Land is rejoicing in its one season of beauty, its spring-time.

Trees are not wanting to the verdant meadows. We still encounter an occasional grove of oranges; olives also appear, and acacias, sycamores, cypresses, and tamarisks. The pods of the carob-tree are, I believe, the husks upon which the prodigal son did not thrive. Large patches of barley are passed. But the fields not occupied with grain are literally carpeted with wild-flowers of the most brilliant hues, such a display as I never saw elsewhere: scarlet and dark flaming poppies, the scarlet anemone, marigolds, white daisies, the lobelia, the lupin, the vetch, the gorse with its delicate yellow blossom, the pea, something that we agreed to call the white rose of Sharon, the mallow, the asphodel; the leaves of a lily not yet in bloom. About the rose of Sharon we no doubt were mistaken. There is no reason to suppose it was white; but we have somehow associated the purity of that color with the song beginning, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys." It was probably not even a rose. We finally decided to cherish the red mallow as the rose of Sharon; it is very abundant, and the botanist of our company seemed satisfied to accept it. For myself, the rose by the name of mallow does not smell sweet.

We come in sight of Ramleh, which lies on the swelling mounds of the green plain, encompassed by emerald meadows and by groves of orange and olive, and conspicuous from a great distance by its elegant square tower, the most beautiful in form that we have seen in the East. As the sun is sinking we defer our visit to it, and drive to the Latin convent, where we are to lodge, permission to that effect having been obtained from the sister convent at Jaffa; a mere form, since a part of the convent was built expressly for the entertainment of travelers, and the few monks who occupy it find keeping a hotel a very profitable kind of hospitality. The stranger is the guest of the superior, no charge is made, and the little fiction of gratuitous hospitality so pleases the pilgrim that he will not at his departure be outdone in liberality. It would be much more agreeable if all our hotels were upon this system.

While the dragoman is unpacking the luggage in the court-yard and bustling about in a manner to impress the establishment with the importance of its accession, I climb up to the roofs to get the sunset. The house is all roofs, it would seem, at different levels. Steps lead here and there, and one can wander about at will; you could not desire a pleasanter lounging-place in a summer evening. The protecting walls, which are breast-high, are built in with cylinders of tile, like the mud houses in Egypt; the tiles make the walls lighter, and furnish at the same time peep-holes through which the monks can spy the world, themselves unseen. I noticed that the tiles about the entrance court were inclined downwards, so that a curious person could study any new arrival at the convent without being himself observed. The sun went down behind the square tower which is called Saracenic and is entirely Gothic in spirit, and the light lay soft and rosy on the wide compass of green vegetation; I heard on the distant fields the bells of mules returning to the gates, and the sound substituted Italy in my mind for Palestine.

From this prospect I was summoned in haste; the superior of the convent was

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waiting to receive me, and I had been sought in all directions. I had no idea why I should be received, but I soon found that the occasion was not a trivial one. In the reception-room were seated in some state the superior attended by two or three brothers, and the remainder of my suite already assembled. The abbot, if he is an abbot, arose and cordially welcomed "the general" to his humble establishment, hoped that he was not fatigued by the journey from Jaffa, and gave him a seat beside himself. The remainder of the party were ranged according to their rank. I replied that the journey was on the contrary delightful, and that any journey could be considered fortunate which had the hospitable convent of Ramleh as its end. The courteous monk renewed his solicitous inquiries, and my astonishment was increased by the botanist, who gravely assured the worthy father that "the general" was accustomed to fatigue, and that such a journey as this was a recreation to him.

"What in the mischief is all this about?" I seized a moment to whisper to the person next me.

"You are a distinguished American general, traveling with his lady in pursuit of Heaven knows what, and accompanied by his suite; don't make a mess of it."

"Oh," I said, "if I *am* a distinguished American general, traveling with my lady in pursuit of Heaven knows what, I am glad to know it."

Fortunately the peaceful father did not know anything more of war than I did, and I suppose my hastily assumed modesty of the soldier seemed to him the real thing. It was my first experience of anything like real war, the first time I had ever occupied any military position, and it did not seem to be so arduous as has been represented.

Great regret was expressed by the superior that they had not anticipated my arrival, in order to have entertained me in a more worthy manner; the convent was uncommonly full of pilgrims, and it would be difficult to lodge my suite as it deserved. Then there followed a long discussion between the father and one of the monks upon our disposition for the night.

"If we give the general and his lady the south room in the court, then the doctor" — etc., etc.

"Or," urged the monk, "suppose the general and his lady occupy the cell number four, then mademoiselle can take" — etc., etc.

The military commander and his lady were at last shown into a cell opening out of the court, a lofty but narrow vaulted room, with brick floor and thick walls and one small window near the ceiling. Instead of candles we had antique Roman lamps, which made a feeble glimmer in the cavern; the oddest water-jugs served for pitchers. It may not have been damp, but it felt as if no sun had ever penetrated the chill interior.

"What is all this nonsense of the general?" I asked Abd-el-Atti, as soon as I could get hold of that managing factotum.

"Dunno, be sure; these monk always pay more attention to 'stinguish people."

"But what did you say at the convent in Jaffa when you applied for a permit to lodge here?"

"Oh, I tell him my gentleman general American, but 'stinguish; mebbe he done gone wrote 'em that you 'stinguish American general. Very nice man, the superior, speak Italian beautiful; when I give him the letter, he say he do all he can for the general and his suite; he sorry I not let him know 'forehand."

The dinner was served in the long refectory, and there were some twenty-five persons at table, mostly pilgrims to Jerusalem, and most of them of the poorer class. One bright Italian had traveled alone with her little boy all the way from Verona, only to see the Holy Sepulchre. The monks waited at table and served a very good dinner. Travelers are not permitted to enter the portion of the large convent which contains the cells of the monks, nor to visit any part of the old building except the chapel. I fancied that the jolly brothers who waited at table were rather glad

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to come into contact with the world, even in this capacity.

In the dining-room hangs a notable picture. It is the Virgin enthroned, with a crown and aureole, holding the holy child, who is also crowned; in the foreground is a choir of white boys or angels. The Virgin and child are both *black;* it is the Virgin of Ethiopia. I could not learn the origin of this picture; it was rude enough in execution to be the work of a Greek artist of the present day; but it was said to come from Ethiopia, where it is necessary to a proper respect for the Virgin that she should be represented black. She seems to bear something the relation to the Virgin of Judea that Astarte did to the Grecian Venus. And we are again reminded that the East has no prejudice of color: "I am black but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem;" "Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me."

The convent bells are ringing at early dawn, and though we are up at half past five, nearly all the pilgrims have hastily departed for Jerusalem. Upon the roof I find the morning fair. There are more minarets than spires in sight, but they stand together in this pretty little town without discord. The bells are ringing in melodious persuasion, but at the same time, in voices as musical, the muezzins are calling from their galleries; each summoning men to prayer in its own way. From these walls spectators once looked down upon the battles of cross and crescent raging in the lovely meadows, battles of quite as much pride as piety. A common interest always softens animosity, and I fancy that monks and Moslems will not again resort to the foolish practice of breaking each others' heads so long as they enjoy the profitable stream of pilgrims to the Holy Land.

After breakfast and a gift to the treasury of the convent according to our rank — I think if I were to stay there again it would be in the character of a common soldier — we embarked again in the ark, and jolted along behind the square-shouldered driver, who seemed to enjoy the rattling and rumbling of his clumsy vehicle. But no minor infelicity could destroy for us the freshness of the morning or the enjoyment of the lovely country. Although, in the jolting, one could not utter a remark about the beauty of the way without danger of biting his tongue in two, we feasted our eyes and let our imaginations loose over the vast ranges of the Old Testament story.

After passing through the fertile meadows of Ramleh we came into a more rolling country, destitute of houses, but clothed on with such a brilliant bloom of wild flowers, among which the papilionaceous flowers were conspicuous for color and delicacy. I found by the roadside a *black calla* (which I should no more have believed in than in the black Virgin, if I had not seen it). Its leaf is exactly that of our calla-lily; its flower is similar to but not so open and flaring as the white calla, and the pistil is large and very long, and of the color of the interior of the flower. The corolla is green on the outside, but the inside is incomparably rich, like velvet, black in some lights and dark maroon in others. Nothing could be finer in color and texture than this superb flower. Besides the blooms of yesterday we noticed buttercups, various sorts of the ranunculus, among them the scarlet and the shooting-star, a light purple flower with a dark purple centre, the Star of Bethlehem, and the purple wind-flower. Scarlet poppies and the still more brilliant scarlet anemones, dandelions, marguerites, filled all the fields with masses of color.

Shortly we come into the hills, through which the road winds upward, and the scenery is very much like that of the Adirondacks, or would be if the rocky hills of the latter were denuded of trees. The way begins to be lively with passengers, and it becomes us to be circumspect, for almost every foot of ground has been consecrated or desecrated, or in some manner made memorable. This heap of rubbish is the remains of a fortress which the Saracens captured, built by the Crusaders to guard the entrance of the pass, upon the site of an older fortification by the Maccabees, or founded

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upon Roman substructions, and mentioned in Judges as the spot where some very ancient Jew stayed overnight. It is also, no doubt, one of the stations that help us to determine with the accuracy of a surveyor the boundary between the territory of Benjamin and Judah. I try to ascertain all these localities and to remember them all, but I sometimes get Richard Cœur de Lion mixed with Jonathan Maccabæus, and I have no doubt I mistook "Job's convent" for the *Castellum boni Latronis*, a place we were specially desirous to see as the birthplace of the "penitent thief." But whatever we confounded, we were certain of one thing: we looked over into the Valley of Ajalon. It was over this valley that Joshua commanded the moon to tarry while he smote the fugitive Amorites on the heights of Gibeon, there to the east.

The road is thronged with pilgrims to Jerusalem, and with travelers and their attendants, — gay cavalcades scattered all along the winding way over the rolling plain, as in the picture of the Pilgrims to Canterbury. All the transport of freight as well as passengers is by the backs of beasts of burden. There are long files of horses and mules staggering under enormous loads of trunks, tents, and bags. Dragomans, some of them got up in fierce style, with baggy yellow trousers, yellow kuffias bound about the head with a twisted fillet, armed with long Damascus swords, their belts stuck full of pistols, and a rifle slung on the back, gallop furiously along the line, the signs of danger but the assurances of protection. Camp boys and waiters dash along also, on the pack-horses, with a great clatter of kitchen furniture; even a scullion has an air of adventure as he pounds his rack-a-bone steed into a vicious gallop. And there are the Cook's tourists, called by everybody "Cookies," men and women struggling on according to the pace of their horses, conspicuous in hats with white muslin drapery hanging over the neck. Villainous looking fellows with or without long guns, coming and going on the highway, have the air of being neither pilgrims nor strangers. We meet women returning from Jerusalem clad in white, seated astride their horses, or upon beds which top their multifarious baggage.

We are leaving behind us on the right the country of Samson, in which he passed his playful and engaging boyhood, and we look wistfully towards it. Of Zorah, where he was born, nothing is left but a cistern, and there is only a wretched hamlet to mark the site of Timnath, where he got his Philistine wife. "Get her for me, for she pleaseth me well," was his only reply to the entreaty of his father that he would be content with a maid of his own people.

The country gets wilder and more rocky as we ascend. Down the ragged side paths come wretched women and girls, staggering under the loads of brushwood which they have cut in the high ravines; loads borne upon the head that would tax the strength of a strong man. I found it no easy task to lift one of the bundles. The poor creatures were scantily clad in a single garment of coarse brown cloth, but most of them wore a profusion of ornaments: strings of coins, Turkish and Arabic, on the head and breast, and uncouth rings and bracelets. Farther on a rabble of boys besets us, begging for backsheesh in piteous and whining tones, and throwing up their arms in theatrical gestures of despair.

All the hills bear marks of having once been terraced to the very tops, for vines and olives. The natural ledges seem to have been humored into terraces and occasionally built up and broadened by stone walls; but where the hill was smooth, traces of terraces are yet visible. The grape is still cultivated low down the steeps, and the olives straggle over some of the hills to the very top; but these feeble efforts of culture or of nature do little to relieve the deserted aspect of the scene.

We lunch in a pretty olive grove, upon a slope long ago terraced and now grass-grown and flower-sown; lovely vistas open into cool glades, and paths lead upward among the rocks to inviting retreats. From this high perch in the bosom of the hills we look off upon Ram-

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leh, Jaffa, the broad Plain of Sharon, and the sea. A strip of sand between the sea and the plain produces the effect of a mirage, giving to the plain the appearance of the sea. It would be a charming spot for a country-seat for a resident of Jerusalem, although Jerusalem itself is rural enough at present; and David and Solomon may have had summer pavilions in these cool shades in sight of the Mediterranean. David himself, however, perhaps had enough of this region — when he dodged about in these fastnesses between Ramah and Gath, from the pursuit of Saul — to make him content with a city life. There is nothing to hinder our believing that he often enjoyed this prospect; and we do believe it, for it is already evident that the imagination must be called in to create an enjoyment of this deserted land. David no doubt loved this spot. For David was a poet, even at this early period when his occupation was that of a successful guerrilla; and he had all the true poet's adaptability, as witness the exquisite ode he composed on the death of his enemy Saul. I have no doubt that he enjoyed this lovely prospect often, for he was a man who enjoyed heartily everything lovely. He was in this as in all he did a *thorough* man; when he made a raid on an Amorite city, he left neither man, woman, nor child alive to spread the news.

We have already mounted over two thousand feet. The rocks are silicious limestone, crumbling and gray with ages of exposure; they give the landscape an ashy appearance. But there is always a little verdure amid the rocks, and now and then an olive-tree, perhaps a very old one, decrepit and twisted into the most fantastic form, as if distorted by a vegetable rheumatism, casting abroad its withered arms as if the tree writhed in pain. On such ghostly trees I have no doubt the five kings were hanged. Another tree or rather shrub is abundant, the dwarf-oak; and the hawthorne, now in blossom, is frequently seen. The rock-rose — a delicate white single flower — blooms by the wayside and amid the ledges, and the scarlet anemone flames out more brilliantly than ever. Nothing indeed could be more beautiful than the contrast of the clusters of scarlet anemones and white roses with the gray rocks.

We soon descend into a valley and reach the site of Kirjath-Jearim, which has not much ancient interest for me, except that the name is pleasing; but on the other side of the stream and opposite a Moslem fountain are the gloomy stone habitations of the family of the terrible Abu Ghaush, whose robberies of travelers kept the whole country in a panic a quarter of a century ago. He held the key of this pass, and let no one go by without toll. For fifty years he and his companions defied the Turkish government, and even went to the extremity of murdering two pashas who attempted to pass this way. He was disposed of in 1846, but his descendants still live here, having the inclination but not the courage of the old chief. We did not encounter any of them, but I have never seen any buildings that have such a wicked physiognomy as their grim houses.

Near by is the ruin of a low, thick-walled chapel, of a pure Gothic style, a remnant of the Crusaders' occupation. The gloomy wady has another association; a monkish tradition would have us believe it was the birthplace of Jeremiah; if the prophet was born in such a hard country it might account for his lamentations. As we pass out of this wady, the German driver points to a forlorn village clinging to the rocky slope of a hill to the right, and says, —

"That is where John Baptist was born."

The information is sudden and seems improbable, especially as there are other places where he was born.

"How do you know?" we ask.

"Oh, I know *ganz wohl;* I been five years in dis land, and I ought to know."

Descending into a deep ravine we cross a brook, which we are told is the one that flows into the Valley of Elah, the valley of the "terebinth" or acacia trees; and if so, it is the brook out of which David took the stone that killed

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Goliath. It is a bright, dashing stream. I stood upon the bridge, watching it dancing down the ravine, and should have none but agreeable recollections of it, but that close to the bridge stood a vile grog-shop, and in the doorway sat the most villainous-looking man I ever saw in Judea, rapacity and murder in his eyes. The present generation have much more to fear from him and his drugged liquors than the Israelite had from the giant of Gath.

While the wagon zigzags up the last long hill, I mount by a short path and come upon a rocky plateau, across which runs a broad way, on the bed rock, worn smooth by many centuries of travel: by the passing of caravans and armies to Jerusalem, of innumerable generations of peasants, of chariots, of horses, mules, and foot soldiers; here went the messengers of the king's pleasure, and here came the heralds and legates of foreign nations; this great highway the kings and prophets themselves must have trodden when they journeyed towards the sea; for I cannot learn that the Jews ever had any decent roads, and perhaps they never attained the civilization necessary to build them. We have certainly seen no traces of anything like a practicable ancient highway on this route.

Indeed, the greatest wonder to me in the whole East is that there has not been a good road built from Jaffa to Jerusalem; that the city sacred to more than half the world, to all the most powerful nations, to Moslems, Jews, Greeks, Roman Catholics, Protestants, the desire of all lands, and the object of pilgrimage with the delicate and the feeble as well as the strong, should not have a highway to it over which one can ride without being jarred and stunned and pounded to a jelly; that the Jews should never have made a road to their seaport; that the Romans, the road builders, do not seem to have constructed one over this important route. The Sultan began this one over which we have been dragged, for the Empress Eugénie. But he did not finish it; most of the way it is a mere rubble of stones. The track is well engineered, and the road bed is well enough; soft stone is at hand to form an excellent dressing, and it might be, in a short time, as good a highway as any in Switzerland, if the Sultan would set some of his lazy subjects to work out their taxes on it. Of course, it is now a great improvement over the old path for mules; but as a carriage road it is atrocious. Imagine thirty-six miles of cobble pavement, with every other stone gone and the remainder sharpened!

Perhaps, however, it is best not to have a decent road to the Holy City of the world. It would make going there easy, even for delicate ladies and invalid clergymen; it would reduce the cost of the trip from Jaffa by two thirds; it would take away employment from a lot of vagabonds who hurry the traveler over the route; it would make the pilgrimage too much a luxury, in these days of pilgrimages by rail, and of little faith, or rather of a sort of lacquer of faith which is only credulity.

Upon this plateau we begin to discern signs of the neighborhood of the city, and we press forward with the utmost eagerness, disappointed at every turn that a sight of it is not disclosed. Scattered settlements extend for some distance out on the Jaffa road. We pass a school which the Germans have established for Arab boys; an institution which does not meet the approval of our restoration driver; the boys, when they come out, he says, don't know what they are; they are neither Moslems nor Christians. We go rapidly on over the swelling hill, but the city will not reveal itself. We expect it any moment to rise up before us, conspicuous on its ancient hills, its walls shining in the sun. We pass a guard-house, some towers, and newly built private residences. Our pulses are beating a hundred to the minute, but the city refuses to "burst" upon us as it does upon other travelers. We have advanced far enough to see that there is no elevation before us higher than that we are on. The great sight of all our lives is only a moment separated from us; in a few rods more our hearts will be satisfied by that long

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dreamed of prospect. How many millions of pilgrims have hurried along this road, lifting up their eyes in impatience for the vision. But it does not come suddenly. We have already seen it, when the driver stops, points with his whip, and cries, —

"JERUSALEM!"

"What, *that?*"

We are above it and nearly upon it. What we see is chiefly this: the domes and long buildings of the Russian Hospice, on higher ground than the city and concealing a good part of it; a large number of new houses, built of limestone prettily streaked with the red oxide of iron; the roofs of a few of the city houses, and a little portion of the wall that overlooks the Valley of Hinnom. The remainder of the city of David is visible to the imagination.

The suburb through which we pass cannot be called pleasing. Everything outside the walls looks new and naked; the whitish glare of the stone is relieved by little vegetation, and the effect is that of barrenness. As we drive down along the wall of the Russian convent, we begin to meet pilgrims and strangers, with whom the city overflows at this season; many Russian peasants, unkempt, unsavory fellows, with long hair and dirty apparel, but most of them wearing a pelisse trimmed with fur and a huge fur hat. There are coffee-houses and all sorts of cheap booths and shanty shops along the highway. The crowd is motley and far from pleasant; it is sordid, grimy, hard, very different from the more homogeneous, easy, flowing, graceful, and picturesque assemblage of vagabonds at the gate of an Egyptian town. There are Russians, Cossacks, Georgians, Jews, Armenians, Syrians. The northern dirt and squalor and fanaticism do not come gracefully into the Orient. Besides, the rabble is importunate and impudent.

We enter by the Jaffa and Hebron gate, a big square tower, with the exterior entrance to the north and the interior to the eastern, and the short turn is choked with camels and horses and a clamorous crowd. Beside it stands the ruinous citadel of Saladin and the Tower of David, a noble entrance to a mean street. Through the rush of footmen and horsemen, beggars, venders of olive wood, Moslems, Jews, and Greeks, we make our way to the Mediterranean Hotel, a rambling old hostelry. In passing to our rooms we pause a moment upon an open balcony to look down into the green Pool of Hezekiah, and off over the roofs to the Mount of Olives. Having secured our rooms, I hasten along narrow and abominably cobbled streets, mere ditches of stone, lined with mean shops, to the Centre of the Earth, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE NIGHT-WIND.

AT a lonely inn among the pines
I sit alone in the firelight's glow,
Losing myself in the backlog's mines,
And hearing the night-wind come and go.

And now it threatens, and now it grieves,
Pleads at the lintel, or slams a blind;
Now it prowls, sullen, about the eaves, —
This protean, bitter autumn wind.

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Fiercely it swoops on the doorside yew,
As a vulture drops upon its prey;
And now in the throat of the sooty flue
I hear it howl, like a beast at bay.

Now it flies shrieking across the downs,
And now, like a ghost, it whispers me
Of people starving to death in towns,
And of wrecks a thousand leagues at sea!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE AMERICAN.

IV.

EARLY one morning, before Christopher Newman was dressed, a little old man was ushered into his apartment, followed by a youth in a blouse, bearing a picture in a brilliant frame. Newman, among the distractions of Paris, had forgotten M. Nioche and his accomplished daughter; but this was an effective reminder.

"I am afraid you had given me up, sir," said the old man, after many apologies and salutations. "We have made you wait so many days. You accused us, perhaps, of inconstancy, of bad faith. But behold me at last! And behold also the pretty Madonna. Place it on a chair, my friend, in a good light, so that monsieur may admire it." And M. Nioche, addressing his companion, helped him to dispose the work of art.

It had been endued with a layer of varnish an inch thick, and its frame, of an elaborate pattern, was at least a foot wide. It glittered and twinkled in the morning light, and looked, to Newman's eyes, wonderfully splendid and precious. It seemed to him a very happy purchase, and he felt rich in the possession of it. He stood looking at it complacently, while he proceeded with his toilet, and M. Nioche, who had dismissed his own attendant, hovered near, smiling and rubbing his hands.

"It has wonderful *finesse*," he murmured, caressingly. "And here and there there are marvelous touches; you probably perceive them, sir. It attracted great attention on the Boulevard, as we came along. And then a gradation of tones! That's what it is to know how to paint. I don't say it because I am her father, sir; but as one man of taste addressing another, I cannot help observing that you have there an exquisite work. It is hard to produce such things and to have to part with them. If our means only allowed us the luxury of keeping it! I really may say, sir," — and M. Nioche gave a little feebly insinuating laugh, — "I really may say that I envy you! You see," he added in a moment, "we have taken the liberty of offering you a frame. It increases by a trifle the value of the work, and it will save you the annoyance — so great for a person of your delicacy — of going about to bargain at the shops."

The language spoken by M. Nioche was a singular compound, which I shrink from the attempt to reproduce in its integrity. He had apparently once possessed a certain knowledge of English, and his accent was oddly tinged with the cockneyism of the British metropolis. But his learning had grown rusty with disuse, and his vocabulary was defective and capricious. He had repaired it with large patches of French, with words anglicized by a process of his

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own, and with native idioms literally translated. The result, in the form in which he in all humility presented it, would be scarcely comprehensible to the reader, so that I have ventured to trim it and sift it. Newman only half understood it, but it amused him, and the old man's decent forlornness appealed to his democratic instincts. The assumption of a fatality in misery always irritated his strong good nature — it was almost the only thing that did so; and he felt the impulse to wipe it out, as it were, with the sponge of his own prosperity. The papa of Mademoiselle Noémie, however, had apparently on this occasion been vigorously indoctrinated, and he showed a certain tremulous eagerness to cultivate unexpected opportunities.

"How much do I owe you, then, with the frame?" asked Newman.

"It will make in all three thousand francs," said the old man, smiling agreeably, but folding his hands in instinctive suppliance.

"Can you give me a receipt?"

"I have brought one," said M. Nioche. "I took the liberty of drawing it up, in case monsieur should happen to desire to discharge his debt." And he drew a paper from his pocket-book and presented it to his patron. The document was written in a minute, fantastic hand, and couched in the choicest language.

Newman laid down the money, and M. Nioche dropped the napoleons one by one, solemnly and lovingly, into an old leathern purse.

"And how is your young lady?" asked Newman. "She made a great impression on me."

"An impression? Monsieur is very good. Monsieur admires her appearance?"

"She is very pretty, certainly."

"Alas, yes, she is very pretty."

"And what is the harm in her being pretty?"

M. Nioche fixed his eyes upon a spot on the carpet and shook his head. Then looking up at Newman with a gaze that seemed to brighten and expand, "Monsieur knows what Paris is. She is dangerous to beauty, when beauty has n't the sou."

"Ah, but that is not the case with your daughter. She is rich, now."

"Very true; we are rich for six months. But if my daughter were a plain girl I should sleep better, all the same."

"You are afraid of the young men?"

"The young and the old!"

"She ought to get a husband."

"Ah, monsieur, one does n't get a husband for nothing. Her husband must take her as she is; I can't give her a sou. But the young men don't see with that eye."

"Oh," said Newman, "her talent is in itself a dowry."

"Ah, sir, it needs first to be converted into specie!" and M. Nioche slapped his purse tenderly before he stowed it away. "The operation does n't take place every day."

"Well, your young men are very shabby," said Newman; "that 's all I can say. They ought to pay for your daughter, and not ask money themselves."

"Those are very noble ideas, monsieur; but what will you have? They are not the ideas of this country. We want to know what we are about when we marry."

"How big a portion does your daughter want?"

M. Nioche stared, as if he wondered what was coming next; but he promptly recovered himself, at a venture, and replied that he knew a very nice young man, employed by an insurance company, who would content himself with fifteen thousand francs.

"Let your daughter paint half a dozen pictures for me, and she shall have her dowry."

"Half a dozen pictures — her dowry! Monsieur is not speaking inconsiderately?"

"If she will make me six or eight copies in the Louvre as pretty as that Madonna, I will pay her the same price," said Newman.

Poor M. Nioche was speechless a moment, with amazement and gratitude,

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and then he seized Newman's hand, pressed it between his own ten fingers, and gazed at him with watery eyes. "As pretty as that? They shall be a thousand times prettier — they shall be magnificent, sublime. Ah, if I only knew how to paint, myself, sir, so that I might lend a hand! What can I do to thank you? *Voyons!*" And he pressed his forehead while he tried to think of something.

"Oh, you have thanked me enough," said Newman.

"Ah, here it is, sir!" cried M. Nioche. "To express my gratitude, I will charge you nothing for the lessons in French conversation."

"The lessons? I had quite forgotten them. Listening to your English," added Newman, laughing, "is almost a lesson in French."

"Ah, I don't profess to teach English, certainly," said M. Nioche. "But for my own admirable tongue I am still at your service."

"Since you are here, then," said Newman, "we will begin. This is a very good hour. I am going to have my coffee; come every morning at half-past nine and have yours with me."

"Monsieur offers me my coffee, also?" cried M. Nioche. "Truly, my *beaux jours* are coming back."

"Come," said Newman, "let us begin. The coffee is almighty hot. How do you say that in French?"

Every day, then, for the following three weeks, the minutely respectable figure of M. Nioche made its appearance, with a series of little inquiring and apologetic obeisances, among the aromatic fumes of Newman's morning beverage. I don't know how much French our friend learned, but, as he himself said, if the attempt did him no good, it could at any rate do him no harm. And it amused him; it gratified that irregularly sociable side of his nature which had always expressed itself in a relish for ungrammatical conversation, and which often, even in his busy and preoccupied days, had made him sit on rail fences in young Western towns, in the twilight, in gossip hardly less than fraternal with humorous loafers and obscure fortune-seekers. He had notions, wherever he went, about talking with the natives; he had been assured, and his judgment approved the advice, that in traveling abroad it was an excellent thing to look into the life of the country. M. Nioche was very much of a native, and though his life might not be particularly worth looking into, he was a palpable and smoothly-rounded unit in that picturesque Parisian civilization which offered our hero so much easy entertainment, and propounded so many curious problems to his inquiring and practical mind. Newman was fond of statistics; he liked to know how things were done; it gratified him to learn what taxes were paid, what profits were gathered, what commercial habits prevailed, how the battle of life was fought. M. Nioche, as a reduced capitalist, was familiar with these considerations, and he formulated his information, which he was proud to be able to impart, in the neatest possible terms and with a pinch of snuff between finger and thumb. As a Frenchman — quite apart from Newman's napoleons — M. Nioche loved conversation, and even in his decay his urbanity had not grown rusty. As a Frenchman, too, he could give a clear account of things, and — still as a Frenchman — when his knowledge was at fault he could supply its lapses with the most convenient and ingenious hypotheses. The little shrunken financier was intensely delighted to have questions asked him, and he scraped together information, by frugal processes, and took notes, in his little greasy pocket-book, of incidents which might interest his munificent friend. He read old almanacs at the book-stalls on the quays, and he began to frequent another *café*, where more newspapers were taken and his post-prandial *demi-tasse* cost him a penny extra, and where he used to con the tattered sheets for curious anecdotes, freaks of nature, and strange coincidences. He would relate with solemnity the next morning that a child of five years of age had lately died at Bordeaux, whose brain had been found to weigh sixty ounces — the brain

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of a Napoleon or a Washington! or that Madame P——, *charcutière* in the Rue de Clichy, had found in the wadding of an old petticoat the sum of three hundred and sixty francs, which she had lost five years before. He pronounced his words with great distinctness and sonority, and Newman assured him that his way of dealing with the French tongue was very superior to the bewildering chatter that he heard in other mouths. Upon this M. Nioche's accent became more finely trenchant than ever; he offered to read extracts from Lamartine, and he protested that, although he did endeavor according to his feeble lights to cultivate refinement of diction, monsieur, if he wanted the real thing, should go to the Théâtre Français.

Newman took an interest in French thriftiness and conceived a lively admiration for Parisian economics. His own economic genius was so entirely for operations on a larger scale, and, to move at his ease, he needed so imperatively the sense of great risks and great prizes, that he found an ungrudging entertainment in the spectacle of fortunes made by the aggregation of copper coins, and in the minute subdivision of labor and profit. He questioned M. Nioche about his own manner of life, and felt a friendly mixture of compassion and respect over the recital of his economical achievements. The worthy man told him how, at one period, he and his daughter had supported existence, comfortably, upon the sum of fifteen sous *per diem;* recently, having succeeded in hauling ashore the last floating fragments of the wreck of his fortune, his budget had been a trifle more ample. But they still had to count their sous very narrowly, and M. Nioche intimated with a sigh that Mademoiselle Noémie did not bring to this task that zealous coöperation which might have been desired.

"But what will you have?" he asked, philosophically. "One is young, one is pretty, one needs new dresses and fresh gloves; one can't wear shabby gowns among the splendors of the Louvre."

"But your daughter earns enough to pay for her own clothes," said Newman.

M. Nioche looked at him with weak, uncertain eyes. He would have liked to be able to say that his daughter's talents were appreciated, and that her crooked little daubs commanded a market; but it seemed a scandal to abuse the credulity of this free-handed stranger, who, without a suspicion or a question, had admitted him to equal social rights. He compromised, and declared that while it was obvious that Mademoiselle Noémie's reproductions of the old masters had only to be seen to be coveted, the prices which, in consideration of their altogether peculiar degree of finish, she felt obliged to ask for them had kept purchasers at a respectful distance. "Poor little one!" said M. Nioche, with a sigh; "it is almost a pity that her work is so perfect! It would be in her interest to paint less well."

"But if Mademoiselle Noémie has this devotion to her art," Newman once observed, "why should you have those fears for her that you spoke of the other day?"

M. Nioche meditated: there was an inconsistency in his position; it made him chronically uncomfortable. Though he had no desire to destroy the goose with the golden eggs, — Newman's benevolent confidence, — he felt a tremulous impulse to speak out all his trouble. "Ah, she is an artist, my dear sir, most assuredly," he declared. "But, to tell you the truth, she is also a *franche coquette.* I am sorry to say," he added in a moment, shaking his head with a world of harmless bitterness, "that she comes honestly by it. Her mother was one before her!"

"You were not happy with your wife?" Newman asked.

M. Nioche gave half a dozen little backward jerks of his head. "She was my purgatory, monsieur!"

"She deceived you?"

"Under my nose, year after year. I was too stupid, and the temptation was too great. But I found her out at last. I have only been once in my life a man

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to be afraid of; I know it very well: it was in that hour! Nevertheless I don't like to think of it. I loved her — I can't tell you how much. She was a bad woman."

"She is not living?"

"She has gone to her account."

"Her influence on your daughter, then," said Newman encouragingly, "is not to be feared."

"She cared no more for her daughter than for the sole of her shoe! But Noémie has no need of influence. She is sufficient to herself. She is stronger than I."

"She does n't obey you, eh?"

"She can't obey, monsieur, since I don't command. What would be the use? It would only irritate her and drive her to some *coup de tête*. She is very clever, like her mother; she would waste no time about it. As a child, — when I was happy, or supposed I was, — she studied drawing and painting with first-class professors, and they assured me she had a talent. I was delighted to believe it, and when I went into society I used to carry her pictures with me in a portfolio and hand them round to the company. I remember, once, a lady thought I was offering them for sale, and I took it very ill. We don't know what we may come to! Then came my dark days, and my explosion with Madame Nioche. Noémie had no more twenty-franc lessons; but in the course of time, when she grew older and it became highly expedient that she should do something that would help to keep us alive, she bethought herself of her palette and brushes. Some of our friends in the *quartier* pronounced the idea fantastic; they recommended her to try bonnet making, to get a situation in a shop, or — if she was more ambitious — to advertise for a place of *dame de compagnie*. She did advertise, and an old lady wrote her a letter and bade her come and see her. The old lady liked her, and offered her her living and six hundred francs a year; but Noémie discovered that she passed her life in her arm-chair and had only two visitors, her confessor and her nephew: the confessor very strict, and the nephew a man of fifty with a broken nose and a government clerkship of two thousand francs. She threw her old lady over, bought a paint-box, a canvas, and a new dress, and went and set up her easel in the Louvre. There, in one place and another, she has passed the last two years; I can't say it has made us millionaires. But Noémie tells me that Rome was not built in a day, that she is making great progress and I must leave her to her own devices. The fact is, without prejudice to her genius, that she has no idea of burying herself alive. She likes to see the world, and to be seen. She says, herself, that she can't work in the dark. With her appearance it is very natural. Only, I can't help worrying and trembling and wondering what may happen to her there all alone, day after day, amid all that coming and going of strangers. I can't be always at her side. I go with her in the morning, and I come to fetch her away, but she won't have me near her in the interval; she says I make her nervous. As if it did n't make me nervous to wander about all day without her. Ah, if anything were to happen to her!" cried M. Nioche, clenching his two fists and chucking back his head again, portentously.

"Oh, I guess nothing will happen," said Newman.

"I believe I should shoot her!" said the old man, solemnly.

"Oh, we 'll marry her," said Newman, "since that 's how you manage it; and I will go and see her to-morrow at the Louvre and pick out the pictures she is to copy for me."

M. Nioche had brought Newman a message from his daughter, in acceptance of his magnificent commission, the young lady declaring herself his most devoted servant, promising her most zealous endeavor, and regretting that the proprieties forbade her coming to thank him in person. The morning after the conversation just narrated, Newman reverted to his intention of meeting Mademoiselle Noémie at the Louvre. M. Nioche appeared preoccupied, and left his budget of anecdotes unopened; he took a great

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deal of snuff, and sent certain oblique, appealing glances toward his stalwart pupil. At last, when he was taking his leave, he stood a moment, after he had polished his hat with his calico pocket-handkerchief, with his small, pale eyes fixed strangely upon Newman.

"What 's the matter?" our hero demanded.

"Excuse the solicitude of a father's heart!" said M. Nioche. "You inspire me with boundless confidence, but I can't help giving you a warning. After all, you are a man, you are young and at liberty. Let me beseech you, then, to respect the innocence of Mademoiselle Nioche!"

Newman had wondered what was coming, and at this he broke into a laugh. He was on the point of declaring that his own innocence struck him as the more exposed, but he contented himself with promising to treat the young girl with nothing less than veneration. He found her waiting for him, seated upon the great divan in the Salon Carré. She was not in her working-day costume, but wore her bonnet and gloves and carried her parasol, in honor of the occasion. These articles had been selected with unerring taste, and a fresher, prettier image of youthful alertness and blooming discretion was not to be conceived. She made Newman a most respectful courtesy and expressed her gratitude for his liberality in a wonderfully graceful little speech. It annoyed him to have a charming young girl stand there thanking him, and it made him feel uncomfortable to think that this perfect young lady, with her excellent manners and her finished intonation, was literally in his pay. He assured her, in such French as he could muster, that the thing was not worth mentioning, and that he consided her services a great favor.

"Whenever you please, then," said Mademoiselle Noémie, "we will pass the review."

They walked slowly round the room, then passed into the others and strolled about for half an hour. Mademoiselle Noémie evidently relished her situation, and had no desire to bring her public interview with her striking-looking patron to a close. Newman perceived that prosperity agreed with her. The little thin-lipped, peremptory air with which she had addressed her father on the occasion of their former meeting had given place to the most lingering and caressing tones.

"What sort of pictures do you desire?" she asked. "Sacred, or profane?"

"Oh, a few of each," said Newman. "But I want something bright and gay."

"Something gay? There is nothing very gay in this solemn old Louvre. But we will see what we can find. You speak French to-day like a charm. My father has done wonders."

"Oh, I am a bad subject," said Newman. "I am too old to learn a language."

"Too old? *Quelle folie!*" cried Mademoiselle Noémie, with a clear, shrill laugh. "You are a very young man. And how do you like my father?"

"He is a very nice old gentleman. He never laughs at my blunders."

"He is very *comme il faut*, my papa," said Mademoiselle Noémie, "and as honest as the day. Oh, an exceptional probity! You could trust him with millions."

"Do you always obey him?" asked Newman.

"Obey him?"

"Do you do what he bids you?"

The young girl stopped and looked at him; she had a spot of color in either cheek, and in her expressive French eye, which projected too much for perfect beauty, there was a slight gleam of audacity. "Why do you ask me that?" she demanded.

"Because I want to know."

"You think me a bad girl?" And she gave a strange smile.

Newman looked at her a moment; he saw that she was pretty, but he was not in the least dazzled. He remembered poor M. Nioche's solicitude for her "innocence," and he laughed out again as his eyes met hers. Her face was the

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oddest mixture of youth and maturity, and beneath her candid brow her searching little smile seemed to contain a world of ambiguous intentions. She was pretty enough, certainly, to make her father nervous; but, as regards her innocence, Newman felt ready on the spot to affirm that she had never parted with it. She had simply never had any; she had been looking at the world since she was ten years old, and he would have been a wise man who could tell her any secrets. In her long mornings at the Louvre she had not only studied Madonnas and St. Johns; she had kept an eye upon all the variously embodied human nature around her, and she had formed her conclusions. In a certain sense, it seemed to Newman, M. Nioche might be at rest; his daughter might do something very audacious, but she would never do anything foolish. Newman, with his long-drawn, leisurely smile, and his even, unhurried utterance, was always, mentally, taking his time; and he asked himself, now, what she was looking at him in that way for. He had an idea that she would like him to confess that he did think her a bad girl.

"Oh, no," he said at last; "it would be very bad manners in me to judge you in that way. I don't know you."

"But my father has complained to you," said Mademoiselle Noémie.

"He says you are a coquette."

"He should n't go about saying such things to gentlemen! But you don't believe it."

"No," said Newman gravely, "I don't believe it."

She looked at him again, gave a shrug and a smile, and then pointed to a small picture of the Italian school, a Marriage of St. Catherine. "How should you like that?" she asked.

"It does n't please me," said Newman. "The young lady in the yellow dress is not pretty."

"Ah, you are a great connoisseur," murmured Mademoiselle Noémie.

"In pictures? oh, no; I know very little about them."

"In pretty women, then."

"In that I am hardly better."

"What do you say to that, then?" the young girl asked, indicating a superb Italian portrait of a lady. "I will do it for you on a smaller scale."

"On a smaller scale? Why not as large as the original?"

Mademoiselle Noémie glanced at the glowing splendor of the Venetian masterpiece and gave a little toss of her head. "I don't like that woman. She looks stupid."

"I do like her," said Newman. "Decidedly, I must have her, as large as life. And just as stupid as she is there."

The young girl fixed her eyes on him again, and with her strange smile, "It certainly ought to be easy for me to make her look stupid!" she said.

"What do you mean?" asked Newman, puzzled.

She gave another little shrug. "Seriously, then, you want that portrait — the golden hair, the purple satin, the pearl necklace, the two magnificent arms!"

"Everything — just as it is."

"Would nothing else do, instead?"

"Oh, I want some other things, but I want that too."

Mademoiselle Noémie turned away a moment, walked to the other side of the hall, and stood there, looking vaguely about her. At last she came back. "It must be charming to be able to order pictures at such a rate. Venetian portraits, as large as life! You go at it *en prince*. And you are going to travel about Europe that way?"

"Yes, I intend to travel," said Newman.

"Ordering, buying, spending money."

"Of course I shall spend some money."

"You are very happy to have it. And you are perfectly free?"

"How do you mean, free?"

"You have nothing to bother you — no family, no wife, no *fiancée?*"

"Yes, I am tolerably free."

"You are very happy," said Mademoiselle Noémie, gravely.

"Je le veux bien!" said Newman, proving that he had learned more French than he admitted.

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"And how long shall you stay in Paris?" the young girl went on.

"Only a few days more."

"Why do you go away?"

"It is getting hot, and I must go to Switzerland."

"To Switzerland? That's a fine country. I would give my new pair of gloves to see it! Lakes and mountains, romantic valleys and icy peaks! Oh, I congratulate you. Meanwhile, I shall sit here through all the hot summer, daubing at your pictures."

"Oh, take your time about it," said Newman. "Do them at your convenience."

They walked farther and looked at a dozen other things. Newman pointed out what pleased him, and Mademoiselle Noémie generally criticised it, and proposed something else. Then suddenly she diverged and began to talk about some personal matter.

"What made you speak to me the other day in the Salon Carré?" she abruptly asked.

"I admired your picture."

"But you hesitated a long time."

"Oh, I do nothing rashly," said Newman.

"Yes, I saw you watching me. But I never supposed you were going to speak to me. I never dreamed I should be walking about here with you to-day. It's very curious."

"It is very natural," observed Newman.

"Oh, I beg your pardon; not to me. Coquette as you think me, I have never walked about in public with a gentleman before. What was my father thinking of, when he consented to our interview?"

"He was repenting of his unjust accusations," replied Newman.

Mademoiselle Noémie remained silent; at last she dropped into a seat. "Well then, for those five it is fixed," she said. "Five copies as brilliant and beautiful as I can make them. We have one more to choose. Wouldn't you like one of those great Rubenses — the marriage of Marie de Médicis? Just look at it and see how handsome it is."

"Oh, yes; I should like that," said Newman. "Finish off with that."

"Finish off with that — good!" And she laughed. She sat a moment, looking at him, and then she suddenly rose and stood before him, with her hands hanging and clasped in front of her. "I don't understand you," she said, with a smile. "I don't understand how a man can be so ignorant."

"Oh, I am ignorant, certainly," said Newman, putting his hands into his pockets.

"It's ridiculous! I don't know how to paint."

"You don't know how?"

"I paint like a cat; I can't draw a straight line. I never sold a picture until you bought that thing the other day." And as she offered this surprising information she continued to smile.

Newman burst into a laugh. "Why do you tell me this?" he asked.

"Because it irritates me to see a clever man blunder so. My pictures are grotesque."

"And the one I possess" —

"That one is rather worse than usual."

"Well," said Newman, "I like it all the same!"

She looked at him askance. "That is a very nice thing to say," she answered; "but it is my duty to warn you before you go further. This order of yours is impossible, you know. What do you take me for? It is work for ten men. You pick out the six most difficult pictures in the Louvre, and you expect me to go to work as if I were sitting down to hem a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs. I wanted to see how far you would go."

Newman looked at the young girl in some perplexity. In spite of the ridiculous blunder of which he stood convicted, he was very far from being a simpleton, and he had a lively suspicion that Mademoiselle Noémie's sudden frankness was not essentially more honest than her leaving him in error would have been. She was playing a game; she was not simply taking pity on his æsthetic verdancy. What was it she expected to

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win? The stakes were high and the risk was great; the prize therefore must have been commensurate. But even granting that the prize might be great, Newman could not resist a movement of admiration for his companion's intrepidity. She was throwing away with one hand, whatever she might intend to do with the other, a very handsome sum of money.

"Are you joking," he said, "or are you serious?"

"Oh, serious!" cried Mademoiselle Noémie, but with her extraordinary smile.

"I know very little about pictures or how they are painted. If you can't do all that, of course you can't. Do what you can, then."

"It will be very bad," said Mademoiselle Noémie.

"Oh," said Newman, laughing, "if you are determined it shall be bad, of course it will. But why do you go on painting badly?"

"I can do nothing else; I have no real talent."

"You are deceiving your father, then."

The young girl hesitated a moment. "He knows very well!" she said.

"No," Newman declared; "I am sure he believes in you."

"He is afraid of me. I go on painting badly, as you say, because I want to learn. I like it, at any rate. And I like being here; it is a place to come to, every day; it is better than sitting in a little dark, damp room, on a court, or selling buttons and whalebones over a counter."

"Of course it is much more amusing," said Newman. "But for a poor girl is n't it rather an expensive amusement?"

"Oh, I am very wrong, there is no doubt about that," said Mademoiselle Noémie. "But rather than earn my living as some girls do, — toiling with a needle, in little black holes, out of the world, — I would throw myself into the Seine."

"There is no need of that," Newman answered; "your father told you my offer?"

"Your offer?"

"He wants you to marry, and I told him I would give you a chance to earn your *dot*."

"He told me all about it, and you see the account I make of it! Why should you take such an interest in my marriage?"

"My interest was in your father. I hold to my offer; do what you can, and I will buy what you paint."

She stood for some time, meditating, with her eyes on the ground. At last, looking up, "What sort of a husband can you get for twelve thousand francs?" she asked.

"Your father tells me he knows some very good young men."

"Grocers and butchers! I will not marry at all if I can't marry well."

"I would advise you not to be too fastidious," said Newman. "That 's all the advice I can give you."

"I am very much vexed at what I have said!" cried the young girl. "It has done me no good! But I could n't help it."

"What good did you expect it to do you?"

"I could n't help it, simply."

Newman looked at her a moment. "Well, your pictures may be bad," he said, "but you are too clever for me, nevertheless. I don't understand you. Good-by!" And he put out his hand.

She made no response, and offered him no farewell. She turned away and seated herself sidewise on a bench, leaning her head on the back of her hand, which clasped the rail in front of the pictures. Newman stood a moment and then turned on his heel and retreated. He had understood her better than he confessed; this singular scene was a practical commentary upon her father's statement that she was a "franche coquette."

V.

When Newman related to Mrs. Tristram his fruitless visit to Madame de Cintré, she urged him not to be discouraged, but to carry out his plan of "see-

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ing Europe" during the summer, and return to Paris in the autumn and settle down comfortably for the winter. "Madame de Cintré will keep," she said; "she is not a woman who will marry from one day to another." Newman made no distinct affirmation that he would come back to Paris; he even talked about Rome and the Nile, and abstained from professing any especial interest in Madame de Cintré's continued widowhood. This circumstance was at variance with his habitual frankness, and may perhaps be regarded as characteristic of the incipient stage of that passion which is more particularly known as the romantic one. The truth is that the expression of a pair of eyes that were at once brilliant and mild had become very familiar to his memory, and he would not easily have resigned himself to the prospect of never looking into them again. He communicated to Mrs. Tristram a number of other facts, of greater or less importance, as you choose; but on this particular point he kept his own counsel. He took a kindly leave of M. Nioche, having assured him that, so far as he was concerned, the blue-cloaked Madonna herself might have been present at his interview with Mademoiselle Noémie; and left the old man nursing his breast-pocket, in an ecstasy which the acutest misfortune might have been defied to dissipate. Newman then started on his travels, with all his usual appearance of slow-strolling leisure, and all his essential directness and intensity of aim. No man seemed less in a hurry, and yet no man achieved more in brief periods. He had certain practical instincts which served him excellently in his trade of tourist. He found his way in foreign cities by divination, his memory was excellent when once his attention had been at all cordially given, and he emerged from dialogues in foreign tongues, of which he had, formally, not understood a word, in full possession of the particular fact he had desired to ascertain. His appetite for facts was capacious, and although many of those which he noted would have seemed wofully dry and colorless to the ordinary sentimental traveler, a careful inspection of the list would have shown that he had a soft spot in his imagination. In the charming city of Brussels — his first stopping-place after leaving Paris — he asked a great many questions about the street-cars, and took extreme satisfaction in the reappearance of this familiar symbol of American civilization; but he was also greatly struck with the beautiful Gothic tower of the Hôtel de Ville, and wondered whether it would not be possible to "get up" something like it in San Francisco. He stood for half an hour in the crowded square before this edifice, in imminent danger from carriage-wheels, listening to a toothless old cicerone mumble in broken English the touching history of Counts Egmont and Horn; and he wrote the names of these gentlemen — for reasons best known to himself — on the back of an old letter.

At the outset, on his leaving Paris, his curiosity had not been intense; passive entertainment, in the Champs Élysées and at the theatres, seemed about as much as he need expect of himself, and although, as he had said to Tristram, he wanted to see the mysterious, satisfying *best*, he had not the grand tour in the least on his conscience, and was not given to cross-questioning the amusement of the hour. He believed that Europe was made for him, and not he for Europe. He had said that he wanted to improve his mind, but he would have felt a certain embarrassment, a certain shame, even, — a false shame, possibly, — if he had caught himself looking intellectually, as it were, into the mirror. Neither in this nor in any other respect had Newman a high sense of responsibility; it was his prime conviction that a man's life should be easy, and that he should be able to resolve privilege into a matter of course. The world to his sense was a great bazar, where one might stroll about and purchase handsome things, but he was no more conscious, individually, of social pressure than he admitted the existence of such a thing as an obligatory purchase. He had not only a dislike, but a sort of moral mistrust, of uncomfort-

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able thoughts, and it was both uncomfortable and slightly contemptible to feel obliged to square one's self with a standard. One's standard was the ideal of one's own good-humored prosperity, the prosperity which enabled one to give as well as take. To expand, without bothering about it, — without shiftless timidity on one side, or loquacious eagerness on the other, — to the full compass of what he would have called a "pleasant" experience, was Newman's most definite programme of life. He had always hated to hurry to catch railroad trains, and yet he had always caught them; and just so an undue solicitude for "culture" seemed a sort of silly dawdling at the station, a proceeding properly confined to women, foreigners, and other unpractical persons. All this admitted, Newman enjoyed his journey, when once he had fairly entered the current, as profoundly as the most zealous *dilettante*. One's theories, after all, matter little; it is one's humor that is the great thing. Our friend was intelligent, and he could not help that. He lounged through Belgium and Holland and the Rhineland, through Switzerland and Northern Italy, planning about nothing, but seeing everything. The guides and *valets de place* found him an excellent subject. He was always approachable, for he was much addicted to standing about in the vestibules and porticoes of inns, and he availed himself little of the opportunities for impressive seclusion which are so liberally offered in Europe to gentlemen who travel with long purses. When an excursion, a church, a gallery, a ruin, was proposed to him, the first thing Newman usually did, after surveying his postulant in silence, from head to foot, was to sit down at a little table and order something to drink. The cicerone, during this process, usually retreated to a respectful distance; otherwise I am not sure that Newman would not have bidden him sit down and have a glass also, and tell him as an honest fellow whether his church or his gallery was really worth a man's trouble. At last he rose and stretched his long legs, beckoned to the man of monuments, looked at his watch, and fixed his eye on his adversary. "What is it?" he asked. "How far?" And whatever the answer was, although he sometimes seemed to hesitate, he never declined. He stepped into an open cab, made his conductor sit beside him to answer questions, bade the driver go fast (he had a particular aversion to slow driving), and rolled, in all probability through a dusty suburb, to the goal of his pilgrimage. If the goal was a disappointment, if the church was meagre, or the ruin a heap of rubbish, Newman never protested or berated his cicerone; he looked with an impartial eye upon great monuments and small, made the guide recite his lesson, listened to it religiously, asked if there was nothing else to be seen in the neighborhood, and drove back again at a rattling pace. It is to be feared that his perception of the difference between good architecture and bad was not acute, and that he might sometimes have been seen gazing with culpable serenity at inferior productions. Ugly churches were a part of his pastime in Europe, as well as beautiful ones, and his tour was altogether a pastime. But there is sometimes nothing like the imagination of those people who have none, and Newman, now and then, in an unguided stroll in a foreign city, before some lonely, sad-towered church, or some angular image of one who had rendered civic service in an unknown past, had felt a curious inward tremor. It was not an excitement or a perplexity; it was a placid, fathomless sense of diversion.

He encountered by chance in Holland a young American, with whom, for a time, he formed a sort of traveler's partnership. They were men of a very different cast, but each, in his way, was so good a fellow that, for a few weeks at least, it seemed something of a pleasure to share the chances of the road. Newman's comrade, whose name was Babcock, was a young Unitarian minister; a small, spare, neatly-attired man, with a strikingly candid physiognomy. He was a native of Dorchester, Massachusetts, and had spiritual charge of a small

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congregation in another suburb of the New England metropolis. His digestion was weak, and he lived chiefly on Graham bread and hominy — a regimen to which he was so much attached that his tour seemed to him destined to be blighted when, on landing on the Continent, he found that these delicacies did not flourish under the *table d'hôte* system. In Paris he had purchased a bag of hominy at an establishment which called itself an American agency, and at which the New York illustrated papers were also to be procured, and he had carried it about with him, and shown extreme serenity and fortitude in the somewhat delicate position of having his hominy prepared for him and served at anomalous hours, at the hotels he successively visited. Newman had once spent a morning, in the course of business, at Mr. Babcock's birthplace, and, for reasons too recondite to unfold, his visit there always assumed in his mind a jocular cast. To carry out his joke, which certainly seems poor, so long as it is not explained, he used often to address his companion as "Dorchester." Fellow-travelers very soon grow intimate; but it is highly improbable that at home these extremely dissimilar characters would have found any very convenient points of contact. They were, indeed, as different as possible. Newman, who never reflected on such matters, accepted the situation with great equanimity, but Babcock used to meditate over it privately; used often, indeed, to retire to his room early in the evening for the express purpose of considering it conscientiously and impartially. He was not sure that it was a good thing for him to associate with our hero, whose way of taking life was so little his own. Newman was an excellent, generous fellow; Mr. Babcock sometimes said to himself that he was a noble fellow, and, certainly, it was impossible not to like him. But would it not be desirable to try to exert an influence upon him, to try to quicken his moral life and sharpen his sense of duty? He liked everything, he accepted everything, he found amusement in everything; he was not discriminating, he had not a high tone. The young man from Dorchester accused Newman of a fault which he considered very grave, and which he did his best to avoid: what he would have called a want of "moral reaction." Poor Mr. Babcock was extremely fond of pictures and churches, and carried Mrs. Jameson's works about in his trunk; he delighted in æsthetic analysis, and received the most delicate impressions from everything he saw. But nevertheless in his secret soul he detested Europe, and he felt an irritating need to protest against Newman's gross intellectual hospitality. Mr. Babcock's moral *malaise*, I am afraid, lay deeper than where any definition of mine can reach it. He mistrusted the European temperament, he suffered from the European climate, he hated the European dinner-hour; European life seemed to him unscrupulous and impure. And yet he had an exquisite sense of beauty; and as beauty was often inextricably associated with the above displeasing conditions, as he wished, above all, to be just and dispassionate, and as he was, furthermore, extremely devoted to "culture," he could not bring himself to decide that Europe was utterly bad. But he thought it was very bad indeed, and his quarrel with Newman was that this unregulated epicure had a sadly insufficient perception of the bad. Babcock himself really knew as little about the bad, in any quarter of the world, as a nursing infant; his most vivid realization of evil had been the discovery that one of his college classmates, who was studying architecture in Paris, had a love affair with a young woman who did not expect him to marry her. Babcock had related this incident to Newman, and our hero had applied an epithet of an unflattering sort to the young girl. The next day his companion asked him whether he was very sure he had used exactly the right word to characterize the young architect's mistress. Newman stared and laughed. "There are a great many words to express that idea," he said; "you can take your choice."

"Oh, I mean," said Babcock, "was

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she possibly not to be considered in a different light? Don't you think she *really* expected him to marry her?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Newman. "Very likely she did; I have no doubt she is a noble woman." And he began to laugh again.

"I did n't mean that either," said Babcock; "I was only afraid that I might have seemed yesterday not to remember — not to consider; well, I think I will write to Percival about it."

And he had written to Percival (who answered him in a really impudent fashion), and he had reflected that it was, somehow, raw and reckless in Newman to assume in that off-hand manner that the young woman in Paris might be "noble." The brevity of Newman's judgments very often shocked and discomposed him. He had a way of damning people without further appeal, or of pronouncing them capital company in the face of uncomfortable symptoms, which seemed unworthy of a man whose conscience had been properly cultivated. And yet poor Babcock liked him, and remembered that even if he was sometimes perplexing and painful, this was not a reason for giving him up. Goethe recommended seeing human nature in the most various forms, and Mr. Babcock thought Goethe perfectly splendid. He often tried, in odd half-hours of conversation, to infuse into Newman a little of his own spiritual starch, but Newman's personal texture was too loose to admit of stiffening. His mind could no more hold principles than a sieve can hold water. He admired principles extremely, and thought Babcock a mighty fine little fellow for having so many. He accepted all that his high-strung companion offered him, and put them away in what he supposed to be a very safe place; but poor Babcock never afterwards recognized his gifts among the articles that Newman had in daily use.

They traveled together through Germany and into Switzerland, where for three or four weeks they trudged over passes and lounged upon blue lakes. At last they crossed the Simplon and made their way to Venice. Mr. Babcock had become gloomy and even a trifle irritable; he seemed moody, absent, preoccupied; he got his plans into a tangle, and talked one moment of doing one thing and the next of doing another. Newman led his usual life, made acquaintances, took his ease in the galleries and churches, spent an unconscionable amount of time in strolling in the Piazza San Marco, bought a great many bad pictures, and for a fortnight enjoyed Venice grossly. One evening, coming back to his inn, he found Babcock waiting for him in the little garden beside it. The young man walked up to him, looking very dismal, thrust out his hand, and said with solemnity that he was afraid they must part. Newman expressed his surprise and regret, and asked why a parting had become necessary. "Don't be afraid I 'm tired of you," he said.

"You are not tired of me?" demanded Babcock, fixing him with his clear gray eye.

"Why the deuce should I be? You are a very plucky fellow. Besides, I don't grow tired of things."

"We don't understand each other," said the young minister.

"Don't I understand you?" cried Newman. "Why, I hoped I did. But what if I don't; where 's the harm?"

"I don't understand you," said Babcock. And he sat down and rested his head on his hand, and looked up mournfully at his immeasurable friend.

"Oh Lord, I don't mind that!" cried Newman, with a laugh.

"But it 's very distressing to me. It keeps me in a state of unrest. It irritates me; I can't settle anything. I don't think it 's good for me."

"You worry too much; that 's what 's the matter with you," said Newman.

"Of course it must seem so to you. You think I take things too hard, and I think you take things too easily. We can never agree."

"But we have agreed very well all along."

"No, I have n't agreed," said Babcock, shaking his head. "I am very uncomfortable. I ought to have separated from you a month ago."

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"Oh, horrors! I'll agree to anything!" cried Newman.

Mr. Babcock buried his head in both hands. At last, looking up, "I don't think you appreciate my position," he said. "I try to arrive at the truth about everything. And then you go too fast. For me, you are too passionate, too extravagant. I feel as if I ought to go over all this ground we have traversed again, by myself, alone. I am afraid I have made a great many mistakes."

"Oh, you need n't give so many reasons," said Newman. "You are simply tired of my company. You have a good right to be."

"No, no, I am not tired!" cried the pestered young divine. "It is very wrong to be tired."

"I give it up!" laughed Newman. "But of course it will never do to go on making mistakes. Go your way, by all means. I shall miss you; but you have seen I make friends very easily. You will be lonely, yourself; but drop me a line, when you feel like it, and I will wait for you anywhere."

"I think I will go back to Milan. I am afraid I did n't do justice to Luini."

"Poor Luini!" said Newman.

"I mean that I am afraid I overestimated him. I don't think that he is a painter of the first rank."

"Luini?" Newman exclaimed; "why, he 's enchanting — he 's magnificent! There is something in his genius that is like a beautiful woman. It gives one the same feeling."

Mr. Babcock frowned, and flinched. And it must be added that this was, for Newman, an unusually metaphysical flight; but in passing through Milan he had taken a great fancy to the painter. "There you are again!" said Mr. Babcock. "Yes, we had better separate." And on the morrow he retraced his steps and proceeded to tone down his impressions of the great Lombard artist.

A few days afterwards Newman received a note from his late companion which ran as follows: —

My dear Mr. Newman, — I am afraid that my conduct at Venice, a week ago, seemed to you strange and ungrateful, and I wish to explain my position, which, as I said at the time, I do not think you appreciate. I had long had it on my mind to propose that we should part company, and this step was not really so abrupt as it seemed. In the first place, you know, I am traveling in Europe on funds supplied by my congregation, who kindly offered me a vacation and an opportunity to enrich my mind with the treasures of nature and art in the Old World. I feel, therefore, as if I ought to use my time to the very best advantage. I have a high sense of responsibility. You appear to care only for the pleasure of the hour, and you give yourself up to it with a violence which I confess I am not able to emulate. I feel as if I must arrive at some conclusion and fix my belief on certain points. Art and life seem to me intensely serious things, and in our travels in Europe we should especially remember the immense seriousness of art. You seem to hold that if a thing amuses you for the moment, that is all you need ask for it; and your relish for mere amusement is also much higher than mine. You put, moreover, a kind of reckless confidence into your pleasure which at times, I confess, has seemed to me — shall I say it? — almost cynical. Your way at any rate is not my way, and it is unwise that we should attempt any longer to pull together. And yet, let me add that I know there is a great deal to be said for your way; I have felt its attraction, in your society, very strongly. But for this I should have left you long ago. But I was so perplexed. I hope I have not done wrong. I feel as if I had a great deal of lost time to make up. I beg you take all this as I mean it, which, Heaven knows, is not invidiously. I have a great personal esteem for you, and hope that some day, when I have recovered my balance, we shall meet again. I hope you will continue to enjoy your travels; only *do* remember that life and art *are* extremely serious. Believe me your sincere friend and well wisher, Benjamin Babcock.

P. S. I am greatly perplexed by Luini.

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This letter produced in Newman's mind a singular mixture of exhilaration and awe. At first, Mr. Babcock's tender conscience seemed to him a capital farce, and his traveling back to Milan only to get into a deeper muddle appeared, as the reward of his pedantry, exquisitely and ludicrously just. Then Newman reflected that these are mighty mysteries; that possibly he himself was indeed that baleful and barely mentionable thing, a cynic, and that his manner of considering the treasures of art and the privileges of life was probably very base and immoral. Newman had a great contempt for immorality, and that evening, for a good half-hour, as he sat watching the star-sheen in the warm Adriatic, he felt rebuked and depressed. He was at a loss how to answer Babcock's letter. His good nature checked his resenting the young minister's lofty admonitions, and his tough, inelastic sense of humor forbade his taking them seriously. He wrote no answer at all, but a day or two afterward he found in a curiosity-shop a grotesque little statuette in ivory, of the sixteenth century, which he sent off to Babcock without a commentary. It represented a gaunt, ascetic-looking monk, in a tattered gown and cowl, kneeling with clasped hands and pulling a portentously long face. It was a wonderfully delicate piece of carving, and in a moment, through one of the rents of his gown, you espied a fat capon hung round his waist. In Newman's intention, what did the figure symbolize? Did it mean that he was going to try to be as "high-toned" as the monk looked at first, but that he feared he should succeed no better than the friar, on a closer inspection, proved to have done? It is not supposable that he intended a satire upon Babcock's own asceticism, for this would have been a truly cynical stroke. He made his late companion, at any rate, a very valuable little present.

Newman, on leaving Venice, went through the Tyrol to Vienna, and then returned westward, through Southern Germany. The autumn found him at Baden-Baden, where he spent several weeks. The place was charming, and he was in no hurry to depart; besides, he was looking about him and deciding what to do for the winter. His summer had been very full, and as he sat under the great trees beside the miniature river that trickles past the Baden flower-beds, he slowly rummaged it over. He had seen and done a great deal, enjoyed and observed a great deal; he felt older, and yet he felt younger too. He remembered Mr. Babcock and his desire to form conclusions, and he remembered also that he had profited very little by his friend's exhortation to cultivate the same respectable habit. Could he not scrape together a few conclusions? Baden-Baden was the prettiest place he had seen yet, and orchestral music in the evening, under the stars, was decidedly a great institution. This was one of his conclusions. But he went on to reflect that he had done very wisely to pull up stakes and come abroad; this seeing of the world was a very interesting thing. He had learned a great deal; he could n't say just what, but he had it there under his hat-band. He had done what he wanted; he had seen the great things, and he had given his mind a chance to "improve," if it would. He cheerfully believed that it had improved. Yes, this seeing of the world was very pleasant, and he would willingly do a little more of it. Thirty-six years old as he was, he had a handsome stretch of life before him yet, and he need not begin to count his weeks. Where should he take the world next? I have said he remembered the eyes of the lady whom he had found standing in Mrs. Tristram's drawing-room; four months had elapsed, and he had not forgotten them yet. He had looked — he had made a point of looking — into a great many other eyes in the interval, but the only ones he thought of now were Madame de Cintré's. If he wanted to see more of the world, should he find it in Madame de Cintré's eyes? He would certainly find something there, call it this world or the next. Throughout these rather formless meditations he sometimes thought of his past life and

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the long array of years (they had begun so early) during which he had had nothing in his head but "enterprise." They seemed far away now, for his present attitude was more than a holiday, it was almost a rupture. He had told Tristram that the pendulum was swinging back, and it appeared that the backward swing had not yet ended. Still, "enterprise," which was over in the other quarter, wore to his mind a different aspect at different hours. In its train a thousand forgotten episodes came trooping back into his memory. Some of them he looked complacently enough in the face; from some he averted his head. They were old efforts, old exploits, antiquated examples of smartness and sharpness. Some of them, as he looked at them, he felt decidedly proud of; he admired himself as if he had been looking at another man. And, in fact, many of the qualities that make a great deed were there: the decision, the resolution, the courage, the celerity, the clear eye, and the strong hand. Of certain other achievements it would be going too far to say that he was ashamed of them, for Newman had never had a stomach for dirty work. He was blessed with a natural impulse to disfigure with a direct, unreasoning blow the comely visage of temptation. And certainly, in no man could a want of integrity have been less excusable. Newman knew the crooked from the straight at a glance, and the former had cost him, first and last, a great many moments of lively disgust. But none the less some of his memories seemed to wear at present a rather graceless and sordid mien, and it struck him that if he had never done anything very ugly, he had never, on the other hand, done anything particularly beautiful. He had spent his years in the unremitting effort to add thousands to thousands, and, now that he stood well outside of it, the business of money-getting appeared tolerably dry and sterile. It is very well to sneer at money-getting after you have filled your pockets, and Newman, it may be said, should have begun somewhat earlier to moralize thus delicately. To this it may be answered that he might have made another fortune if he chose; and we ought to add that he was not exactly moralizing. It had come back to him simply that what he had been looking at all summer was a very rich and beautiful world, and that it had not all been made by sharp railroad men and stock-brokers.

During his stay at Baden-Baden he received a letter from Mrs. Tristram, scolding him for the scanty tidings he had sent to his friends of the Avenue d'Eylau, and begging to be definitely informed that he had not concocted any horrid scheme for wintering in outlying regions, but was coming back sanely and promptly to the most comfortable city in the world. Newman's answer ran as follows.

"I supposed you knew I was a miserable letter-writer, and didn't expect anything of me. I don't think I have written twenty letters of pure friendship in my whole life; in America I conducted my correspondence altogether by telegrams. This is a letter of pure friendship; you have got hold of a curiosity, and I hope you will value it. You want to know everything that has happened to me these three months. The best way to tell you, I think, would be to send you my half-dozen guide-books, with my pencil-marks in the margin. Wherever you find a scratch, or a cross, or a 'Beautiful!' or a 'So true!' or a 'Too thin!' you may know that I have had a sensation of some sort or other. That has been about my history, ever since I left you. Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, I have been through the whole list, and I don't think I am any the worse for it. I know more about Madonnas and church-steeples than I ever supposed I should live to do. I have seen some very pretty things, and shall perhaps talk them over this winter, by your fireside. You see, my face is not altogether set against Paris. I have had all kinds of plans and visions, but your letter has blown most of them away. 'L'appétit vient en mangeant,' says the French proverb, and I find that the more I see of the world the more I want to see.

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Now that I am in the shafts, why should n't I trot to the end of the course? Sometimes I think of the far East, and keep rolling the names of Eastern cities under my tongue: Damascus and Bagdad, Medina and Mecca. I spent a week last month in the company of a returned missionary, who told me I ought to be ashamed to be loafing about Europe when there are such big things to be seen out there. I do want to explore, but I think I would rather explore over in the Rue de l'Université. Do you ever hear from that pretty lady? If you can get her to promise she will be at home the next time I call, I will go back to Paris straight. I am more than ever in the state of mind I told you about that evening; I want a first-class wife. I have kept an eye on all the pretty girls I have come across this summer, but none of them came up to my notion, or anywhere near it. I should have enjoyed all this a thousand times more if I had had the lady just mentioned by my side. The nearest approach to her was a Unitarian minister from Boston, who very soon demanded a separation, for incompatibility of temper. He told me I was low-minded, immoral, a devotee of 'art for art'—whatever that is: all of which greatly afflicted me, for he was really a sweet little fellow. But shortly afterwards I met an Englishman, with whom I struck up an acquaintance which at first seemed to promise well—a very bright man, who writes in the London papers and knows Paris nearly as well as Tristram. We knocked about for a week together, but he very soon gave me up in disgust. I was too virtuous by half; I was too stern a moralist. He told me, in a friendly way, that I was cursed with a conscience; that I judged things like a Methodist and talked about them like an old woman. This was rather bewildering. Which of my two critics was I to believe? I did n't worry about it, and very soon made up my mind they were both idiots. But there is one thing in which no one will ever have the impudence to pretend I am wrong; that is, in being your faithful friend, C. N."

Henry James, Jr.

JULY.

Some flowers are withered and some joys have died;
The garden reeks with an East Indian scent
From beds where gillyflowers stand weak and spent;
The white heat pales the skies from side to side;
At noonday all the living creatures hide;
But in still lakes and rivers, cool, content,
Like starry blooms on a new firmament,
White lilies float and regally abide.
In vain the cruel skies their hot rays shed;
The lily does not feel their brazen glare;
In vain the pallid clouds refuse to share
Their dews; the lily feels no thirst, no dread;
Unharmed she lifts her queenly face and head;
She drinks of living waters and keeps fair.

H. H.

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OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XII.

It was years after these events that Lawrence, meeting my father accidentally in the street one day, stopped him and spoke with great feeling of his sympathy for us all in my approaching trial, and begged permission to come and see my mother and become acquainted with me, which he accordingly did; and from that time till his death, which occurred but a few months later, he was unwearied in acts of friendly and affectionate kindness to me. He came repeatedly to consult with my mother about the disputed point of my dress, and gave his sanction to her decision upon it. The first dress of Belvidera, I remember, was a point of nice discussion between them. Plain black velvet and a lugubrious long veil were considered my only admissible wear, after my husband's ruin; but before the sale of our furniture, it was conceded that I might relieve the sombre Venetian patrician's black dress with white satin puffs and crimson linings and rich embroidery of gold and pearl; moreover, before our bankruptcy, I was allowed (not, however, without serious demur on the part of Lawrence) to cover my head with a black hat and white feather, with which of course I was enamored, having never worn anything but my hair on my head before, and feeling an unspeakable accession of dignity in this piece of attire. I begged hard to be allowed to wear it through the tragedy, but this, with some laughter at my intense desire for it, was forbidden, and I was reduced after the first scene of the play to my own unadorned locks, which I think greatly strengthened my feeling of the abject misery into which I had fallen.

When in town, Lawrence never omitted one of my performances, always occupying the stage box, and invariably sending me the next morning a letter full of the most detailed and delicate criticism, showing a minute attention to every inflection of my voice, every gesture, every attitude, which, combined with expressions of enthusiastic admiration, with which this discriminating and careful review of my performance invariably terminated, was as strong a dose of the finest flattery as could well have been offered to a girl of my age, on the very first step of her artistic career. I used to read over the last of these remarkable criticisms, invariably, before going to the theatre, in order to profit by every suggestion of alteration or hint of improvement they contained; and I was in the act of reperusing the last I ever received from him, when my father came in and said, "Lawrence is dead."

I had been sitting to him for some time previously for a pencil sketch which he gave my mother; it was his last work, and certainly the most beautiful of his drawings. He had appointed a day for beginning a full-length, life-size portrait of me as Juliet, and we had seen him only a week before his death, and, in the interval, received a note from him merely saying he was rather indisposed. His death, which was quite unexpected, created a very great public sensation, and there was something sufficiently mysterious about its circumstances to give rise to a report that he had committed suicide.

The shock of this event was terrible to me, although I have sometimes since thought it was fortunate for me rather than otherwise. Sir Thomas Lawrence's enthusiastically expressed admiration for me, his constant kindness, his sympathy in my success, and the warm interest he took in everything that concerned me, might only have inspired me with a grateful sense of his condescension and goodness. But I was a very romantic girl, with a most excitable imagination, and such was to me the melancholy charm of Lawrence's countenance, the elegant distinction of his person, and exquisite,

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refined gentleness of his voice and manner, that a very dangerous fascination was added to my sense of gratitude for all his personal kindness to me, and my admiration for his genius; and I think it not at all unlikely that, had our intercourse continued, and had I sat to him for the projected portrait of Juliet, in spite of the forty years' difference in our ages, and my knowledge of his disastrous relations with my cousins, I should have become in love with him myself, and been the fourth member of our family whose life he would have disturbed and embittered. His sentimentality was of a peculiarly mischievous order, as it not only induced women to fall in love with him, but enabled him to persuade himself that he was in love with them, and apparently with more than one at a time.

While I was sitting to him for the beautiful sketch he gave my mother, one or two little incidents occurred that illustrated curiously enough this superficial pseudo-sensibility of his. On one occasion, when he spent the evening with us, my mother had made me sing for him, and the next day, after my sitting, he said in a strange, hesitating, broken manner, as if struggling to control some strong emotion, "I have a very great favor to beg of you; the next time I have the honor and pleasure of spending the evening with you, will you, if Mrs. Kemble does not disapprove of it, sing this song for me?" He put a piece of music into my hand, and immediately left us without another word. On our way home in the carriage, I unrolled the song, the title of which was These few pale Autumn Flowers. "Ha!" said my mother, with, I thought, rather a peculiar expression, as I read the words; but she added no further comment. Both words and music were plaintive and pathetic, and had an original stamp in the melancholy they expressed.

The next time Lawrence spent the evening with us, I sang the song for him. While I did so, he stood by the piano in a state of profound abstraction, from which he recovered himself as if coming back from very far away, and with an expression of acute pain on his countenance, to thank me repeatedly for what he called the great favor I had done him.

At the end of my next sitting, when my mother and myself had risen to take leave of him, he said, "No, don't go yet, — stay a moment, — I want to show you something — if I can;" and he moved restlessly about, taking up and putting down his chalks and pencils, and standing, and sitting down again, as if unable to make up his mind to do what he wished. At length he went abruptly to an easel, and, removing from it a canvas with a few slight sketches on it, he discovered behind it the profile portrait of a lady in a white dress folded simply across her bosom, and showing her beautiful neck and shoulders. Her head was dressed with a sort of sibylline turban, and she supported it upon a most lovely hand and arm, her elbow resting on a large book, towards which she bent, and on the pages of which her eyes were fixed, the exquisite eyelid and lashes hiding the eyes. "Oh, how beautiful! oh, who is it!" exclaimed I. "A — a lady," stammered Lawrence, turning white and red, "towards whom — for whom — I entertained the profoundest regard." Thereupon he fled out of the room. "It is the portrait of Mrs. W——," said my mother; "she is now dead; she was an exceedingly beautiful and accomplished woman, the authoress of the words and music of the song Sir Thomas Lawrence asked you to learn for him."

The great painter's devotion to this lovely person had been matter of notoriety in the London world. Strangely enough, but a very short time ago I discovered that she was the kinswoman of my friend Miss Cobbe's mother, of whom Miss Cobbe possessed a miniature in which the fashion of dress and style of head-dress were the same as those in the picture I saw, and in which I also traced some resemblance to the beautiful face which made so great an impression on me. Not long after this Mrs. Siddons, dining with us one day, asked my mother how the sketch Lawrence was making of me was getting on. After

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my mother's reply, my aunt remained silent for some time, and then, laying her hand on my father's arm, said, "Charles, when I die, I wish to be carried to my grave by you and Lawrence." Lawrence reached his grave while she was yet tottering on the brink of hers.

After my next sitting, my mother, thinking he might be gratified by my aunt's feeling towards him, mentioned her having dined with us. He asked eagerly of her health, her looks, her words, and my mother telling him of her speech about him, he threw down his pencil, clasped his hands, and, with his eyes full of tears and his face convulsed, exclaimed, "Good God! did she say that?"

When my likeness was finished, Lawrence showed it to my mother, who, though she had attended all my sittings, had never seen it till it was completed. As she stood silently looking at it, he said, "What strikes you? what do you think?" "It is very like Maria," said my mother, almost involuntarily, I am sure, for immediately this strange man fell into one of these paroxysms of emotion, and became again so agitated as scarcely to be able to speak; and at last, with a violent effort, said, "Oh, she is very like her; she is very like them all!"

In spite of these emotions, which I heard and saw Sir Thomas Lawrence express, I know positively that at his death a lady who had been an intimate acquaintance of our family for many years put on widow's weeds for him, in the full persuasion that had he lived he would have married her, and that the mutual regard they entertained for each other warranted her assuming the deepest mourning for him. Not the least curious part of the emotional demonstrations I have described was the contrast which they formed to Sir Thomas Lawrence's habitual demeanor, which was polished and refined, but reserved to a degree of coldness, and as indicative of reticent discretion and imperturbable self-control as became a man who lived in such high social places, and frequented the palaces of royalty and the boudoirs of the great rival beauties of the English aristocracy.

On my twentieth birthday, which occurred soon after my first appearance, Lawrence sent me a magnificent proof-plate of Reynolds's portrait of my aunt as the Tragic Muse, beautifully framed and with this inscription: "This portrait, by England's greatest painter, of the noblest subject of his pencil, is presented to her niece and worthy successor, by her most faithful humble friend and servant, Lawrence." When my mother saw this, she exclaimed at it, and said, "I am surprised he ever brought himself to write those words — her 'worthy successor.'" A few days after, Lawrence begged me to let him have the print again, as he was not satisfied with the finishing of the frame. It was sent to him, and when it came back he had effaced the words in which he had admitted *any* worthy successor to his Tragic Muse; and Mr. H——, who was at that time his secretary, told me that Lawrence had the print lying with that inscription in his drawing-room for several days before sending it to me, and had said to him, "Cover it up, I cannot bear to look at it."

One day, at the end of my sitting, Lawrence showed me a lovely portrait of Mrs. Inchbald, of whom my mother, as we drove home, told me a number of amusing anecdotes. She was very beautiful, and gifted with original genius, as her plays and farces and novels (above all, the Simple Story) testify; she was not an actress of any special merit, but of respectable mediocrity. She stuttered habitually, but her delivery was never impeded by this defect on the stage; a curious circumstance, not uncommon to persons who have that infirmity, and who can read and recite without suffering from it, though quite unable to speak fluently. Mrs. Inchbald was a person of a very remarkable character, lovely, poor, with unusual mental powers and of irreproachable conduct. Her life was devoted to the care of some dependent relation, who from sickness was incapable of self-support. Mrs. Inchbald had a singular uprightness and unworldliness, and a childlike directness and simplicity of manner, which, combined

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with her personal loveliness and halting, broken utterance, gave to her conversation, which was both humorous and witty, a most peculiar and comical charm. Once after traveling all day in a pouring rain, on alighting at her inn, the coachman, dripping all over with wet, offered his arm to help her out of the coach, when she exclaimed, to the great amusement of her fellow-travelers, "Oh, no, no! y-y-y-you will give me m-m-m-my death of c-c-c-cold; do bring me a-a-a-a *dry* man." An aristocratic neighbor of hers, with whom she was slightly acquainted, driving with his daughter in the vicinity of her very humble suburban residence, overtook her walking along the road one very hot day, and, stopping his carriage, asked her to let him have the pleasure of taking her home; when she instantly declined, with the characteristic excuse that she had just come from the market-gardener's: "And, my lord, I-I-I have my pocket f-f-f-full of onions," — an unsophisticated statement of facts which made them laugh extremely. At the first reading of one of her pieces, a certain young lady with rather a lean, lanky figure being proposed to her for the part of the heroine, she indignantly exclaimed, "No, no, no; I-I-I-I won't have that s-s-s-stick of a girl! D-d-d-do give me a-a-a girl with *bumps!*" Coming off the stage one evening, she was about to sit down by Mrs. Siddons in the green-room, when suddenly, looking at her magnificent neighbor, she said, "No, I won't s-s-s-sit by you; you're t-t-t-too handsome!" — in which respect she certainly need have feared no competition, and less with my aunt than any one, their style of beauty being so absolutely dissimilar. Somebody speaking of having oysters for supper, much surprise was excited by Mrs. Inchbald's saying that she had never eaten one. Questions and remonstrances, exclamations of astonishment and earnest advice to enlarge her experience in that respect assailed her from the whole green-room, when she finally delivered herself thus: "Oh, no indeed! I-I-I-I never, never could! What! e-e-e-eat the eyes and t-t-t-the nose, the teeth a-a-a-and the toes, the a-a-a-all of a creature!" She was an enthusiastic admirer of my uncle John, and the hero of her Simple Story, Doriforth, is supposed to have been intended by her as a portrait of him. On one occasion, when she was sitting by the fire-place in the green-room, waiting to be called upon the stage, she and Miss Mellon (afterwards Mrs. Coutts and Duchess of St. Albans) were laughingly discussing their male friends and acquaintances from the matrimonial point of view. My uncle John, who was standing near, excessively amused, at length jestingly said to Mrs. Inchbald, who had been comically energetic in her declarations of who she could or would, or never could or would, have married, "Well, Mrs. Inchbald, would you have had me?" "Dear heart!" said the stammering beauty, turning her sweet, sunny face up to him, "I'd have j-j-j-jumped at you!"

One day Lawrence took us, from the room where I generally sat to him, into a long gallery where were a number of his pictures, and, leading me by the hand, desired me not to raise my eyes till he told me. On the word of command I looked up, and found myself standing close to and immediately underneath, as it were, a colossal figure of Satan. The sudden shock of finding myself in such proximity to this terrible image made me burst into nervous tears. Lawrence was greatly distressed at the result of his experiment, which had been simply to obtain a verdict from my unprepared impression of the power of his picture. A conversation we had been having upon the subject of Milton and the character of Satan had made him think of showing this picture to me. I was too much agitated to form any judgment of it, but I thought I perceived through its fierce and tragical expression some trace of my uncle's face and features, a sort of "more so" of the bitter pride and scornful melancholy of the banished Roman in the Volscian Hall. Lawrence's imagination was so filled with the poetical and dramatic suggestions which he derived from the Kemble brother and sister, that I thought

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a likeness of them lurked in this portrait of the Prince of Darkness; and perhaps he could scarcely have found a better model for his arch-fiend than my uncle, to whom his mother occasionally addressed the characteristic reproof, "Sir, you are as proud as Lucifer!" (He and that remarkable mother of his must really have been a good deal like Coriolanus and Volumnia.) To console me for the fright he had given me, Lawrence took me into his drawing-room, — that beautiful apartment filled with beautiful things, including his magnificent collection of original drawings by the old masters, and precious gems of old and modern art, — the treasure-house of all the exquisite objects of beauty and curiosity that he had gathered together during his whole life, and that (with the exception of Raphael's and Michael Angelo's drawings, now in the museum at Oxford) were so soon, at his most unexpected death, to be scattered abroad and become, in separate, disjointed portions, the property of a hundred different purchasers. Here, he said, he hoped often to persuade my father and mother and myself to pass our unengaged evenings with him; here he should like to make my brother John, of whom I had spoken enthusiastically to him, free of his art collections; and, adding that he would write to my mother to fix the day for my first sitting for Juliet, he put into my hands a copy of the first edition of Milton's Paradise Lost. I never entered that room or his house, or saw him again; he died about ten days after that.

Lawrence did not talk much while he took his sketch of me, and I remember very little that passed between him and my mother but what was purely personal. I recollect he told me that I had a double row of eyelashes, which was an unusual peculiarity. He expressed the most decided preference for satin over every other material for painting, expatiating rapturously on the soft, rich folds and infinitely varied lights and shadows which that texture afforded above all others. He has dressed a great many of his female portraits in white satin. He also once said that he had been haunted at one time with the desire to paint a blush, that most enchanting "incident" in the expression of a woman's face, but, after being driven nearly wild with the ineffectual endeavor, had had to renounce it, never, of course, he said, achieving anything but a *red face.* I remember the dreadful impression made upon me by a story he told my mother of Lady J—— (George the Fourth's Lady J——), who, standing before her drawing-room looking-glass, and unaware that he was in the room, apostrophized her own reflection with this reflection: "I swear, it would be better to go to hell at once, than live to grow old and ugly."

Lawrence once said that we never dreamed of ourselves as younger than we were; that even if our dreams reproduced scenes and people and circumstances of our youth and childhood, we were always represented, by our sleeping imagination, at our present age. I presume he spoke of his own experience, and I cannot say that I recollect any instance in mine that contradicts his theory. It seems curious, if it is true, that in the manifold freaks of our sleeping fancy, self-consciousness should still exist to a sufficient degree to preserve unaltered one's own conditions of age and physical appearance. I wonder whether this is really the common experience of people's dreams? Frederick Maurice told me a circumstance in curious opposition to this theory of Lawrence's. A young woman whom he knew, of more than usual mental and moral endowments, married a man very much her inferior in mind and character, and appeared to him to deteriorate gradually but very perceptibly under his influence. "As the husband is, the wife is," etc. Towards the middle of her life she told him that at one time she had carried on a double existence in her sleeping and waking hours, her dreams invariably taking her back to the home and period of her girlhood, and that she resumed this dream-life precisely where she left it off, night after night, for a considerable period of time, — poor thing! — perhaps as long as the roots of the young nobler self survived below the soil of a

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baser present existence. This story seemed to me always very pathetic. It must have been dismal to lose that dream-life by degrees, as the real one ate more and more into her nature.

Of Lawrence's merit as a painter an unduly favorable estimate was taken during his life, and since his death his reputation has suffered an undue depreciation. Much that he did partook of the false and bad style which, from the deeper source of degraded morality, spread a taint over all matters of art and taste, under the vicious influence of the "first gentleman of Europe," whose own artistic preferences bore witness, quite as much as the more serious events of his life, how little he deserved the name. Hideous Chinese pagoda pavilions, with grotesque and monstrous decorations, barbarous alike in form and in color; mean and ugly low-roomed royal palaces, without either magnificence or simplicity; military costumes in which gold and silver lace were plastered together on the same uniform, testified to the perverted perception of beauty and fitness which presided in the court of George the Fourth. Lawrence's own portrait of him, with his corpulent body girthed in his stays and creaseless coat, and his heavy falling cheeks supported by his stiff stock, with his dancing-master's leg and his frizzled barber's-block head, comes as near a caricature as a flattered likeness of the original (which was a caricature) dares to do. To have had to paint that was enough to have vulgarized any pencil. The defect of many of Lawrence's female portraits was a sort of artificial sentimental *elegantism*. Pictures of the fine ladies of that day they undoubtedly were, pictures of *great* ladies, never; and, in looking at them, one sighed for the exquisite simple grace and unaffected dignity of Reynolds's and Gainsborough's noble and gentle women. The lovely head of Lady Nugent, the fine portrait I have mentioned of Mrs. W——, the splendid one of Lady Hatherton, and the noble picture of my grandmother, are among the best productions of Lawrence's pencil; and several of his men's portraits are in a robust and simple style of art worthy of the highest admiration. His likeness of Canning (which, by the bye, might have passed for his own, so great was his resemblance to the brilliant statesman) and the fine portrait he painted for Lord Aberdeen, of my uncle John, are excellent specimens of his best work. He had a remarkable gift of producing likenesses at once striking and favorable, and of always seizing the finest expression of which a face was capable; and none could ever complain that Lawrence had not done justice to the very best look they ever wore. Lawrence's want of conscience with regard to the pictures which he undertook and never finished is difficult to account for by any plausible explanation. The fact is notorious that in various instances, after receiving the price of a portrait, and beginning it, he procrastinated and delayed and postponed the completion, until, in more than one case, the blooming beauty sketched upon his canvas had grown faded and wrinkled before the image of her youthful loveliness had been completed.

The renewal of intercourse between Lawrence and my parents, so soon to be terminated by his death, was the cause to me of a loss which I shall never cease to regret. My father had had in his library for years (indeed, as long as I remember) a large volume of fine engravings of the masterpieces of the great Italian painters, and this precious book of art we were occasionally allowed to look at for an hour of rare delight; but it belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and had accidentally been kept for this long space of time in my father's possession. One of my mother's first acts, on again entering into friendly relations with Lawrence, was to restore this piece of property to him; a precipitate act of honesty which I could not help deploring, especially when, so soon after this deed of rash restitution, his death brought those beautiful engravings, with all the rest of his property, to the hammer.

There is no early impression stronger in my mind than that of some of those

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masterpieces, which, together with Winckelmann's fine work on classical art (our familiarity with which I have elsewhere alluded to), were among the first influences of the sort which I experienced. Nor can I ever be too grateful that, restricted as were my parents' means of developing in us the highest culture, they were still such as, combined with their own excellent taste and judgment, preserved us from that which is far worse than ignorance, a liking for anything vulgar or trivial. That which was merely pretty, in music, painting, or poetry, was never placed on the same level in our admiration with that which was fine; and though, from nature as well as training, we enjoyed with great zest everything that could in any sense be called good, our enthusiasm was always reserved for that which was best, an incalculable advantage in the formation of a fine taste and critical judgment. A noble ideal beauty was what we were taught to consider the proper object and result of all art. In their especial vocation this tendency caused my family to be accused of formalism and artificial pedantry; and the so-called "classical" school of acting, to which they belonged, has frequently since their time been unfavorably compared with what, by way of contrast, has been termed the realistic or natural style of art. I do not care to discuss the question, but am thankful that my education preserved me from accepting mere imitation of nature as art, on the stage or in the picture gallery; and that, without destroying my delight in any kind of beauty, it taught me a decided preference for that which was highest and noblest.

All being in due preparation for my coming out, my rehearsals were the only interruption to my usual habits of occupation, which I pursued very steadily in spite of my impending trial. On the day of my first appearance I had no rehearsal, for fear of overfatigue, and spent my morning as usual, in practicing the piano, walking in the inclosure of St. James's Park opposite our house, and reading in Blunt's Scripture Characters (a book in which I was then deeply interested) the chapters relating to St. Peter and Jacob. I do not know whether the nervous tension which I must have been enduring strengthened the impression made upon me by what I read, but I remember being quite absorbed by it, which I think was curious, because certainly such subjects of meditation were hardly allied to the painful undertaking so immediately pressing upon me. But I believe I felt imperatively the necessity of moderating my own strong nervous emotion and excitement by the fulfillment of my accustomed duties and pursuits, and above all by withdrawing my mind into higher and serener regions of thought as a respite and relief from the pressure of my alternate apprehensions of failure and hopes of success. I do not mean that it was at all a matter of deliberate calculation or reflection, but rather an instinct of self-preservation, which actuated me; a powerful instinct which has struggled and partially prevailed throughout my whole life against the irregular and passionate vehemence of my temperament, and which, in spite of a constant tendency to violent excitement of mind and feeling, has made me a person of unusually systematic pursuits and monotonous habits, and been a frequent subject of astonishment, not unmixed with ridicule, to my friends, who have not known as well as myself what wholesomeness there was in the method of my madness. And I am persuaded that religion and reason alike justify such a strong instinctive action in natures which derive a constant moral support, like that of the unobserved but all-sustaining pressure of the atmosphere, from the soothing and restraining influence of systematic habits of monotonous regularity. Amid infinite anguish and errors, existence may preserve a species of outward symmetry and harmony from this strong band of minute observance keeping down and assisting the mind to master elements of moral and mental discord and disorder, for the due control of which the daily and hourly subjection to recurring rules is an invaluable auxiliary to higher influences. The external practice does not

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supply, but powerfully supplements the internal principle of self-control.

My mother, who had left the stage for upwards of twenty years, determined to return to it on the night of my first appearance, that I might have the comfort and support of her being with me in my trial. We drove to the theatre very early, indeed while the late autumn sunlight yet lingered in the sky; it shone into the carriage upon me, and as I screened my eyes from it, my mother said, "Heaven smiles on you, my child." My poor mother went to her dressing-room to get herself ready, and did not return to me for fear of increasing my agitation by her own. My dear aunt Dall and my maid and the theatre dresser performed my toilet for me, and at length I was placed in a chair, with my satin train carefully laid over the back of it, and there I sat, ready for execution, with the palms of my hands pressed convulsively together, and the tears I in vain endeavored to repress welling up into my eyes and brimming slowly over, down my rouged cheeks, upon which my aunt, with a smile full of pity, renewed the color as often as these heavy drops made unsightly streaks in it. Once and again my father came to the door, and I heard his anxious "How is she?" to which my aunt answered, sending him away with words of comforting cheer. At last, "Miss Kemble called for the stage, ma'am!" accompanied with a brisk tap at the door, started me upright on my feet, and I was led round to the side scene opposite to the one from which I saw my mother advance on the stage; and while the uproar of her reception filled me with terror, dear old Mrs. Davenport, my nurse, and dear Mr. Keely, her Peter, and half the *dramatis personæ* of the play (but not my father, who had retreated, quite unable to endure the scene) stood round me as I lay, all but insensible, in my aunt's arms. "Courage, courage, dear child! poor thing, poor thing!" reiterated Mrs. Davenport. "Never mind 'em, Miss Kemble!" urged Keely, in that irresistibly comical, nervous, lachrymose voice of his, which I have never since heard without a thrill of anything but comical association; "never mind 'em! don't think of 'em, any more than if they were so many rows of cabbages!" "Nurse!" called my mother, and on waddled Mrs. Davenport, and, turning back, called in her turn, "Juliet!" My aunt gave me an impulse forward, and I ran straight across the stage, stunned with the tremendous shout that greeted me, my eyes covered with mist, and the green baize flooring of the stage feeling as if it rose up against my feet; but I got hold of my mother, and stood like a terrified creature at bay, confronting the huge theatre full of gazing human beings. I do not think a word I uttered during this scene could have been audible; in the next, the ball-room, I began to forget myself; in the following one, the balcony scene, I had done so, and for aught I knew I was Juliet; the passion I was uttering sending hot waves of blushes all over my neck and shoulders, while the poetry sounded like music to me as I spoke it, with no consciousness of anything before me, utterly transported into the imaginary existence of the play. After this I did not return into myself till all was over, and amid a tumultuous storm of applause, congratulation, tears, embraces, and a general joyous explosion of unutterable relief at the fortunate termination of my attempt, we went home. And so my life was determined, and I devoted myself to an avocation which I never liked or honored, and about the very nature of which I have never been able to come to any decided opinion. It is in vain that the undoubted specific gifts of great actors and actresses suggest that all gifts are given for rightful exercise, and not suppression; in vain that Shakespeare's plays urge their imperative claim to the most perfect illustration they can receive from histrionic interpretation: a *business* which is incessant excitement and factitious emotion seems to me unworthy of a man; a business which is public exhibition, unworthy of a woman.

At four different periods of my life I have been constrained by circumstances

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to maintain myself by the exercise of my dramatic faculty; latterly, it is true, in a less painful and distasteful manner, by reading, instead of acting. But though I have never, I trust, been ungrateful for the power of thus helping myself and others, or forgetful of the obligation I was under to do my appointed work conscientiously in every respect, or unmindful of the precious good regard of so many kind hearts that it has won for me; though I have never lost one iota of my own intense delight in the act of rendering Shakespeare's creations; yet neither have I ever presented myself before an audience without a shrinking feeling of reluctance, or withdrawn from their presence without thinking the excitement I had undergone unhealthy, and the personal exhibition odious.

Nevertheless I sat me down to supper that night with my poor, rejoicing parents well content, God knows! with the issue of my trial; and still better pleased with a lovely little Geneva watch, the first I had ever possessed, all encrusted with gold work and jewels, which my father laid by my plate and I immediately christened Romeo, and went, a blissful girl, to sleep with it under my pillow.

BUCKINGHAM GATE, JAMES STREET,
December 14th.

DEAREST H——: I received your letter this morning, before I was out of my room, and very glad I was to get it. You would have heard from me again ere this had it not been that, in your present anxious state of mind respecting your brother, I did not like to demand your attention for my proceedings. My trial is over, and, thank Heaven! most fortunately. Our most sanguine wishes could hardly have gone beyond the result, and at the same time that I hail my success as a source of great happiness to my dear father and mother, I almost venture to hope that the interest which has been excited in the public may tend to revive once more the decaying dramatic art. You say it is a very fascinating occupation; perhaps it is, though it does not appear to me so, and I think it carries with it drawbacks enough to operate as an antidote to the vanity and love of admiration which it can hardly fail to foster. The mere embodying of the exquisite ideals of poetry is a great enjoyment, but after that, or rather *for* that, comes in ours, as in all arts, the mechanical process, the labor, the refining, the controlling the very feeling one has, in order to manifest it in the best way to the perception of others; and when all that intense feeling and careful work can accomplish is done, an actor must often see those points of his performance which are most worthy of approbation overlooked, and others, perhaps crude in taste or less true in feeling, commended; which must tend much, I think, to sober the mind as to the value of applause. Above all, the constant consciousness of the immeasurable distance between a fine conception and the best execution of it must in acting, as in all art, be a powerful check to vanity and self-satisfaction.

As to the mere excitement proceeding from the public applause of a theatre, I am sure you will believe me when I say I do not think I shall ever experience it. But should I reckon too much upon my own steadiness, I have the incessant care and watchfulness of my dear mother to rely on, and I do rely on it as an invaluable safeguard, both to the purity and good taste of all that I may do on the stage, and the quiet and soberness of my mind under all this new excitement. She has borne all her anxieties wonderfully well, and I now hope she will reap some repayment for them; my dear father is very happy; indeed, we have all cause for heartfelt thankfulness when we think what a light has dawned upon our prospects, lately so dismal and overcast. My own motto in all this must be, as far as possible, "Beget a temperance in all things." I trust I shall be enabled to rule myself by it, and in the firm hope that my endeavor to do what is right will be favored and assisted, I have committed myself, nothing doubting, to the stormy sea of life. Dearest H——, the papers will give you a detailed ac-

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count of my *début;* I only wish to assure you that I have not embraced this course without due dread of its dangers, and a firm determination to watch, as far as in me lies, over its effect upon my mind. It is after all but lately, you know, that I have become convinced that fame and gratified ambition are not the worthiest aims for one's exertions. With affectionate love, believe me ever your fondly attached, FANNY.

I most sincerely hope that your brother's health is improving, and if we do not meet sooner, I shall now look forward to Dublin as our *point de réunion;* that will not be the least of the obligations I shall owe this happy turn of affairs.

I do not know whence I derived the deep impression I expressed in this letter of the moral dangers of the life upon which I was entering; certainly not from my parents, to whom, of course, the idea that actors and actresses could not be respectable people naturally did not occur, and who were not troubled, I am sure, as I then was, with a perception of the more subtle evils of their calling. I had never heard the nature of it discussed, and was absolutely without experience of it, but the vapid vacuity of the last years of my aunt Siddons's life had made a profound impression upon me,—her apparent deadness and indifference to everything, which I attributed (unjustly, perhaps) less to her advanced age and impaired powers than to what I supposed the withering and drying influence of the overstimulating atmosphere of emotion, excitement, and admiration in which she had passed her life; certain it is that such was my dread of the effect of my profession upon me, that I added an earnest petition to my daily prayers that I might be defended from the evil influence I feared it might exercise upon me.

As for my success, there was, I believe, a genuine element in it, for puffing can send upwards only things that have a buoyant, rising quality in themselves; but there was also a great feeling of personal sympathy for my father and mother, of kindly indulgence for my youth, and of respectful recollection of my uncle and aunt; and a very general desire that the fine theatre where they had exercised their powers should be rescued, if possible, from its difficulties. All this went to make up a result of which I had the credit.

Among my experiences of that nauseous ingredient in theatrical life, puffery, some have been amusing enough. The last time that I gave public readings in America, the management of them was undertaken by a worthy, respectable person, who was not, I think, exceptionally addicted to the devices and charlatanism which appear almost inseparable from the business of public exhibition in all its branches. At the end of our first interview for the purpose of arranging my performances, as he was taking his leave he said, "Well, ma'am, I think everything is quite in a nice train. I should say things are in a most favorable state of preparation; we 've a delightful article coming out in the ——." Here he mentioned a popular periodical. "Ah, indeed?" said I, not quite apprehending what my friend was aiming at. "Yes, really, ma'am, I should say first-rate, and I thought perhaps we might induce you to be good enough to help us a little with it." "Bless me!" said I, more and more puzzled, "how can I help you?" "Well, ma'am, with a few personal anecdotes, perhaps, if you would be so kind." "Anecdotes?" said I (with three points of interrogation). "What do you mean? What about?" "Why, ma'am" (with a low bow), "about Mrs. Kemble, of course." Now, my worthy agent's remuneration was to consist of a certain proportion of the receipts of the readings, and, that being the case, I felt I had no right absolutely to forbid him all puffing advertisements and decently legitimate efforts to attract public attention and interest to performances by which he was to benefit. At the same time, I also felt it imperatively necessary that there should be some limit to these proceedings, if I was to be made a party to them. I therefore told him that, as his interest was involved in the success

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of the readings, I could not forbid his puffing them to some extent, as, if I did, he might consider himself injured. "But," said I, while refusing the contribution of any personal anecdotes to his forthcoming article, "take care what you do in that line, for if you overdo it in the least, I will write an article, myself, on my readings, showing up all their faults and turning them into ridicule as I do not believe any one else either would or could. So puff just as quietly as you can." I rather think my agent left me with the same opinion of my competency in business that Mr. Macready had expressed as to my proficiency in my profession, namely, that "I did not know the rudiments of it."

Mr. Mitchell, who from the first took charge of all my readings in England, and was the very kindest, most considerate, and most courteous of all managers, on one occasion, complaining bitterly to my sister of the unreasonable objection I had to all laudatory advertisements of my readings, said to her, with a voice and countenance of the most rueful melancholy, and with the most appealing pathos, "Why, you know, ma'am, it 's really dreadful; you know, Mrs. Kemble won't even allow us to say in the bills, *these celebrated readings;* and you know, ma'am, it 's really impossible to do with less; indeed it is! Why, ma'am, you know even Morrison's pills are always advertised as *these celebrated pills!*"—an illustration of the hardships of his case which my sister repeated to me with infinite delight.

When I saw the shop-windows full of Lawrence's sketch of me, and knew myself the subject of almost daily newspaper notices, when plates and saucers were brought to me with small figures of me as Juliet and Belvidera on them, and finally, when gentlemen showed me lovely buff-colored neck-handkerchiefs which they had bought, and which had, as I thought, pretty lilac-colored flowers all over them, which proved on nearer inspection to be minute copies of Lawrence's head of me, I not unnaturally, in the fullness of my inexperience, believed in my own success.

I have since known more of the manufacture of public enthusiasm and public triumphs, and, remembering to how many people it was a matter of vital importance that the public interest should be kept alive in me, and Covent Garden filled every night I played, I have become more skeptical upon the subject.

Seeing lately a copy of my play of Francis the First, with (to my infinite astonishment) "tenth edition" upon it, I said to a friend, "I suppose this was a bit of bookseller's puffery; or did each edition consist of three copies?" He replied, "Oh, no, I think not; you have forgotten the *furor* there was about you when this came out." At twenty I believed it *all;* at sixty-six I find it difficult to believe *any* of it.

It is certain, however, that I played Juliet upwards of a hundred and twenty times running, with all the irregularity and unevenness and immature inequality of which I have spoken as characteristics which were never corrected in my performances. My mother, who never missed one of them, would sometimes come down from her box and, folding me in her arms, say only the very satisfactory words, "Beautiful, my dear!" Quite as often, if not oftener, the verdict was, "My dear, your performance was not fit to be seen! I don't know how you ever contrived to do the part decently; it must have been by some knack or trick which you appear to have entirely lost the secret of; you had better give the whole thing up at once than go on doing it so disgracefully ill." This was awful, and made my heart sink down into my shoes, whatever might have been the fervor of applause with which the audience had greeted my performance.

My life now became settled in its new shape. I acted regularly three times a week; I had no rehearsals, since Romeo and Juliet went on during the whole season, and so my mornings were still my own. I always dined in the middle of the day (and invariably on a mutton-chop, so that I might have been a Harrow boy, for diet); I was taken by my aunt early to the theatre, and there in my

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dressing-room sat through the entire play, when I was not on the stage, with some piece of tapestry or needle-work, with which, during the intervals of my tragic sorrows, I busied my fingers; my thoughts being occupied with the events of my next scene and the various effects it demanded. When I was called for the stage, my aunt came with me, carrying my train, that it might not sweep the dirty floor behind the scenes; and after spreading it out and adjusting its folds carefully, as I went on, she remained at the side scene till I came off again, then gathered it on her arm and, folding a shawl around me, escorted me back to my dressing-room and tapestry; and so my theatrical evenings were passed. My parents would not allow me to go into the green-room, where they thought my attention would be distracted from my business and where I might occasionally meet with undesirable associates. My salary was fixed at thirty guineas a week, and the Saturday after I came out, I presented myself for the first and last time at the treasury of the theatre to receive it, and carried it, clinking, with great triumph to my mother, the first money I ever earned.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more radical than the change which three weeks had made in the aspect of my whole life. From an insignificant school-girl, I had suddenly become an object of general public interest. I was a little lion in society, and the town talk of the day. Approbation, admiration, adulation, were showered upon me; every condition of my life had been altered, as by the wand of a fairy. Instead of the twenty pounds a year which my poor father squeezed out of his hard-earned income for my allowance, out of which I bought (alas, with how much difficulty, seeing how many other things I would buy!) my gloves and shoes, I now had an assured income, as long as my health and faculties were unimpaired, of at least a thousand a year; and the thirty guineas a week at Covent Garden, and much larger remuneration during provincial tours, forever forbade the sense of destitution productive of the ecstasy with which, only a short time before I came out, I had found wedged into the bottom of my money drawer in my desk a sovereign that I had overlooked, and so had sorrowfully concluded myself penniless till next allowance day. Instead of trudging long distances afoot through the muddy London streets, when the hire of a hackney-coach was matter of serious consideration, I had a comfortable and elegant carriage; I was allowed, at my own earnest request, to take riding lessons, and before long had a charming horse of my own, and was able to afford the delight of giving my father one, the use of which I hoped would help to invigorate and refresh him. The faded, threadbare, turned, and dyed frocks which were my habitual wear were exchanged for fashionably-made dresses of fresh colors and fine texture, in which I appeared to myself transfigured. Our door was besieged with visitors, our evenings bespoken by innumerable invitations; social civilities and courtesies poured in upon us from every side in an incessant stream; I was sought and petted and caressed by persons of conventional and real distinction, and every night that I did not act, I might, if my parents had thought it prudent to let me do so, have passed in all the gayety of the fashionable world and the great London season. So much cordiality, sympathy, interest, and apparent genuine good-will seemed to accompany all these flattering demonstrations, that it was impossible for me not to be touched and gratified, — perhaps, too, unduly elated. If I was spoiled and my head turned, I can only say I think it would have needed a strong head not to be so; but God knows how pitiful a preparation all this tinsel sudden success and popularity formed for the duties and trials of my after-life.

Frances Anne Kemble.

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HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

DEDICATED BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE COLLEGIAN, 1830, TO THE EDITORS OF THE HARVARD ADVOCATE, 1866–1876; READ AT THEIR DECENNIAL DINNER, MAY 11, 1876.

'T WAS on the famous trotting-ground,
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near; the "cracks" were there
Whose deeds the sporting prints declare:
The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag,
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,
With these a third — and who is he
That stands beside his fast b. g.?
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
So fills the nasal trump of fame.
There too stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed;
Green horses also, not a few, —
Unknown as yet what they could do;
And all the hacks that know so well
The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day;
The bordering turf is green with May;
The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan;
The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play
And dance and toss their rippled manes
Shining and soft as silken skeins;
Wagons and gigs are ranged about,
And fashion flaunts her gay turn-out;
Here stands — each youthful Jehu's dream —
The jointed tandem, ticklish team!
And there in ampler breadth expand
The splendors of the four-in-hand;
On faultless ties and glossy tiles
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles
(The style 's the man, so books avow;
The style 's the woman, anyhow);
From flounces frothed with creamy lace
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye —
O woman, in your hours of ease
So shy with us, so free with these!

"Come on! I'll bet you two to one
I'll make him do it!" "Will you? Done!"

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What was it who was bound to do?
I did not hear and can't tell you, —
Pray listen till my story 's through.

Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one horse shay —
Lent to his sexton for the day.
(A funeral — so the sexton said;
His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast;
His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
The gray was sprinkled in his hair;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not,
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him down, —
The steed's, the statesman's, common lot!
"And are we then so soon forgot?"
Ah me! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name "Old Blue,"
Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young!

"Bring forth the horse!" Alas! he showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode:
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-kneed,
The wreck of what was once a steed,
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton, laughing in his sleeve
As if 't were all a make-believe,
Led forth the horse, and as he laughed
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his headstall, set him free
From strap and rein, — a sight to see!

So worn, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him!
It is! his back the pig-skin strides
And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides;
With look of mingled scorn and mirth
They buckle round the saddle-girth;
With horsey wink and saucy toss
A youngster throws his leg across,
And so, his rider on his back,
They lead him, limping, to the track,

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Far up behind the starting-point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past,
One pitying look old Hiram cast;
"Go it, ye cripple, while ye can!"
Cried out unsentimental Dan;
"A Fast-Day dinner for the crows!"
Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
First feels the gathering head of steam,
With warning cough and threatening wheeze
The stiff old charger crooks his knees,
At first with cautious step sedate,
As if he dragged a coach of state;
He's not a colt; he knows full well
That time is weight and sure to tell;
No horse so sturdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand
The old horse nears the judges' stand,
Beneath his jockey's feather-weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.

"Go!" — Through his ear the summons stung
As if a battle trump had rung;
The slumbering instincts long unstirred
Start at the old familiar word;
It thrills like flame through every limb —
What mean his twenty years to him?
The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
Alike to him are spur and rein, —
He steps a five-year-old again!

Before the quarter pole was past,
Old Hiram said, "He's going fast."
Long ere the quarter was a half,
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh;
Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file!
Off went a shoe, — away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun.

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The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oaths he used to swear;
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane;
He 'll lose his hold — he sways and reels —
He 'll slide beneath those trampling heels!
The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,
And shouts arise from left and right,
"Stick on! Stick on!" "Hould tight! Hould tight!"
"Cling round his neck and don't let go —
That pace can't hold — there! steady! whoa!"
But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;
And now the stand he rushes by,
And "Stop him! — stop him!" is the cry.
Stand back! he 's only just begun —
He 's having out three heats in one!

"Don't rush in front! he 'll smash your brains;
But follow up and grab the reins!"
Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
And sprang impatient at the word;
Budd Doble started on his bay,
Old Hiram followed on his gray,
And off they spring, and round they go,
The fast ones doing "all they know."
Look! twice they follow at his heels,
As round the circling course he wheels,
And whirls with him that clinging boy
Like Hector round the walls of Troy;
Still on, and on, the third time round!
They 're tailing off! they 're losing ground!
Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!
And see! in spite of whip and shout,
Old Hiram's mare is giving out!
Now for the finish! at the turn,
The old horse — all the rest astern —
Comes swinging in, with easy trot;
By Jove! he 's distanced all the lot!

That trot no mortal could explain;
Some said, "Old Dutchman come again!'
Some took his time, — at least they tried,
But what it was could none decide;
One said he could n't understand
What happened to his second hand;
One said 2.10; *that* could n't be —
More like two twenty two or three;

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Old Hiram settled it at last;
" The time was two — too dee-vel-ish fast! "

The parson's horse had won the bet;
It cost him something of a sweat;
Back in the one horse shay he went;
The parson wondered what it meant,
And murmured, with a mild surprise
And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
" That funeral must have been a trick,
Or corpses drive at double-quick;
I should n't wonder, I declare,
If brother Murray made the prayer! "

And this is all I have to say
About the parson's poor old bay,
The same that drew the one horse shay.

Moral for which this tale is told:
A horse *can* trot, for all he 's old.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CAMPAIGN AND BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, JUNE AND JULY, 1863.

After the battle of Chancellorsville the Confederates were much encouraged by the general condition of affairs. The army of the Potomac kept losing men by expiration of enlistment, until we had less than eighty-five thousand effectives, and these were badly organized, when General Lee commenced his movement the last of May, 1863. Our forces were distributed into eight army corps, necessarily of small size: the first under John F. Reynolds; second, Hancock; third, Sickles; fifth, Meade; sixth, Sedgwick; eleventh, Howard; twelfth, Slocum, and the cavalry under Pleasanton, making an average for each corps of less than eleven thousand men. The largest corps, Sedgwick's, was about fifteen thousand strong; the smallest, Reynolds's, numbered not more than eight thousand combatants. General Lee seems to have actually commenced the northward movement the 3d of June. It was always difficult for us to procure information of the movements of the enemy; more difficult than for him to gather corresponding information concerning us, because we were in the hostile country. I remember with what apparent ease and self-possession, during this northward march, farmers would be riding in pairs or threes, each with a bag of grain behind the saddle, apparently going to the neighboring mill; and how surprised beyond expression they were when their counterfeit character was revealed. With few exceptions the Southern households, when opportunity rendered it possible, as at Chancellorsville, gave constant and full information to the enemy of our strength, position, and movements. However, in spite of difficulties, General Hooker had discovered and reported to Washington, as early as the 28th of May, the collection of a large body of the enemy's cavalry at

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Culpepper and Jefferson. He justly concluded that a general movement was on foot, and presumed it would be the same substantially as that of the year before. Still, everything seemed to be conjecture till after the cavalry action of General Pleasanton, the 9th of June, at Brandy Station. This was, of course, merely a grand reconnoissance in force. It resulted in giving us this desired information: the corps of Longstreet and Ewell, having turned our right flank, were already *en route* towards the north; and the enemy's cavalry surely, and his whole force probably, was destined for Maryland and Pennsylvania.

HOOKER'S PLANS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

From the information gathered from the prisoners and dispatches captured during this reconnoissance, and from scouts who had noted the time it took the enemy's column to pass a given point, it was plain to our commander that there was need of prompt action: either to cross the river and fall upon Lee's rear, or to follow up his movement upon the inner lines, ready to resist any flank movement he might make, or, if an opportunity should offer at some favorable moment, to strike him in flank. General Hooker seems to have meditated the first course, and to judge from his correspondence with Washington he deemed it feasible. Doubtless, if he had had sufficient force, he might have cut off Hill's corps, fallen upon and crushed it after the departure of Ewell and Longstreet, and afterwards, if Lee had not turned back, made as good time as Lee himself in reaching Central Pennsylvania; but his general instructions to cover Washington, always a matter of vital importance, and the specific objection of the president made at the time in a letter to him, caused him to restrict himself to a reconnoissance by the sixth corps, while the other corps were marching parallel with Lee's column. Each army in motion was covered in flank by its own cavalry. General Hooker kept steadily to his object, namely, to take positions of observation, protect the capital against sudden movements in that direction, and be ready to concentrate rapidly for any possible emergency. I belonged to the right wing, temporarily constituted under the immediate charge of General John F. Reynolds. It consisted of the first, third, and eleventh corps, and marched by the way of Bealeton, Manassas Junction (the old battle-field of Bull Run), Centreville, Gum Spring, and Goose Creek. Our three corps habitually encamped within five or six miles of each other, seldom following in precisely the same track except when forced to do so. The corps kept up constant intercommunication. There were frequent cavalry combats with Stuart's cavalry at the gaps in the Bull Run range and the Blue Ridge, but few that drew into action any considerable infantry force, though a regiment, a brigade, or sometimes a division was detached in support. Mosby's cavalry, guerrillas, scouts, and spies penetrated our lines in spite of every precaution, picked off our aids and messengers on their swift journeyings from corps to corps, and circulated every sort of false story that might be made use of to mislead us.

The major part of the army of the Potomac was on the 22d of June not far from Edward's Ferry, the place selected for crossing the Potomac.

General Lee had rightly interpreted our movements, namely, the reconnoissance at Falmouth and at Beverly Ford, and the pressure of cavalry supported by infantry at the gaps of the mountain ridges which run parallel with the Potomac; and he had scarcely been checked for an hour in the execution of *his* main purpose. He did encounter a force of about seven thousand men under General R. H. Milroy, at Winchester, Virginia, which force, in an isolated position, without support, could not afford to wait for Lee's arrival. But it was difficult for General Milroy, with his brave heart, to make up his mind to retreat till the enemy was actually upon him. He remained one day too long, his retreat was cut off, and it is a wonderful fact that nearly half of his command escaped and succeeded in getting upon the other side

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of the Potomac, leaving the remainder of his men, twenty-nine guns, upwards of two hundred wagons, and four hundred horses and mules in the hands of the enemy. This unfortunate affair, ending the 15th of June, served to depress us and inspirit the enemy. He pressed on rapidly to Harper's Ferry, where doubtless he hoped to repeat the tactics of a former occasion, that is, of seizing the commanding points on the Virginia shore, and forcing a surrender. But this time we were fortunate in having in command there General Tyler, an officer as quick of apprehension and as fertile in expedients as Lee's commanders. Tyler carefully withdrew to the almost impregnable position of Maryland Heights, a range of hills, on the eastern shore of the Potomac, which completely command the ground at Harper's Ferry; thus saving his command and taking an excellent post of observation. General Hooker was entirely right when he asked the control of this force. Had Milroy's and Tyler's troops been under his command, Milroy would have held merely an outpost for Tyler, and would doubtless have retired upon him on Lee's approach. In such emergencies independent wills work at cross-purposes. For war, you must get the best will you can, and trust it wholly.

I was ordered to cross the Potomac with my corps on the 24th of June, at Edward's Ferry. The uncertainty of the enemy's movements, and correspondingly of our own, multiplied orders in an unusual manner. After my orders to cross the river and proceed to Sandy Hook, in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, General Butterfield, the chief of Hooker's staff, signaled, "Have you received orders *not* to cross at Edward's Ferry till further orders, but to camp near the telegraph office there? You report from there to head-quarters army of Potomac." Another order was to cross and march to Harper's Ferry *via* Edward's. Then came a dispatch from Hooker himself, to put my corps in camp on the *south* side of the Potomac; next, one from General Seth Williams, A. A. G., that I should guard the bridge and depots at Edward's Ferry on the *north* side of the Potomac at that place.

THE ENEMY'S CROSSING.

General Seth Williams writes, "General Tyler telegraphs from Maryland Heights, 'Longstreet's corps, which camped last night between Berryville and Charlestown, is to-day in motion, and before six o'clock this morning commenced crossing by the ford, one mile below Shepherdstown, to Sharpsburg. I have reports from reliable parties that at least fifteen thousand have crossed the ford this morning, mostly infantry and artillery. The troops are halted, and the wagon train at ten o'clock (this morning) was moving.'" General Hooker's letter of this same date, probably written early in the morning, to General Halleck, explains that Ewell is already over the Potomac, and that if he can do so without observation he proposes to send to Harper's Ferry "a corps or two to sever Ewell from the balance of the rebel army, in case he should make a protracted sojourn with his Pennsylvania neighbors."

I presume that just as soon as General Hooker knew that Longstreet was also crossing the Potomac in force, he gave up the idea of the enemy's intention to make a single corps raid. Also he surrendered the hope of dividing Lee's army by way of Harper's Ferry. In keeping with this view, the next day, the 25th of June, came new instructions to me: "The commanding general directs that you at once send a staff officer to report to General Reynolds, at or near the vicinity of Edward's Ferry, and that you move your own command in the direction of Middletown instead of Sandy Hook." This movement was executed in conjunction with the first and third corps; "with a view," General Hooker says, "to seize the passes of South Mountain . . . and confine him [Lee] to one line of invasion." These objects were fully accomplished. It was easy to concentrate at any one of the three points, Frederick, Middletown, or South Mountain, in a day. I do not

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wonder at General Hooker's disappointment that the left at Harper's Ferry should be absolutely anchored by keeping ten thousand men there to defend Maryland Heights. This was in effect the decision of General Halleck, general-in-chief, telegraphed from Washington the 27th of June to General Hooker, who in person had gone to Harper's Ferry to reconnoitre. General Hooker's prompt and well-known reply to Halleck's message was, "My original instructions were to cover Harper's Ferry and Washington. I have now imposed upon me, in addition, an enemy in my front of more than my numbers. I beg to be understood, respectfully but firmly, that I am unable to comply with these conditions with the means at my disposal; and I earnestly request that I may be at once relieved from the position I occupy."

HOOKER RELIEVED; ARMY FEELING.

On the 28th, after his arrival at Frederick, General Hooker was relieved from the command, and General George G. Meade was appointed to succeed him. I was not, at this time, familiar with the points at issue between Generals Halleck and Hooker, but I was somewhat acquainted with the feeling towards General Hooker among certain officers of rank in our army. President Lincoln wrote him on the subject in a letter dated the 14th of June. He says, "I have some painful intimations that some of your corps and division commanders are not giving you their entire confidence." One of these officers, about the 18th or 19th of June, quite fiercely assailed me for "constantly sustaining General Hooker," saying in substance that I was the only corps commander that spoke always in Hooker's defense. I replied that "I was always loyal to the officer the government saw fit to place over me." Though I believed, and do so still, that my dispositions at Chancellorsville were as good as the position permitted, and that the defeat there was not due to any neglect on my part, willful or otherwise, but to other causes (as I could have explained, had I ever been called upon by the committee on the conduct of the war or by General Hooker), nevertheless I was made to feel soon after that battle that General Hooker blamed *me*, and was against me. This made me so much the more careful in what I said, particularly after General Schurz wrote me to the same effect, with a view to prevail on me to withdraw from the corps. And whatever private grievance I might have, I trod it under my feet, for I believed that General Hooker had grand qualities. He was cool and brave in action, clear-headed in council, and of a popular turn with the troops, and probably as able in matters purely military — in forming and executing plans of campaign embracing tactics and strategy — as General Lee. His great fault was that he was unmerciful in his criticism of senior and rival commanders. Judging of the army feeling as exhibited in private interviews, and in the usual canvassing of reputations and characters around the camp-fires, I believe the change of commanders, ill-timed as it seemed, was acceptable to the officers.

MEADE'S OPERATIONS.

After the telegrams between General Hooker and the government, Meade concentrated his army towards his right flank at Frederick, on the evening of the 28th, saying, "I propose to move this army to-morrow in the direction of York." After a little further consideration he set in execution, to be completed the evening of the 30th (really finished the 29th), a movement upon Emmettsburg and Westminster: first and eleventh corps to Emmettsburg, third and twelfth to Taneytown, second to Frizelburg, fifth to Union, and sixth to New Windsor. He drew French (now properly placed under his command) from Harper's Ferry to Frederick, as a reserve and protection to his line of communication with Washington. He protected his flank with cavalry.

This dispersed the army considerably, grouping two corps at Emmettsburg, two

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at Taneytown, and three around Westminster, on a line from right to left of about twenty-five miles' frontage. General Meade's object, explained at the time, was, "If Lee is moving for Baltimore, I expect to get between his main army and that place. If he is crossing the Susquehanna, I shall rely upon General Couch [at Harrisburg] holding him until I can fall upon his rear and give him battle."

A part of Stuart's cavalry had crossed the Potomac in our rear, and made a raid around us. Ewell was at this time believed to be in the vicinity of York and Harrisburg. So that with Lee's army apparently scattered from Hagerstown to Carlisle, Harrisburg, and York, Meade hoped, as he said, to fall upon some portion of it in detail. But on the evening of the 30th, all our information showed that Lee was drawing in his divisions and brigades to locations between Chambersburg and Gettysburg.

The part my corps took in these grand movements of preparation was very simple. I marched on the afternoon of the 28th of June from the beautiful, fertile, loyal, hospitable valley of which Middletown is the centre, to the north of Frederick. The next day, the 29th, my notes say, "The day was rainy, the roads heavy, and the march wearisome, yet the troops were in camp at Emmettsburg, having made about twenty miles, by seven P. M." Orders June 30th sent Reynolds with first corps to Marsh Run, half-way from Emmettsburg to Gettysburg, about six miles on. I changed position from the right to the left of the town, and the third corps (Sickles's) encamped between Taneytown and my position. Slocum went to Littlestown. The cavalry kept in advance; Buford's division was already in Gettysburg. The rest of the army remained substantially as on the day before. The Confederate corps of A. P. Hill, or a large portion of it, was at Wingard's farm, on the road from Funkstown to the Chambersburg pike, the night before.

Just at night I received a note from General Reynolds requesting me to ride up to Marsh Run and see him. He was stopping at a house on the right of the road when I reached there, occupying a back room on the south side. He said he was glad to see me, and immediately gave me General Meade's confidential address, just issued, in which he required the officers in command fitly to address the troops, and appealed to every patriotic sentiment to stimulate his command on the approach of a great battle. He (Reynolds) showed me, in a bundle of dispatches, — the information brought to him during the day, — evidence of the nearness, position, and designs of the enemy. He sat down with me to study the maps of the country, and we consulted upon these matters till eleven o'clock at night, the last night of his life. He impressed me as unusually sad; perhaps not more so than any clear-headed officer would be on the eve of an important battle. I took leave of him and rode rapidly back, six miles, to my command.

It seemed that I was hardly asleep before a messenger from army headquarters at Taneytown waked me with orders for General Reynolds as the wing commander. They were the orders of march for the day. I opened the dispatch and noted its contents (we read all dispatches, however directed, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy and be lost), but did not attempt to execute the orders directed to another till sufficient time had been allowed him to give his own instructions based on them. But these orders of march, so soon known, enabled me to be in readiness. From them I quote the following: —

"Orders. Headquarters at Taneytown. Third corps to Emmettsburg; second corps to Taneytown; fifth corps to Hanover; twelfth corps to Two Taverns; first corps to Gettysburg; eleventh corps to Gettysburg (in supporting distance); sixth corps to Manchester. Cavalry to front and flanks, well out in all directions, giving timely notice of positions and movements of the enemy."

After indicating the probable position of Longstreet and Hill between Chambersburg and Gettysburg, and Ewell at

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Carlisle and York, and expressing the opinion that movements favored a disposition on Lee's part to advance from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, General Meade concludes, "The general believes he has relieved Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and now desires to look to his own army and assume position for offensive or defensive, or for rest to the troops."

GENERAL HOWARD'S MOVEMENT AND OBSERVATION.

I will now ask the reader to narrow his view, and accompany me while I play the small part assigned to me, and note what I observed, remembering that if I write more fully of my own work it is no disparagement to others who distinguished themselves.

At 8.30 A. M., at Emmettsburg, I received the order of march from Reynolds, for the time my immediate commander, and at once set in motion two columns then in readiness. One, Barlow's division, with a battery, was put upon the direct road from Emmettsburg to Gettysburg (eleven miles); the other two divisions, Schurz's and Steinwehr's, with four batteries remaining, upon an indirect road (thirteen miles) by Horner's mill, coming into Gettysburg by the Taneytown road. An average of two and one half miles per hour on a hot July day, with the load of supplies each soldier had to carry, would be enough, and would bring Barlow's division into Gettysburg a little after one P. M. (His road was already cut up by Reynolds's wagons, and much obstructed all the way by trains and artillery carriages.) Schurz and Steinwehr, upon an unobstructed road, would do well to make an average of three miles per hour, and might come in about the same time with Barlow.

THE BATTLE: FIRST DAY.

As soon as the columns were in motion, accompanied by my staff I took the shortest route, riding rapidly by the side of the road, in the woods, in the fields, anywhere to get past the impedimenta and Reynolds's moving columns, and reached the vicinity of Gettysburg by 10.30 A. M. (All the time I give was by my own watch. I notice variations in the time from a half to three quarters of an hour, as different officers have recorded the same event.) A staff officer met me from Reynolds as I came in sight of town, and said that General Wadsworth had come suddenly upon the enemy and was engaged beyond the seminary; and it was very evident from the sound and smoke that there was artillery firing and some musketry. Reynolds's column had left the road towards the west; one division seemed on the ground and another was skirting the Oak or Seminary Ridge, closing up.

My orders to keep within supporting distance, with a corps, would mean four or five miles back, if no combat was at hand. But Reynolds's word to me now by his aid was, "Come quite up to Gettysburg." And as I asked *where* he wished to place me, the aid said, in substance, "Encamp anywhere about here, according to your judgment at present." But circumstances change rapidly when an action has already begun. After his aid had gone and the firing seemed to increase, I became very anxious to see General Reynolds himself, that I might act with him to the best advantage. I sent an aid and orderlies to different places to look for him and report to me. Meanwhile, with the remainder of my staff I reconnoitred for the best position in which to locate my command. I went to the west of Sherfy's peach-orchard, to a little rising ground there, then across the field, and ascended Cemetery Ridge. While there looking at the broad expanse of country over and beyond the little town at my feet, I distinctly remember turning to Colonel Meizenburg, the corps adjutant general, and saying, "This seems to be a *good position*, colonel." He answered briefly, "It is the *only* position, general."

I now passed rapidly into the town and at first tried to get into the belfry of the court-house, but found no ladder; some one recommended another place,

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across the street, through a store, up a stairway, through a lumber-room, then up another flight of stairs, and out upon a balcony. It was probably the work of two minutes, when from what is now called Fahnestock's observatory I had a fine post of observation. What could we see? The roads, now so familiar, from Bonnaughtown, York, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Chambersburg, and Hagerstown; roads emerging from Gettysburg like the spokes from the hub of a wheel; roads which are exceedingly important for the soldier in command to have engraven on his memory. I saw Buford's division of cavalry perhaps two miles off towards the northwest, seeming, in the distance and in the largeness of the field beyond the college, but a handful. I got glimpses of Wadsworth's division of infantry, fighting near the Oak Ridge railroad cut. Success was then attending him, and prisoners in gray were being conducted into the town. I saw Doubleday's division beyond the Lutheran seminary, filing out of sight beyond the Oak Ridge to the south of west, a mile away.

REYNOLDS'S DEATH.

As I stood there, and looked and heard and thought, of a sudden a young officer rode rapidly up the street from the west, touched his hat as he halted, and said, "General Reynolds is wounded, sir." I replied, "I am very sorry; I hope he will be able to keep the field." A few minutes after (about 11.30 A. M.), his aid-de-camp, Major Biddle, brought me news of his death. His words were, "General Reynolds is dead, and you are the senior officer on the field."

Is it confessing weakness to say that when the responsibility of my position flashed upon me I was penetrated with an emotion never experienced before or since? I realized that we had close to us a large part of Lee's army, and that we ourselves had on the field *now* less than ten thousand men all told, and it seemed almost hopeless that Meade could gather his scattered forces in time for any considerable success to attend our arms. "But," I thought, "God helping us, we will stay here till the army comes." I assumed the command of the field, giving to General Schurz command of the eleventh corps. Doubleday succeeded to Reynolds, and Buford continued with his cavalry. I had sent an earnest call from Reynolds, received just before his death, back to the columns of Schurz and Barlow. It was his last order to me: "I am hardly pressed; have your troops move up at double-quick." Immediately I sent the news to General Sickles, who must have been at Emmettsburg before that hour, urging him to come up as quickly as possible; and through him on to General Meade at or near Taneytown, back to Sloçum along the Baltimore pike to the vicinity of the Two Taverns, where he was supposed to be; and again to the commanders of the eleventh corps on both roads of approach.

I then rode slowly to the position Meizenburg and I had agreed upon as a good one, near the cemetery gate, where very soon I met General Carl Schurz in person, who had hastened on to see me; and I instructed him, as soon as the troops should arrive, to place his reserve batteries and Steinwehr's division in support on those heights, and to send his other two divisions, Barlow's and his own, now Schimmelpfennig's, to the right of Doubleday's corps, as relief.

Several writers have criticised this disposition, one set asserting substantially that it was a lame attempt on my part to carry out the instructions of General Reynolds, which he himself would have modified had he lived; another, that I scattered my troops too much, and should have concentrated them at once; and another still, that the disposition was well enough, but that I should have intrenched or barricaded more than was done.

The first objection is simply not true. General Reynolds, as a true soldier and a military man of good capacity, met the enemy with his troops, which were but the advance of the main army, and attacked at once with boldness, as the wisest course to make the enemy more careful

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and slower in developing his forces; but he fell before he had informed me of any plan for a subsequent arrangement of troops. The second objection would be of value provided there had been time to take and fortify prominent points in the enemy's front; but it was better to interpose a weak line to Ewell's corps than to let the flanking operation of Chancellorsville be repeated upon our exposed right flank. A well organized skirmish-line is better than nothing. The alternative would have been to occupy, at once and fully, Cemetery Ridge and vicinage, and draw back the first corps. But this could not be done safely so early in the morning. The repulse of the Oak Ridge line would surely have fallen upon the new line at the cemetery, for the enemy's numbers present were at least two to our one. Possibly more barricading and intrenching might have been done, even in the presence of actual firing; I had it done in Georgia afterwards, under similar circumstances, but more was effected at Gettysburg than is usually believed. The batteries on the cemetery heights were many of them covered. The walls and fences were taken possession of, and the houses towards the north and west of the town, as I ordered and as I am informed, were prepared and used as barricades.

FURTHER MOVEMENTS.

As soon as General Schurz had received his instructions near the cemetery gate, he met his column that appeared first on the Taneytown road, and detached the brave and prompt Captain Dilger with his first Ohio battery in advance, which passed through Gettysburg at a trot and went at once to a good position on the right of Robinson's division. I insert a short extract from General Schurz's report to me. He says, "The right of the first corps seemed to extend across the Cashtown road and the railroad northeast of it. It was at this time difficult to see how far the ground was in our possession. Of the enemy we saw but little, and had no means of forming a just estimate of his strength. Either the enemy was before us in small force, and then we had to push him with all possible vigor, or he had the principal part of his army there, and then we had to establish ourselves in a position which would enable us to maintain ourselves until the arrival of reënforcements. Either of these cases being possible, provision was made for both.

"Accordingly you ordered me to take the third and first divisions of the eleventh corps through the town, to endeavor to gain possession of the eastern prolongation of the ridge partly held by the first corps, while you intended to establish the second division and the artillery (the reserve batteries, Major T. W. Osborne, commanding), except the batteries attached to the first and third divisions, on the cemetery and the eminence east of it, as a reserve.

"The third division arrived at 12.45 P. M. [probably, time blank in my copy], at a double-quick. The weather was sultry, and the troops, that had marched several hours without halting a single time, were much out of breath. I ordered General Schimmelpfennig . . . to advance briskly through the town, and to deploy on the right of the first corps in two lines. This order was executed with promptness and spirit. Shortly afterwards the first division, under General Barlow, arrived by the Emmettsburg road proper, advanced through the town, and was ordered by me to form on the right of the third division."

Meanwhile, as General Schurz was conducting his third division to battle, I left orders for Steinwehr and Osborne to halt and form upon Cemetery Ridge, and also directed my chief of staff to remain there with all that pertained to my head-quarters, namely, clerks, orderlies, servants, horses, and the small cavalry detachment. I set forth with two or three officers for a personal reconnoissance of the troops engaged at the front. I was just in time to meet the head of Barlow's division, and accompanied it through the town along the street that is nearest the extension of the Emmettsburg road. He detached Captain Wheeler's battery in advance. It moved with the

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utmost rapidity to join Captain Dilger. The infantry marched more slowly, that they might come fresher into battle. As the column passed along, the street and houses seemed almost deserted. But for the occasional firing beyond the seminary, echoing through the town, they were at this time as silent and undemonstrative as were the streets of Baltimore when we came through that city a few days after the riot in 1861. One beautiful exception greeted our eyes. A young lady, standing upon a piazza near a street corner upon our right, waved her handkerchief continuously as the men passed by. It gave them heart, reminding them of the true and loved ones for whom they were fighting. The soldiers answered with cheers, prolonged as the regiments came and went.

My senior aid-de-camp, Major C. H. Howard, was sent with orderlies to the position of General Buford to consult with him, reconnoitre, and bring me information. I then rode rapidly along our line from our right to the position of General Doubleday on the left. General Wadsworth in his testimony says: "General Howard had ridden over to see me about two o'clock, and told me to hold the position as long as I could and then to retire." Probably, as he was subordinate to General Doubleday, I told him those *would be* the instructions; my record of this visit is, "I found General Doubleday about a quarter of a mile beyond the seminary. His third division was drawn up with its front and left facing towards the northwest, making a large angle with the ridge; the artillery of this division was engaging the enemy at this time. His first division [Wadsworth's] was located a little to the right of the railroad [merely a railroad cut running from Gettysburg towards Chambersburg], and his second division [Robinson's] on Wadsworth's right." The left of Doubleday's line, resting on a small stream called Willoughby's Run, extended to an elevation north of the Chambersburg road and was then refused. Then there was an interval, occupied after one P. M. by Wheeler's and Dilger's batteries belonging to the eleventh corps. From this place to Rock Creek, almost at right angles with the first corps line, were the two divisions of the eleventh corps, Barlow's and Schimmelpfennig's.

Such was the position of the troops. Now, with a view to relieve a constant pressure upon Doubleday's division, I directed General Schurz to move forward and seize a woody height in front of his left, on the prolongation of Oak Ridge. But before he had advanced many steps, the report of Ewell's corps advancing between the York and Harrisburg roads was brought in by Major Howard, and confirmed by reports from Generals Buford and Schurz. I saw at once that my right would be completely enveloped if I pressed on for the woody height referred to, so I ordered the line to be halted, and skirmishers to be sent to try to get upon and occupy that position. Before their arrival the enemy had it in force.

From this time, about two, till four P. M., General Schurz with the advance division stood mainly on the defensive, constantly firing and receiving fire of artillery and infantry. General Barlow made one bold advance that for a few minutes broke the continuity of the line. The enemy's batteries could be distinctly seen on a prominent slope north of Gettysburg, between the Carlisle and Harrisburg roads. To these batteries we constantly replied from the three batteries at the front (Lieutenant Wilkeson's, of the fourth artillery, being with Barlow hotly engaged), and from Wildrick's three-inch rifle guns on the cemetery heights near my head-quarters. A sad complaint came from General Buford that our shots from the latter, Wildrick's battery, fell short, and only reached his line. Fortunately nobody on our side was killed by this fire. The accident arose from the poorness of the ammunition, and not from want of skill in the artillery officers. Not long after my return from Doubleday's, about 2.45 P. M., perceiving that a severe attack had actually been begun upon the eleventh corps and right of the first, I sent again to General Slocum, stating that my right

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flank was attacked and asking him if he was moving up to my relief. I stated that I was in danger of being turned and driven back. As to another message, owing to some difficulty in finding General Sickles's head-quarters, my aid-de-camp, Captain Pearson, did not deliver it to him till 3.30 P. M., so that it was vain to expect help from that quarter short of two hours and a half. The first corps really did more fighting than the eleventh. It began early, when Wadsworth's two brigades, Cutler's and Meredith's, came into position. Doubleday says, "General Reynolds took Cutler's brigade and Hall's battery to hold his part of the line, and directed the other brigade to be placed on a line with the first in a piece of woods which lay between the two roads [probably the Chambersburg and the next road to the south]. These roads were already occupied by the enemy, who opened fire upon us, killing General Reynolds almost on the first volley." The result of this first combat, thus begun, was to dislodge the enemy from the woods and take a large number of prisoners, his force being driven beyond Willoughby's Run. Here is where Colonel Fairchild so distinguished himself at the head of a Wisconsin regiment. Wadsworth's right being turned and a battery (Hall's) being nearly disabled, all the horses and men at one gun either killed or wounded, he fell back with a part of Cutler's brigade along the railroad cut towards town. Doubleday now assumed the offensive with a reserve regiment and some others at hand, and attacked the enemy's advance in flank, enabling Wadsworth to catch in the railroad cut General Archer, of North Carolina, with part of his brigade and part of Davis's (rebel) brigade, and make them prisoners. General Doubleday now extended his line with Robinson's division and supported his right with proper reserves.

This seems to have been the position of things when I went along his line. There was constant skirmishing and some artillery firing kept up all this time, but no vigorous attack again till it came along the whole line. My record is: "At 3.20 P. M. the enemy renewed his attack upon the first corps, hotly pressing the first and second divisions." This was simultaneous with Ewell's movement against Schurz on the right. Earnest requests came to me from both corps for reënforcements; Schurz must have another brigade on his right. My report says truly, "I had then only two small brigades of Steinwehr's in reserve, and had already placed three regiments from these (Costar's brigade) in the north edge of the town, with a view to cover the eleventh corps should it be forced to retire." I feared the consequence of sparing another man from the cemetery. It was not a time to lose the nucleus for a new line that must soon be formed. I did, however, give General Schurz another battery from the reserve, and requested General Buford with his cavalry to retire from his advanced position, to support as well as he could the right of Doubleday's line.

At 3.45 Generals Doubleday and Wadsworth besought me again for reënforcements. I directed General Schurz if he could possibly spare a regiment to send one immediately to Wadsworth, for I deemed his front the ground which General George H. Thomas used to call "the hitch" (where the enemy is most obstinate). I have no record as to whether Schurz sent this regiment or not. In fact, fifteen minutes after this order left me, the musketry fire on the right and left became terrific, seemingly all along the line, and Doubleday was outflanked toward the left. I then sent an aid (I think it must have been Captain Hall) to General Doubleday with these words: "If you cannot hold out longer, you must fall back to the cemetery and take position on the left of the Baltimore pike." The general, and I believe him a true man, does not give me credit for this order. It is possible the aid may have said, "We must hold on to the seminary as long as possible," in the excitement using *seminary* for *cemetery;* or he may have failed to reach him with the order.

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ORDERS FOR RETREAT.

A few minutes later, being satisfied I could hold the front no longer, at 4.10 P. M. I sent a positive order (General Schurz names this order in his report) to Generals Schurz and Doubleday to fall back gradually, disputing the ground obstinately, and to form near my position, the eleventh corps on the right and the first corps on the left of the Baltimore pike; and, as I knew our line would necessarily be short, and appear so to General Lee's observation, I asked General Buford to make all the show he could on our left, fronting the enemy's right. This he promptly did. Now let it be remembered, when the staff officers left me with orders, our troops were already giving way. Soon the division of the eleventh corps nearest Doubleday was flying to the shelter of the town, widening the gap there; and the enemy in line pressed rapidly through the interval. Of course Robinson and Wadsworth had to give way. General Doubleday says, "I think the retreat would have been a very successful one if it had not been unfortunately the case that a portion of the eleventh corps, which had held out very well on the extreme right, had been surrounded and had fallen back at the same time that my right flank fell back. These two bodies of men became entangled in the streets of the town, and quite a number were captured." This was literally the case. The provisions made to cover the retirement of the troops, namely, the sending of Costar's brigade to the edge and front of the town, and the proper location and service of batteries by my chief of artillery, Major T. W. Osborne, checked the eager advance of the enemy, and broke and flung back a column of his in the act of turning the right flank of our new position. As the troops came up the Baltimore pike, very much broken, Schimmelpfennig, the commander of the leading division, lost his way, and to avoid falling into the enemy's hands hid himself among some piles of lumber, and did not succeed in joining his command until after the battle of the third day. Generals Schurz and Doubleday were in front of the town till the last minute, doing everything to inspirit their troops engaged, and save what they could of their broken columns.

I received the first regiment arriving, and, leading the way with the corps flag, placed it in position on the right of Steinwehr's line. Its colonel, Von Amsburg, seemed at the time utterly crestfallen and broken, but the German soldiers answered my action and followed my signal with a shout. General Adelbert Ames, who succeeded General Barlow in command of his division after Barlow was badly wounded, came to me about this time and said, "I have no division: it is all cut to pieces." I replied, "Do what you can, Ames, to gather the fragments and extend the line to the right." He did so, and succeeded better than he had feared. The firing of the enemy now measurably subsided; only an occasional cannon shot and scattering musketry reached us.

HANCOCK'S ARRIVAL.

At this moment, 4.30 P. M., according to the time I had gone by all day, General Hancock appeared. (He reports to the committee on the conduct of the war that he was at Cemetery Hill by 3.30 P. M.) General Doubleday states that his troops did not commence to give way till a quarter before four; and surely it was half an hour later than this that he was leading his corps into position on Cemetery Ridge, where he and I first met Hancock. General Hancock greeted me in his usual frank and cordial manner, and used these words: "General Meade has sent me to represent him on the field." I replied, "All right, Hancock. This is no time for talking. You take the left of the pike and I will arrange these troops to the right." He said no more, and moved off in his peculiar gallant style to gather scattered brigades and put them into position. I noticed that he sent Wadsworth's division, without consulting me, to the right of the eleventh corps, to Culp's Hill; but as it was just the thing to do, I

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made no objection, — probably would not have made any in any event, — but worked away, assisted by my officers, organizing and arranging batteries and infantry along the stone wall and fences toward Gettysburg, and along the northern crest of the ridge. It did not strike me then that Hancock, without troops, was doing more than directing matters as a temporary chief of staff for Meade.

MEADE'S ORDER SUPERSEDING HOWARD.

But just before night, when the order from General Meade came to me, superseding me in command of the field by a junior in rank, I was of course deeply mortified, and immediately sought General Hancock and appealed to his magnanimity to represent to General Meade how I had performed my duty on that memorable day, which I think he then did. I know that afterward General Hancock said in substance to Vice-President Hamlin, concerning this battle, "The country will never know how much it owes to your Maine general, Howard." At seven I turned over the command to General Slocum, whom I saw in company with Hancock for the first time. He had placed his two divisions as I had requested, one at the extreme right, and the other at the left, some time before I saw him. Slocum answered me roughly that evening, and feeling that for some unaccountable reason I was blamed where I ought to be commended, I sat down and wrote a letter to General Meade.

HEAD-QUARTERS ELEVENTH CORPS,
July 1, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE, commanding Army of the Potomac:

GENERAL, — General Hancock's order to assume command reached here in writing at seven (P. M.). At that time, General Slocum being present, having just arrived at this point, I turned over the command to him. This evening I have read an order stating that if General Slocum was present he would assume command.

I believe I have handled these two corps to-day from a little past eleven until four o'clock, — when General Hancock assisted me in carrying out orders which I had already issued, — as well as any of your corps commanders could have done. Had we received reënforcements a little sooner, the first position assumed by General Reynolds and held by General Doubleday till my corps came up might have been maintained; but the position was not a good one because both flanks were exposed, and a heavy force approaching from the north roads rendered it untenable, being already turned, so that I was forced to retire the command to the position now occupied, which I regard as a very strong one.

The above has mortified and will disgrace me. Please inform me frankly if you disapprove my conduct to-day, that I may know what to do.

I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant, O. O. HOWARD,
Major-General Commanding.

General Sickles had meanwhile arrived with the third corps, and placed his command on our left, extending the line, heartily approving the position and distribution of the troops.

CLOSE OF FIRST DAY'S BATTLE.

Thus ended the first day's battle, a rough, hard, bloody day. No sane man expected a victory over Lee's army to be gained with an advance guard; twenty-two thousand infantry against sixty thousand of the same blue-eyed Saxon race, in an open country, where there was no pass to be defended, no mountain or river to be used as an auxiliary obstacle. The first and eleventh corps and Buford's small division of cavalry did wonders: held the vast army of General Lee in check all day; took up a strong position; fought themselves into it, and kept it for the approaching army of the Potomac to occupy with them, so as to meet the foe with better prospects of victory. General Lee saw our position, was deceived as to our numbers, and therefore waited for the remainder

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of his army before re-attacking. But the battle cost us many valuable lives.

Doubleday fixes his loss at upwards of five thousand. General Buford's and Schurz's would probably reach four thousand, killed, wounded, and prisoners; so that twenty-two thousand effectives engaged were reduced to within thirteen thousand.

Barlow with more than a thousand other wounded men was left in the hands of the enemy. Mrs. Barlow generally kept near the field of battle where her husband was engaged, for he seldom escaped a shot. He was wounded in many battles. After Antietam he recovered with great difficulty and many drawbacks, under his wife's most careful nursing. I shall never forget Mrs. Barlow's coming up to the cemetery and saying she *must* go to her husband. She started at once down the Baltimore pike into the town, but the skirmishers would not cease firing to enable her to pass that way; then she returned and took another course, going west across the fields, where everybody could see her to be a non-combatant. This time she passed through both lines unharmed, and reached her husband.

General Slocum, with whom I had been acquainted at West Point, and with whom I had become better acquainted during our service together in the army of the Potomac, sometimes serving under his temporary command, to my astonishment declined to come up to Gettysburg to participate in the action, and only sent his troops late in the afternoon at my request. He explained the course he took by showing that it was contrary to the plan and purpose of General Meade to bring on the battle at Gettysburg, he having arranged for another defensive position at Pipe Clay Creek. I think he did wrong to delay, and was hardly justified under the circumstances, even by the written orders of General Meade; still, in all his previous history and subsequent lengthy service by my side in the West and South he showed himself a patriot in spirit, a brave man, and an able commander. As the result proved, it is perhaps as well that he did not come earlier, for he and his troops were fresh for the very hardest fighting on subsequent days. I must speak of General Steinwehr. He came upon the field with a hearty spirit, ready to do his part. During the retreat he kept his men steadily in position on the Cemetery Ridge, as a nucleus on which the line of battle, probably the most important in the annals of our war, was formed.

SECOND DAY'S BATTLE; MEADE'S ARRIVAL.

Generals Slocum and Sickles and myself took up our quarters for the night near the cemetery gate. About three o'clock on the morning of the 2d, General Meade and staff appeared at the cemetery. The first words he said to me were in substance that "he was very sorry to have seemed to cast any discredit upon me; he had no blame to affix."

General Butterfield, it seems (according to his own testimony), as soon as Reynolds's death was known at Taneytown, had urged General Meade to go to Gettysburg himself, or send there his chief of staff. Meade not thinking this best, Butterfield said he ought to send some one on the field fully possessed of *his* views and intentions; adding, "*I* should entrust that duty to General Hancock." Meade assented, and Butterfield then drew the order accordingly, which did not take from me my corps, but placed me under the general command of an officer my senior in years and service in the old army, but my junior in the volunteer appointment. From these statements it is now easy to understand General Meade's attitude toward me. He may have been prejudiced, but certainly, as I understood the matter at the time, General Meade really intended, and Hancock so implied in his conversation with me, that he (Hancock) was to represent Meade as Butterfield, the chief of staff, would have done on the field of battle. Of course it will make very little difference to posterity whether *I* served under Hancock unwittingly for two hours

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and a half, or not. But it is of importance to me and to mine to explain the facts of the case.

General Meade then asked me concerning the position. I said, "I am confident we can hold this position." "I am glad to hear you say so," he replied, "for it is too late to leave it." General Sickles remarked, "It is a good place to fight from, general."

After a brief conversation concerning the location of the troops, as the dawn was just appearing in the east, we rode along the lines in rear of the sleeping soldiers, and the general saw for himself how much these lines needed strengthening and extension. The different corps, except the sixth, were near at hand for this work. General Meade, stationed near where the soldiers' monument now is, took an officer's survey of the whole field, as the sun was rising at his back. The cannonade, which began and continued for an hour from a Confederate battery situated near Blochor's house beyond our right, and was replied to by our own guns, and the rattling of musketry along the picket-lines, intensified every faculty of observation. He could see Cemetery Ridge almost like a bastioned fort on his right, where it was broken by the valley of Rock Creek, with Culp's Hill fringed with trees for the flank, and the ridge thence to its crossing of the Baltimore pike for its face. This ridge, turning near the town, passed in front of him, gradually diminishing in elevation, till, just beyond Zeigler's Grove, on his left, it is scarcely higher than the ground for a quarter of a mile in its front. He noticed then, a little farther to the south, what we called at the time Little Round Top, a small rocky spur rising abruptly, and beyond this a higher hill of the same nature, more wooded and more extended, called Big Round Top. Beginning at the crossing of Rock Creek, off to the right and rear of Meade's post of observation, near McAllister's mill, and letting the eye sweep around westward by Culp's Hill to the highest point of Cemetery Hill, thence southward to the farthest end of Big Round Top, General Meade beheld the natural formation destined to be covered by his lines of infantry. It was shaped like a fishing-hook (to which several writers have aptly compared it), the point resting at McAllister's mill, the convex bend at the Cemetery Hill near Gettysburg, and the shank representing the remainder of the line.

The position of the enemy could be divined only by glimpses of batteries, location of skirmish lines, and general probabilities. Meade could see Oak or Seminary Ridge running north and south a mile to the westward, partially covered with trees. He caught the motion of a column of infantry far to the north, moving towards our right. He saw the several roads converging toward the town, the rolling interval to the northwest, the detached hills to the north and beyond Rock Creek, which were in view, and evidently afforded excellent positions to the enemy for placing artillery on our front and flank, so as to bring a concentrated fire upon the cemetery. The general stood here in this magnificent morning light with a panorama spread before him of hill and valley and mountain, of woodland and cultivated farms, of orchard and grassland, as beautiful as nature anywhere furnishes. But he saw not the beauty; he was planning for Lee and planning for himself; plan against plan, move against move. In a few minutes he turned away slowly and thoughtfully, rode back to the gate, and soon after, the army lines began to take new form. Geary's division of Slocum's corps passed from the left, near Zeigler's Grove, to the east of Culp's Hill, and Williams's division extended thence to McAllister's mill; this located the twelfth corps line, partially intrenched or covered by rocks and trees, on the extreme right. Wadsworth's division of the first corps stayed and fortified Culp's Hill, where Hancock placed it the evening before. Ames's division of the eleventh corps carried on the line to the steep part of Cemetery Ridge, facing northwest. There were Schurz's and Steinwehr's divisions behind the famous stone wall and the apple orchard near town. Doubleday's and Robin-

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son's divisions, first corps, came next in order, strengthened by Stannard's brigade of Vermont troops, newly arrived. Hancock's second corps, which had marched up from Taneytown the night before, under General Gibbon, to within three miles of the battle-field, now filed into place, extending south over the lower land, from and beyond Zeigler's Grove. Then Sickles's third corps was moved to the left and farther west than Hancock's, a part being in front of Little Round Top. About eight o'clock A. M., the fifth corps, commanded by General Sykes, coming in along the Hanover road, marched through the fields to a position as a temporary reserve in rear of Little Round Top. General Pleasanton's cavalry corps was disposed beyond Rock Creek to protect our flanks, General Gregg commanding a division operating on the extreme right, near the Bonnaughtown road, and General Kilpatrick's division, on the extreme left beyond Big Round Top, pushing towards the Emmettsburg road. General Buford's division of cavalry, that had served so faithfully during the preliminary operations, was withdrawn from Sickles's left, where I had placed it, and sent on the 2d of July to guard our main trains at Westminster. General Sedgwick, as soon as he received his orders on the night of the 1st, set his sixth corps in motion from Westminster about nine o'clock P. M., and marched all night and the next day, with scarcely a halt, making thirty-four or thirty-five miles in seventeen hours. At two P. M. I saw this corps move to the rear of the first and second corps, forming each brigade in line in rear of the preceding. As soon as a brigade had reached its position the officers and men unslung their blankets and lay down, covering themselves for rest; they were soon sleeping soundly.

General Meade's head-quarters were established at Mrs. Leister's house, situated on the Taneytown road not far to the southeast of Zeigler's Grove, a point that proved to be more exposed to the enemy's artillery fire than any other within our lines, except the cemetery itself.

LEE'S POSITION.

In rear of and near the middle of his own lines, where the Chambersburg road crosses the Oak or Seminary Ridge, at the stone house of Mrs. Mary Marshall, General Robert E. Lee made his head-quarters. They had an advantage over General Meade's, being less exposed to the fire and more commanding as a post of observation. His troops after getting into place were situated as follows: Ewell with three divisions opposite our right, Johnston's division having his left beyond Rock Creek at Benner's Hill, and Early's division extending the line to near town, the two confronting Slocum, Wadsworth, and Ames. Then Rhodes's line, passing through Gettysburg along Middle Street, stretched out toward the Seminary Hill or Oak Ridge. Hill's corps of three divisions faced the eleventh corps (my own), the first (General Newton commanding), and the second (Hancock's), extending from the Shippensburg road to and a little beyond the Hagerstown road; his divisions were commanded by Heath, Pender, and Anderson, in the order named. Longstreet's corps continued the line along the Oak Ridge and across the fields to the Emmettsburg road, Hood's division being located at the right of McLaws's, and Pickett's in reserve. Lee's cavalry was not much used till near the close of the engagements at Gettysburg, being allowed to rest after its arduous service in the preliminary campaign and long raids around our right flank. General Lee's artillery officers had placed their guns on every favorable position, as I have intimated, on front and flanks, having for use two hundred and seventy-five guns. General Hunt, Meade's chief of artillery, saw to the posting of *our* batteries. Cemetery Ridge was covered with them, and batteries or parts of batteries were placed wherever there was an available point. I took my head-quarters in the cemetery at the highest point, where the ridge slopes to the eastward, very near the place where the monument now is. The officers and men were rested and encouraged by the usual

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influence of complete arrangement, confident movements, and large auxiliaries.

OPENING OF THE BATTLE.

My record of the opening of this battle is as follows: "Very little occurred while the other corps were moving into position until about four P. M. Just before this, orders had been issued to the [my] divisions to make ready for battle, as the enemy was reported advancing on our left. Now the enemy opened fire from some dozen batteries [Hunt says one hundred and twenty guns], to our right and front, bringing a concentrated fire upon our position." Osborne and Wainwright replied with spirit. Projectiles filled the air; they went over us and set ambulances, spare wagons, and a host of army followers into rapid motion farther to the rear, for shelter. A part fell short and were harmless, or occasionally exploded, throwing out their fragments to trouble the artillery men and horses, or to rattle among the tombstones. Seldom did a shell explode on the crest where the infantry was lying; but now and then one more murderous than the rest would strike a regiment. One such shell, I remember, killed in a single regiment of ours twenty-seven men.

There was a battery directly in front of me that kept very actively at work during this cannonade. My attention was called to a young artilleryman who ran backward and forward from the gun to the limber, carrying ammunition. He was singing and whistling, and very active. As a shot or shell came near, the horses would spring to one side or pull back. He would then run to their heads and straighten the team, and return to his work, exhibiting no impatience. Just as I was remarking him for his heartiness and lively conduct, a solid shot struck him on his thigh; he gave one sharp cry, and was no more. One who stood near me at this time writes, "Then came a storm of shot and shell; marble slabs were broken, iron fences shattered, horses disemboweled. The air was full of wild, hideous noises, the low buzz of round shot, the whizzing of elongated bolts, and the stunning explosion of shells overhead and all around. . . . In three minutes [after our batteries opened] the earth shook with the tremendous concussion of two hundred pieces of artillery."

Undoubtedly General Lee made up his mind from careful observation that the hills, Little and Big Round Top, afforded the key to our position. Could he get a lodgment on these heights, a single battery might be so placed as to paralyze our whole centre and right. There would be an enfilading fire, sweeping the troops of Hancock, Newton, and myself, and a reverse fire — or fire from the rear — upon the rest of our line.

LONGSTREET'S ATTACK ON SICKLES.

General Sickles, for the time constituting our left, had moved his corps forward to the slight ridge of land that runs obliquely from the cemetery southwest towards Oak Ridge, taking ground considerably in advance of Hancock's left. The position itself was doubtless intrinsically better for meeting an assault than the continuation of Hancock's line at that time, but it isolated the third corps and exposed its flank to be turned. While Longstreet made the main attack here, Ewell was to attack in *his* front, and Hill to threaten, each to work opposite his own place in the general line, that Meade might not reënforce. In perhaps three quarters of an hour after the batteries began, there was for a few minutes a lull in the firing, when it again opened with redoubled violence on our left. Hood and McLaws in line moved to the attack. The division on Sickles's left, extending back from the peach orchard, rested its flank on Big Round Top. The brigades of Wood and De Trobriand on that flank received the first onslaught, but, being posted as well as could be under the circumstances in that advanced position, returned the enemy's fire with vigor and effect. Graham's brigade, making an angle just north of the orchard, and with little cover, met a fearfully destructive fire

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almost simultaneous with that on the left; it did not hold its ground long, though the contest at the peach orchard, and at Rose's house, a little to the south of it, was somewhat prolonged. Sickles's batteries here did wonderfully effective service: Bigelow's fired rapidly from a position near A. Trostle's barn, and when forced to retire, did so with the prolonge, keeping up the fire. The Confederates, pressing back the broken infantry line, came upon this battery with a rush. Bigelow is said to have blown them from the muzzles of his guns, but still they came on, and clambered over his limbers and shot his horses. Five of his non-commissioned officers and twenty-two of his men were killed or wounded, and he himself wounded in the side. Still he held on and fired till the corps chief of artillery, McGilvery, had brought up his reserve battery to the high ground in his rear. These brave men brought off only two guns, but they had done their part in delaying Longstreet's advance.

General Humphreys's division, being opposite A. P. Hill's men, was not hotly engaged till our troops on his left had been for some time in the fight; but by six P. M. the fierce battle rolled along to his front, and after making all possible resistance he retired slowly and in very good order to the position of Hancock. During this fearful conflict between the Round Tops and the Emmettsburg road, groves, orchards, trees, knolls, stone walls, large rocks, and every natural obstacle or cover had been taken advantage of by our men in retiring, and by the enemy in advancing, so that the necessary delay was effected to enable General Meade to do what it would of course have been wise to do before, namely, get the fifth corps upon the heights at the left. Birney had called for this corps as reënforcement before the action began. General Sykes is said to have replied "that he would be up in time, that his men were making coffee and were tired." The spirit of the men going into battle is all important. The coffee and the resting are often absolutely necessary to the soldier, to enable him to keep on his feet and bear his part. General Meade and not General Birney was Sykes's commander, and the latter was clearly in position to reënforce Birney, in case of need, in a very few minutes. But to my mind there is a remarkable providence in the fact so much complained of, namely, that "General Sickles had taken up an advanced position;" for thus he caused the delay of Longstreet, and enabled Meade to put Sykes into position to save his extreme left, which was the very high ground that Lee made his main attack to secure. General Sickles was severely wounded, losing his leg. He called upon Meade for reënforcements, and turned over his command to Birney.

While the fifth corps was moving into position, General Warren, Meade's chief engineer, kept the signal flags waving on Little Round Top, detached Hazlett's battery and supported it by Vincent's brigade of Barnes's division, and undertook to secure this vital point. He was just in time, for Hood's men were upon them in five minutes; but they had our best troops to meet. They came with their fearful yell up the rough steeps, over the precipitous crags, only to be hurled back again.

"Never was there a wilder place for combat, and never was there a combat more fierce than was seen there on that hot July evening, with blazing musketry and hand-to-hand struggles, with clubbed fire-arms and jagged stones. For half an hour this conflict went on, when a charge from the twentieth Maine, under Colonel Chamberlain, hurled the Texans from the hill."[1] Chamberlain occupied the left of the line, while Vincent's brigade and Weed's brigade of Ayer's division and Crawford's division broke Hood's and McLaws's advance farther to the right. General Hancock, after Sickles's wound, was given the care of the two corps, the second and third. He pressed forward reënforcements as they were needed. From my post of observation I could see brigades and divisions move out westward, with their flags flying and their bayonets gleaming

[1] Lossing.

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in the sunlight; then the fearful rattling of the musketry would follow, and the brigades and even divisions would melt away. When Humphreys, on retiring, reached the open space at his rear, he thought for a moment the day was lost, and the enemy thought their victory sure. But in a few moments Meade had sent forward Wheaton's division of the sixth corps, and the other fresh troops just named; the new line was complete; then, as soon as Humphreys's men were out of the way, a sheet of fire opened from Zeigler's Grove to Little Round Top, and the enemy were repulsed.

Histories, reports, testimonies, and letters are crowded with thrilling incidents in the battle I have outlined. General Weed fell at Hazlett's battery on Little Round Top. Lieutenant Hazlett saw his commander fall, and as he hastened to him to catch his last words, he was struck by a bullet and fell dead across the body of his general. General Vincent, commanding the supporting brigade of Hazlett's battery, fell while standing in an elevated position where he could see and be seen, cheering on his men. Colonel Edward E. Cross, in Caldwell's division of Hancock's corps, commanded the brigade that I had led during McClellan's campaign. His regiment was the fifth New Hampshire. He was tall, handsome, with a clear, black, restless eye, and a warm heart. Nothing seemed to please him better than the excitement of battle. He is said to have been wounded nine times in previous combats. He exclaimed, a few hours after the fatal shot had struck, "I did hope I would live to see peace and our country restored!" General Zook, of New York, in the same division, was another that I counted as a personal friend. He fell in Caldwell's advance. I remember distinctly his high character, pleasant face, and genial companionship, and can hardly realize that he is gone. My brother, who is a minister, having been sent by the Christian Commission, was moving around relieving the wounded, and found his own cousin, Major S. P. Lee, with his right arm shattered, and at first quite unconscious. He took charge of him and carefully nursed him till he became convalescent.

NIGHT ENGAGEMENT.

After the struggle had closed, and when we supposed we should have a rest for the night, some troops in our front, said to be the "Louisiana Tigers," sprang from their cover under the steep hill on the north end of Cemetery Ridge, broke through Ames's division, and in three minutes were upon our batteries, Wiedrick's and others, almost without firing a shot. General Schurz by my order sent a part of a brigade under Colonel Krizanowski to the batteries' immediate relief; the artillerymen left their guns, and used sponge-staffs, handspikes, or anything they could lay hold of, to beat back the enemy, and as soon as help came the batteries were cleared. Schurz also sent a brigade farther to the right to help General Green, who requested reënforcements. I sent to Meade for more troops, as a part of Ames's division was forced back and a gap made. But Hancock, hearing the firing, had detached Colonel S. S. Carroll, with his spirited brigade, to my aid. His men formed at right angles to the general line, and swept swiftly over the highest ground northward, carrying everything before them.

Generals Steinwehr and Newton immediately filled any gaps made on my left by sudden withdrawals. This night engagement extended as far as Slocum had any troops. It was Ewell's effort on our right to assist Lee's main attack after Williams's and a part of Geary's divisions had been withdrawn, and ordered off to reënforce the right. The enemy's troops took quiet possession of the points vacated, and really slept within our lines, but the ground was so rough, and the woods so thick, that their generals did not realize till morning what they had gained.

This then was the condition of things at the close of the second day. Lee held Sickles's advance position of the morning, and part of our rifle-pits or barricades between McAllister's mill and

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Culp's Hill. Lee modestly says, "These partial successes determined me to continue the assault next day."

THIRD DAY'S BATTLE.

The detachments of the twelfth corps (Williams's division strengthened by Lockwood's brigade) that had given efficient help on the left during the 2d of July, and two brigades of Geary's division, which Meade says did not reach the scene of action from having mistaken the road, attempted after night to return to their breastworks on the extreme right of our line; but, as I have intimated, they found them already occupied by Johnston's Confederates. General Slocum was at this time in command of more troops than the twelfth corps, and General A. S. Williams had the latter. Williams made arrangements to attack the enemy at daylight and regain the position formerly occupied by the corps.[1]

I slept with others inside of a family lot in the cemetery, beside an iron fence, with a grave mound for a pillow. Being very weary, for want of rest on previous nights, I was not awakened till five A. M., when I heard quick and sharp musketry firing, with an occasional sound of artillery. It began like the pattering of rain on a flat roof, only louder, and was at first intermitted. Then it would increase in volume of sound till it attained a continuous roar. Of course I sent at once to the right and to headquarters to ascertain what the firing meant. The reply came shortly, "The twelfth corps is regaining its lines." By seven o'clock the battle was fully joined. The Confederates were determined to hold on, and disputed the ground with great obstinacy. But after a lively contest of five hours, Ewell was driven beyond Rock Creek, and the breastworks were reoccupied and held. I went over this ground five years after the battle, and marks of the struggle were still to be observed: the moss on the rocks was discolored in hundreds of places where the bullets had struck; the trees, as cut off, lopped down, or shivered, were still there; stumps and trees were perforated with holes where leaden balls had since been dug out, and remnants of the rough breastworks remained. I did not wonder that General Geary, who was in the thickest of this fight, thought the main battle of Gettysburg must have been fought there.

[1] See General Meade's corrected report.

CAVALRY COMBATS ON THE FLANK.

Stuart's cavalry made a demonstration at this time beyond Ewell. General Gregg's division, by Pleasanton's direction, engaged the enemy in an artillery duel near the Bonnaughtown road, and checked his advance so as to prevent mischief from that quarter. About this time our bold, sanguine Kilpatrick moved his division of cavalry over beyond the enemy's right, near the Emmettsburg road, where Pleasanton later in the day directed him "to pitch in with all his might on Longstreet's right." In these combats of Kilpatrick several valuable officers lost their lives; among them was General Farnsworth, in command of a brigade, near the time of Pickett's repulse. Pleasanton speaks of this work on the enemy's right as follows: "I have always been of the opinion that the demonstration of cavalry on our left materially checked the attack of the enemy on the 3d of July; for General Hood, the rebel general, was attempting to turn our flank when he met these two brigades of cavalry, and the officers reported to me that at least two divisions of the rebel infantry and a number of batteries were held back, expecting an attack from us on that flank."

LAST CANNONADE AND ASSAULT.

The last bloody contest at Gettysburg opened about one P. M. by a cannonade. Lee's plan of attack was the same as that of the day before, except that Longstreet now had Pickett's division, and Lee added one division and two brigades of A. P. Hill to the attacking column. Also there was a different massing of the artillery. Longstreet is said to have

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brought together in his front, opposite the low ground north of Little Round Top, fifty-five long-range guns, and Hill massed some sixty more a little farther towards and opposite to our centre.

The signal-gun was fired by the enemy, and from the southwest, west, north, and northeast, his batteries opened, hurling into the cemetery grounds missiles of every description. Shells burst in the air, on the ground, at our right and left, and in front, killing men and horses, exploding caissons, overturning tombstones, and smashing fences. The troops hugged their cover, when they had any, as well as they could. One regiment of Steinwehr's was fearfully cut to pieces by a shell. Several officers passing a certain path within a stone's-throw of my position were either killed or wounded. The German boy holding our horses under the cover of the Cemetery Hill, on the eastern slope, near a large rock, had his left arm clipt off with a fragment of a shell. Men fell while eating, or while the food was in their hands, and some with cigars in their mouths. As there seemed to be actually no place of safety, my staff officers sat by me nearly in front of four twelve-pound Parrott guns that played over our heads, almost every available space being covered with artillery. As the sabots (the pieces of wood that are placed between the cartridges and the elongated shot) would sometimes fly off and hit us when the guns fired, we made large piles of hard-bread boxes, and sat in front of them, watching the operations of the enemy with our glasses; thus protected against our own guns, but exposed to the enemy's.

At half past two P. M. we ceased to reply. We had ammunition and were not silenced, but we knew that this cannonade preceded an attack, and we thought it possible the enemy would conclude that we had been stopped by their effective shots, and would proceed to the contemplated assault; then we should need batteries in readiness, and plenty of ammunition.

We were right. The firing of the enemy lulled, and I could see, better than the day before, their infantry in line; at least a quarter of a mile of it was exposed to my view, as it started from Oak Ridge, opposite our left. It was like an extensive parade; the flags were flying and the line steadily advancing. As I now know, these were Pickett's and Petegrew's divisions and part of Anderson's. On, on they came. As soon as they were near enough Osborne, Wainwright, McElvery, and other artillery chiefs started the fire of their batteries; first with solid shot, making hardly any impression, soon with shells exploding near and over and beyond the advancing line. Now gaps were plainly made, but quickly filled. When nearer, the canister was freely used, and the gaps in the enemy's line grew bigger and harder to close. Soon this array came within short musketry range of our full long line in their front, all concealed by temporary cover, breastworks, stone walls, and trenches. As if by some simultaneous impulse, the whole line fired and continued to fire rapidly for perhaps five or ten minutes. As the smoke rose I saw no longer any enemy's line. There was running in every direction. Regiments of ours from Steinwehr's position to Round Top were moving into the valley with their flags flying and apparently without much order, taking flags, guns, and prisoners, and bringing them in. General Hancock commanded the majority of the troops on that front of attack, namely, the first, second, and third corps; Newton having the first, Gibbon the second, and Birney the third, during this day's combat. Hancock says: —

"The shock of the assault fell on the second and third divisions of the second corps; and those were the troops, assisted by a small brigade of Vermont troops, together with the artillery of our line, which fired from Round Top to Cemetery Hill at the enemy, all the way as they advanced, whenever they had the opportunity. . . . No doubt there were other troops that fired a little, but these were the troops that really withstood the shock of the assault. . . . I was wounded at the close of the assault, and that ended my operations with the army for that campaign."

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General Hancock mentions the fact that General Gibbon was also wounded during this assault, and thinks that the absence of two commanders who knew thoroughly the circumstances at such a moment as this was a great detriment; otherwise, advantage would have been taken of the enemy's repulse by our making a decisive advance.

Longstreet's troops on the right of his attacking column attempted to turn our left, as I have previously stated, and such of them as were beyond our infantry were held in check by Kilpatrick's cavalry, while the remainder made nothing more than a demonstration against Big Round Top. But it is represented in the reports that as Ayer's regulars were disputing with the foe the possession of the ground near Little Round Top, General Meade himself made a visit to that point, accompanied by several general officers. He asked what command that was occupying the stone wall. When told it was Crawford's division of Sykes's corps, he directed Sykes to order Crawford to advance and clear the woods in his front. General Crawford says: "I directed the command at once to advance. Hardly had the men unmasked from the hill before a battery of the enemy, stationed on a ridge beyond the wheat field, opened with grape and canister." Crawford's skirmishers pushed forward, and began to fire upon the cannoneers. The battery limbered up and fled. Crawford adjusted his line and charged across the wheat field and into the piece of wood beyond, driving a brigade of Georgia troops, of Hood's division, before him, capturing 260 prisoners, a gun, caisson, 7000 stand of arms, and all the wounded that had been there for some time uncared for. Crawford in this gallant charge, initiated by General Meade himself, retook the ground that had been lost the day before, and ended the battle.

Our entire loss is reported at 23,-186, of whom 2834 were killed, 13,709 wounded, and 6643 missing. It is difficult to ascertain Lee's losses. We had in our hands upwards of 7000 wounded Confederates, the most of whom were so severely injured that they could not accompany the retiring army. The hospital record gives the number 7262. If we deduct this from the whole number of prisoners, which I believe is understated by General Meade at 13,621, it gives us 6359 well prisoners. The most moderate estimate that I have seen of the enemy's loss in killed is 5500. Now, if we place the number who were not so severely wounded as to be left behind, and those who escaped from the field and did not fall into our hands but were lost to the enemy, at 10,000 (probably the number was much greater), we have 29,121 for the aggregate of Lee's losses.

Another classmate of mine besides Weed was killed during this engagement, but on the other side, General Pender. He had a division in Hill's corps. The Richmond Enquirer blamed him for too strictly obeying his orders, and not pushing into action sooner. He was of rather small stature, full of quaint humor when a cadet, and quite popular. Our mathematical professor at West Point, Guy Peck, used to say to him, in his inimitable style, as he would ask some queer question during recitation: "Don't be facetious, Mr. Pender."

It was told me at this time that General Armistead, one of Pickett's brigade commanders, started with his brigade, and moved straight forward till he reached our batteries. He had his hat on the point of his sword, pressing forward with his men diminishing in number till his surrender, when he had less than ten left. He was several times wounded, and died within our lines.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Nothing can ever give an adequate picture of that field of battle during the night of Friday and the two following days. There is an exhilaration in the preparation for conflict, there is spirited excitement during the storm of the heated engagement; but who can bear the sight of the blackened corpses, of the distorted faces of the dying, or of the pale, quiet sufferers who lie for hours and sometimes days for their turn to

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lose an arm or a leg at the hands of the overtasked surgeon?

I saw, just before leaving the cemetery on the 5th of July, a large plat of ground covered with wounded Confederates, some of whom had been struck on the first and some on the second day's battle, not yet attended to. The army surgeons, and the physicians who now flocked to their aid by every incoming railroad train from the North, were doing their best, yet it took time and unremitting labor to go through the mass. The dirt and blood and pallor of this bruised mass of humanity affected me in a manner I can never forget, pleading pathetically for peace and good-will toward men.

A story is told by Hon. E. P. Smith of an army chaplain (William R. Eastman, seventy-second New York regiment), the son of the secretary of the American Tract Society. The incident probably occurred during Friday night. "His horse, plunging during the battle, struck him on the knee-pan; . . . the pain became almost unendurable. As he lay suffering and thinking, he heard a voice: 'Oh my God!' He thought, Can anybody be *swearing* in such a place as this! He listened again: a prayer began. He tried to draw up his stiffened limb, but he could not rise. He then thought, I can roll; and over and over he rolled, in pain and blood, and by dead bodies, till he reached the dying man, and prayed with him. At length one of the line officers came up and said, 'Where 's the chaplain? One of the staff officers is dying.' 'Here he is!' cried out the sufferer. 'Can you come and see a dying officer?' 'I cannot move.' 'If I detail two men to carry you, can you go?' 'Yes.' They took him gently up and carried him, and that livelong night the two men bore him over the field and laid him down beside bleeding, dying men, while he preached Christ, and prayed."

Would that every regiment at Gettysburg had had such a true hero for a chaplain, and that he had been desired and permitted thus to do his lawful work! The annals of the celebrated Christian Commission, of which the noble, indefatigable George H. Stuart was president, show the truly Christian work that was done through this channel at Gettysburg, in the alleviation of human suffering and the lifting up of human hearts into perennial joy. These facts relieve the gloom somewhat.

SLOWNESS OF PURSUIT.

I have never been able satisfactorily to account for General Meade's apparent reluctance to push in his reserves promptly, after the repulse of the third day. He could have struck Lee's right flank vigorously with twenty thousand fresh men before Lee could have recovered from the shock of his defeat, and before Ewell could with safety have brought reënforcements from his left. General Hancock testifies that Meade said, before the fight, that he intended to put the fifth and sixth corps on the enemy's flank. He (Meade) said "he had ordered the movement, but the troops were slow in collecting, and moved so slowly that nothing was done before night," except what I have related of the division of General Crawford, who commanded the Pennsylvania reserves. I have thought that the fearful exposure of General Meade's head-quarters, where so many of his general and staff officers were wounded, and where so much havoc was occasioned by the enemy's artillery, had so impressed General Meade that he did not at first realize the victory he had won. This he would have done from some other post of observation. Had he thus realized the situation, he would not at such a time have tolerated slowness on the part of any of his lieutenants. Still, it is well for our countrymen to remember that this was the end of three days of extraordinary anxiety and excitement. Officers and men were quite ready to be satisfied with the success which was apparent, for the sake of the much-needed rest, and were fearful of losing, by a too sudden advance, what had already been gained. And doubtless the greater sense of responsibility felt by the commanding general

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had the effect to increase his natural conservatism.

As soon as the news of Lee's defeat reached General French at Frederick, he reoccupied Harper's Ferry and destroyed Lee's bridge across the Potomac; so that it would seem that his defeated army was almost at our disposal. He withdrew from our front, during the night of the 4th of July, by the way of Fairfield and Cashtown, and pushed on as rapidly as he could to Williamsport.

The circumstance of the retreat and our slow pursuit, the stand of Lee at the river, our council of war, where Wadsworth, Pleasanton, and myself urged an immediate attack, and our failure to attack, are familiar to all who were connected with the army.

THE THANKS OF CONGRESS; PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

When General Meade and his army received the thanks of Congress, Senator Grimes, of Iowa, said on the floor of the Senate, "As I have read the history of that campaign, the man who selected the position where the battle of Gettysburg was fought, and who, indeed, fought it on the first day, was General Howard; and to him the country is indebted as much for the credit of securing that victory as to any other person. I wish, therefore, as a recognition of his merits, to couple his name with that of General Meade in the vote of thanks." It was so done. And surely I had a right to be glad and proud of this unsought and unexpected testimonial. But as it was intimated to me, after Lee's escape, that it was believed that I was ambitious for the command, for Meade's place, I wrote to Mr. Lincoln a letter which drew from him a characteristic answer. Since neither of these letters has ever been in print, I insert them both at length.

HEAD-QUARTERS ELEVENTH CORPS,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, NEAR BERLIN, *July* 18, 1863.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

SIR, — Having noticed in the newspapers certain statements bearing upon the battle of Gettysburg and subsequent operations which I deem calculated to convey a wrong impression to your mind, I wish to submit a few statements. The successful issue of the battle of Gettysburg was due mainly to the energetic operations of our present commanding general prior to the engagement, and to the manner in which he handled his troops on the field. The reserves have never before, during this war, been thrown in at just the right moment; in many cases when points were just being carried by the enemy, a regiment or brigade appeared, to stop his progress and hurl him back.

Moreover, I have never seen a more hearty coöperation on the part of general officers than since General Meade took command. As to not attacking the enemy prior to leaving his stronghold beyond the Antietam, it is by no means certain that the repulse of Gettysburg might not have been turned upon us. At any rate, the commanding general was in favor of an immediate attack; but with the evident difficulties in our way, the uncertainty of a success, and the strong conviction of our best military minds against the risks, I must say that I think the general acted wisely. As to my request to make a reconnoissance on the morning of the 14th, which the papers state was refused, the facts are that the general had required me to reconnoitre the evening before, and give my opinion as to the practicability of making a lodgment on the enemy's left; and his answer to my subsequent request was that the movements he had already ordered would subserve the same purpose. We have, if I may be allowed to say it, a commanding general in whom all the officers with whom I have come in contact express complete confidence.

I have said thus much because of the censure and of the misrepresentations which have grown out of the escape of Lee's army.

Very respectfully your obedient servant, O. O. HOWARD,
Major-General.

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EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 21st *July*, 1863.

MY DEAR GENERAL HOWARD, — Your letter of the 18th is received. I was deeply mortified by the escape of Lee across the Potomac, because the substantial destruction of his army would have ended the war, and because I believed such destruction was perfectly easy; believed that General Meade and his noble army had expended all the skill and toil and blood up to the ripe harvest, and then let the crop go to waste. Perhaps my mortification was heightened because I had always believed — making my belief a hobby, possibly — that the main rebel army, going north of the Potomac, could never return if well attended to, and because I was so greatly flattered in this belief by the operations at Gettysburg. A few days having passed, I am now profoundly grateful for what *was* done, without criticism for what *was not* done. General Meade has my confidence as a brave and skillful officer and a true man.

Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN.

The main hindrance to our concentrating at Gettysburg as rapidly as Lee was a strategic one. Meade threw forward the left flank of his general line, so that Lee was able to strike it. Had Gettysburg, and not Taneytown or Pipe Clay Creek, been Meade's objective point, his general line on the 30th of June would have been more nearly parallel to that of Lee. But a kind providence overruled even this mistake to our advantage, inducing as it did undue confidence on the part of General Lee.

For myself, I am content with the work accomplished at Gettysburg, and avoid aiming any bitter criticism whatever at those true-hearted officers and men, in any corps or division of our army, who there acted to the best of their ability.

O. O. Howard.

THE KING'S MEMENTO MORI.

INTO the regal face the risen sun
Laughed, and he whispered in dismay,
"How is it, victor of a world, that none
Remind you what you are, to-day?

"Your sword shall teach the slave, who could forget
That men are mortal, what they are!
How dared he sleep — he has not warned me yet —
After that last, loath, lagging star!"

Across his palace threshold, wan and still,
His morning herald, wet with dew,
Stared at him with fixed eyes that well might chill
The vanity of vanity all through!

"Good-morrow, King," he heard the dead lips say;
"See what is man. When did I tell
My bitter message to my lord, I pray,
So reverently and so well?"

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

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THE STATE AND THE RAILROADS.

III.

No body of men in this country ever had so good an opportunity for the intelligent discussion of the railroad problem in the form in which it presents itself in America, as did that committee of the Chicago Board of Trade to which, in the winter of 1875–6, was referred the question of alleged railroad discriminations against Chicago as a shipping point. Not only were they sure of an audience, but their audience was of the best description, — the individually interested members of a most energetic business community. It was a well-informed audience, also; for those composing it had for years been vexed and wearied by a resultless discussion on this very subject, so that now they might fairly be considered as educated up to a highly receptive point. No seed thrown into that soil was in danger of a way-side fate. The investigation of the committee also involved, almost as a matter of necessity, every phase of the problem. For instance, no State had attempted more persistently than Illinois to regulate, through legislation, the working of its railroad system. Yet here was that railroad system obstinately refusing to be so regulated, and doing its best, in the face of all regulation, to destroy the commercial ascendency of the chief city of Illinois. More convincing proof of the utter failure of state legislation to compass the solution of the problem could hardly have been hoped for, or feared. But Chicago was more than the chief city of Illinois. Above all other places it was also the great point of Western railroad concentration. One mile in every four of railroad iron in the United States has probably been laid where it rests with a distinct reference to the geographical bearing of Chicago. Yet in the winter of 1875–6, from Chicago alone of all the cities of the West no competition between railroads existed. Natural laws as well as state legislation had thus failed satisfactorily to regulate the railroad system. The spirit of competition seemed no more reliable than the enactments of the statute-book. Under such circumstances as these, in what new direction was the community to look? In the apparent general failure of all attempts at the regulation of the railroads, either through competition or statutes, was their ownership in whole or in part by the government worthy of consideration? And thus it seemed as though the whole subject of the relations of the railroads to the state, involving for their consideration, as they necessarily do, the most thorough insight into the principles at the base of our political institutions, was all a part of the answer to that simple question, What is to be done to prevent railroads from charging more for the carriage of a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York, than they charge for its carriage from Milwaukee to Boston?

In two very important respects the work of investigation imposed by this inquiry was greatly simplified. In the first place there was no question about the facts; and, in the second place, there was no mystery about the causes which had led to the existence of those facts. The railroad corporations owning the through lines from Chicago to the sea-board had combined, and agreed upon a tariff on all Eastern bound freights from that city. On this point there was no concealment. The daily transactions at other places then made it notorious that these corporations had for one reason or another been unable also to agree as respected them; or else that these places, having other channels of communication with the East, were beyond their exclusive control. Consequently rates from Chicago were firmly sustained, while those from all other points were subject to fierce competition. So far, all was very simple. At this point, how-

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ever, the investigation was brought face to face with the question of remedy, and with that question the difficulties began.

In the present somewhat confused and bewildered state of the public mind in respect to the railroad system, it is curious to consider what might have been the effect upon it had the Chicago committee, as the result of their investigations into the admitted state of facts, presented a bold, blunt, paradoxical report in lieu of the somewhat commonplace document with which they contented themselves. They certainly had the means of doing so, and no better text from which to preach is likely to offer. They might well have begun by reminding their audience of the simple principle, which the world is apt to forget in cases where railroads alone are concerned, that, wherever it is possible for them to do so, men engaged in any branch of trade will combine sooner than ruin themselves by unlimited and endless competition. They might have gone on to point out that Chicago was then suffering, in comparison with other places, under the effect of one of these combinations; but that, if Chicago was not suffering in this way, other places would be, for such inequalities and hardships always had been and necessarily were incident to the existing railroad system, and must remain incident to it just so long as it continued to exist. Just so long as railroads compete with each other, the points at which they compete must needs enjoy very considerable advantages over other points at which they combine. As there is no force known by which men can be compelled to compete with each other in spite of themselves, it necessarily follows that different places must take their chances. The remedy for this condition of affairs, in the case of Chicago, was obvious; that the community was ready to have recourse to it was far more questionable. That remedy lay not in limiting or temporarily breaking up the existing railroad combination, but in extending, perfecting, and regulating it. Under these circumstances the cry of monopoly was most shallow and senseless. On the contrary, the fact of monopoly ought to be recognized, and the effort should be to so systematize it as to make it subserve the public interests, and to so extend it that it should include in its operations Milwaukee and Peoria, and all other competing points, as well as Chicago. Then at last equality would be secured, while the regulation of a confessed and recognized monopoly, whether through the force of public opinion or the direct intervention of the government, might with confidence be relied upon as sure to follow. So far as the community as a whole was concerned, experience clearly showed that the difficulty lay not in the fact of the existence of this or any other monopoly, but in the other fact that although really existing it was not recognized and treated as such. In the case of the American railroad system, it had not yet had time, nor indeed had it been permitted, to pass untrammeled through its natural phases of development, in its own time and way, to assume its ultimate shape. Consequently, as recent experience shows, it has not yet been brought into a position in which it can be directly and effectually dealt with.

Nevertheless, though details are still obscure, it is now obvious enough to what result the ever-increasing pressure of the law of self-preservation is compelling the individual members of the railroad system. The movement is not only direct and irresistible, but it is also rapid, and it is always in the direction of a more perfect combination and concentration of railroad interests. It cannot be denied that hitherto this tendency has been regarded with great popular disfavor, and considered as opposed to every principle of sound public policy. The time, however, has now come in which the public mind should think of things as they are, and be disabused of this prejudice. Henceforward, so far from denouncing and resisting it, every facility and even encouragement should be given to the more rapid and complete combination of railroad interests. As, step by step, this works its way out, the system will be brought into a shape which will admit of something approach-

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ing to wise regulation in the interests of the public. Then, and not until then, will such unjust discriminations as Chicago has recently had cause to complain of cease to exist.

Such, or some such report as this, looking the inevitable — even though it be the undesirable — fairly in the face, could hardly have failed, under the circumstances, of one good effect. Emanating from a representative body, whether accepted in its reasoning or not, it would at least have set those to whom it was addressed on a course of vigorous private reflection. It would have suggested a line of thought in place of a string of hard words, — a substitution eminently desirable just now in this railroad discussion. The committee, however, did not arrive at any such conclusions as these, nor, indeed, at any remotely resembling them. On the contrary, perplexed apparently by the difficulties of the situation, when they came to making their report they fell stolidly back upon time-honored principles. The existing lines having ceased to compete and tried to combine, the one chance of salvation in the eyes of the committee was to go forth and to find other lines in which the spirit of competition should be more fully developed. This idea indeed led them, not to the definite promulgation, but to the very distinct suggestion of a new theory of railroad competition through the introduction of chronically bankrupt lines. These, having no dividends or interest to pay, could be depended upon to do business always at lower rates than solvent companies, and the presence of one such line at Chicago would, it was boldly urged, go very far indeed towards the solution of the difficulty. If nothing else, this proposition, emanating from such a source, strikingly illustrates the unsound way in which practical business men of the West — men who are neither Grangers nor demagogues — look upon any matter in which the pecuniary interest of railroad companies is involved. They do not look upon them as subject to ordinary rules. For them a life of uncontrolled competition resulting in a condition of chronic bankruptcy is not necessarily a disaster; and indeed some such condition might, it would seem, prove a not undesirable solution of the American railroad problem. Such is the new theory of competition stimulated by bankruptcy; a theory now in great vogue in the West. It is in fact a species of public management, devoid of the disagreeable incident of public ownership. There are objections to the assumption of the railroads by the State, which, however, do not seem to apply to their operation by receivers appointed by the courts of law. And experience is rapidly demonstrating the fact that roads thoroughly insolvent may be relied upon to accept all business which offers, without that perpetual eye to profit which is so disagreeably characteristic of the Railroad Kings. It would seem that in some quarters the great lesson remains yet to be learned that the laborer is worthy of his hire, even though that laborer be but a corporation operating a railroad.

Leaving, however, the committee of the Chicago Board of Trade and their report, it is now proposed to offer some considerations in support of the proposition that the obstacle in the way of any satisfactory solution of the American phase of the railroad problem by no means lies in the success with which those managing railroads have effected combinations, but rather in their inability to effectively combine. To the great majority of Americans such a proposition will at first sound not only paradoxical but absurd. The people of this country have been so thoroughly educated in the dread of great corporations and in a belief in the supreme efficacy of competition, that anything looking to the untrammeled growth of corporations and to the frank acceptance of the principle of private monopoly in place of competition in so important a branch of the public service as transportation, seems to combine with economical paradox a certain element of political treason. Nevertheless, not only is the course of events unmistakably setting that way, but both reason and experience begin to

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indicate with tolerable clearness that, for America at least, that way is the best way.

In the first place, as respects the course of events and the general conclusion to which it is tending. This subject has heretofore been referred to, and the process through which certain general results have been partially brought about has been described in some detail. The leading facts will, however, bear a brief repetition. No one can for an instant deny that free railroad construction and unchecked railroad competition have in this country been productive of very marvelous results; only, as now seen, it is equally undeniable that these results are scarcely less chaotic than wonderful. It may not unfairly be claimed that neither those owning the railroads nor those whom the railroads were built to serve are content. On the one side is an enormous financial interest, the most enormous interest of all, reduced to a position of great and pressing danger; one half of its members bankrupt, the bankrupt half seems bent on making the solvent half share its fate. Yet on the other side the community finds its work of transportation done in a manner which defies calculation. That business which has to be fought for is secured upon the best terms which can be got, — indeed, upon any and upon all terms; while that which does not have to be fought for is done upon terms not necessarily in themselves excessive, but still excessive when compared with terms that are competitive. The cases of New York and Chicago, as compared with Boston and Milwaukee, are illustrations directly in point. While the two former places were paying one scale of rates, the two last were for the same services paying on a much lower scale; and yet it was never maintained that the higher rate was excessive. The higher rate was simply unjust, owing to the fact that the lower rate was competitive. These cases attracted notice only because they were on a somewhat larger scale than usual, and the communities injured happened to be sufficiently prominent to make their complaints audible. The difficulty does not cease to exist because it is not heard of; it is radical in the system, and is felt somewhere all the time. Just at the present time, for very obvious reasons, it is felt more than ever. The results of the financial collapse of 1873 are seen in a railroad war of unusual length and severity, a war the end of which is not yet. The battle-field is full of bankrupt companies, and those which are solvent find themselves placed in the difficult position of having to elect between the surrender of their business or the doing it at a loss. Hence the confusion, for the time being, seems complete, and will probably prove to be that condition of utter chaos which usually precedes the genesis of a new system. It can result but in one thing, an agreement.

Now, as the result of a long experience of these railroad wars, one thing may safely be predicted of them: the fiercer and longer the preparatory struggle, the more complete is the ultimate agreement. Sometimes, when the parties are worn out by years of conflict, it takes the form of consolidation; at other times it is a combination; then again it is only a truce. In England they have now got as far as consolidation; in America, though the struggle has been long and destructive, it has as yet rarely resulted in more than a temporary truce, and at most only in a feeble combination. For this reason it is safe to say that the ruinous process of competition has in this country got to go on a good while longer yet. That the preliminary warfare with us should be longer, fiercer, and more destructive than has ever been experienced elsewhere, is in no respect matter for surprise. It is on the contrary perfectly natural, and due to obvious causes. Of these the most noticeable are the vast extent of the territory to be served, the perfect freedom of construction permitted, the number of competitors, the interest of each one of whom has to be taken into consideration, and last, though perhaps most significant of all, the fact that in the great majority of cases the stockholders live at a distance from their property, and in almost absolute ignorance of the real

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condition of its affairs. All these circumstances could not but combine to make of the United States a field in which the experiment of regulating the railroad system through competition could be tried under conditions which would insure success, if success was possible. It did, indeed, seem as if in so vast a field, and among so many competitors, the obstacles in the way of effecting a close combination of interest were too many and too great ever to be overcome. If, however, they were, or rather if they ever are to be overcome, it can only be as the result of a series of long, severe, and ruinous conflicts, exhausting to all and destructive to most. This series of conflicts has now been going on for many years, and is raging at the present time with a perhaps greater degree of fierceness than ever before. There are, however, many and obvious indications that it is drawing near to a close. In the first place it is too destructive to last, for, through the mere process of the absorption of the weaker by the stronger, power is rapidly centering in hands which know well how to use it, and which will not hesitate to use it effectively. The result cannot certainly be prevented by the passage of any act of legislation; it is questionable whether it could in this way even be greatly delayed. It will thus make very little difference whether what is soon to follow be consistent with, or opposed to, what are termed principles of sound public policy. It is a case of self-preservation, in which the ablest, the most energetic, and by no means the most scrupulous men in America have millions at stake.

Even though this agreement or confederation, which is destined to put an end to uncontrollable railroad competition, be inevitable or not, it is still worth considering whether any shape it is likely to assume is indeed opposed to the true interests of the people of this country, — those who, whatever form the railroad system may assume, must yet use it, and those for whose use it exists. The answer to this question necessarily depends in some degree, though in a far less degree than is usually supposed, on the form which the combination ultimately assumes. The great essential is that it should be so close and so real as to be, so to speak, tangible. It must, to be successfully regulated, be brought under one head. A mob is never responsible; a ringleader always is. In the case of the railroad system, this principle of concentrated responsibility involves all that is, from a public point of view, worth contending for. Fortunately, also, it is difficult to see how any combination strong enough to effect what the interests of the railroads themselves call for, the complete control of all irregular competition, can be brought about without involving a direct responsibility somewhere. The two things go together, — indeed they are inseparable, — power to control, and responsibility for the way in which the control is exercised.

Until very recently the railroad combinations in this country have usually taken one of two forms, both of them crude and manifestly little better than temporary makeshifts, rough antecedents of better things. Of these two forms, one was the ordinary common-tariff, which was agreed upon from time to time by the agents of competing lines; the other was the "pooling," or, as it is called in England, the "common purse" arrangement. The first of these two methods of stopping competition is simply an agreement among a number of competitors to charge similar prices for the same services. It depends for effectiveness solely on the good faith of very unscrupulous men, thoroughly versed in every device of evasion. It knows no law but that of retaliation, and recognizes no authority but might. So far as the railroad corporations are concerned, this is the most elementary and the least satisfactory form of combination. So far as the public is concerned, it is open to the obvious objection that no one is responsible for it. It is the compact of independent agents recognizing no common and supreme authority.

It is the absence of a central executive power, capable not only of deciding

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but of enforcing what it decides, which constitutes the essential weakness of the common-tariff combination. It is too weak and crude to bear the rough test of practical working. Accordingly, when the exigency is great, or when railroad managers really wish to agree, they are in the practice of making good this defect by supplementing the common-tariff by an arrangement for the division of the profits made under it. The earnings to and from competing points are paid into a common fund, or "pooled," and divided. A consolidation, so far as certain points are concerned, is thus effected. A strong prejudice against arrangements of this character exists in the public mind, and they are uniformly denounced wherever they are suspected of existing. Indeed, distinct prohibitions of them have been incorporated into many statute-books, and even into some state constitutions. It is, however, very difficult to see what sound objections can be urged against them. That railroad corporations should agree upon a common-tariff at competing points is a mere matter of necessity. One cannot always charge for the same services more or less than is charged by others, without going out of the business wholly or securing it wholly, as the case may be. If all by agreement charge alike, therefore, it is difficult to see how the disposition they make of their receipts in any way affects the community. It is the common-tariff which puts an end to competition, and not the pooling of receipts. The only effect of this last is, through the substitution of something fixed in place of a reliance on good faith, to prevent the possibility of underhand dealing. By so doing, it certainly greatly strengthens the combination.

So far as the corporations are concerned, the real defect of the pooling, as of the common-tariff arrangements, is the absence of any supreme executory power. It is, after all, only a voluntary compact, and one liable at any time to be broken; — sure to be broken if any party to it thinks that by so doing he can secure the lion's share. It is the absence of this executory power, also, which constitutes the real ground for objection to the system on public considerations. The contract is a secret one, and in the eye of the world no one is directly and immediately responsible for what is done under it.

The scheme matured at Saratoga in 1874 was a decided advance, both on the common-tariff and on the pooling arrangements, in the direction of a more perfect railroad combination. Its essential principle lay in the attempt to bring all of the railroads operating over a vast extent of country under an acknowledged system of external control. Boards of arbitration were to fix certain rules under which the business of transportation to competing points was to be done, and these boards were also to see that the rules were enforced. Unfortunately for the scheme, the duty of the arbitrators in this last respect was one thing, while the power at their disposal was altogether another. There was no outside agency upon which they could call, and, though the different members of the combination did indeed pledge themselves to respect and enforce their decisions, yet the pledges of railroad men constitute a somewhat notoriously unreliable basis upon which to found a confederate government. A certain proportion of uneasy, unreliable, and contentious men must always be dealt with in carrying out every scheme which involves any considerable degree of joint action; and in this particular scheme no provision was, or perhaps under the circumstances could be made, to force such into submission. There was no substitute for the constable. That substitute, if found at all, had necessarily to be found somewhere within the combination itself; nor, had the time arrived, would there have been much difficulty in finding it. Not that the members of the combination as a numerous whole could easily have been induced to surrender their rude independence and to voluntarily impose a yoke of subordination on themselves. On the contrary, they seemed to recoil from any suggestion of this sort, more as if they were the chiefs of so many wild highland clans

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in the sixteenth century than managers of peaceful railroads in the nineteenth. This general consent was not, however, necessary. The leading trunk lines were so powerful that their hearty co-operation only was needful. They had but to agree, to be able to compel. For this, however, they were not yet ready; and so the association speedily fell to pieces from its own weight, in the manner which has already been described. It was but the repetition of an experience as old as civilization itself; which forms the staple of Greek and German and American history, — the jealousy of petty independence, the fond secret belief which every man nourishes that some one else may obtain the advantage over him in time of peace, perhaps, but that he is especially qualified to take care of himself in a period of perpetual war.

Nevertheless, though it resulted in a speedy and to all outward appearance an irretrievable failure, the Saratoga combination was a natural outgrowth; and for that reason the experience derived from it could hardly fail to be of value. The attempt was both crude and premature, but the evil it was meant to remedy was real and permanent. Failure in one place only implied new attempts in another. Consequently, almost before that short-lived combination had ceased to exist, another attempt of a similar character was made, both in a new field and under far more auspicious circumstances. Uncontrollable and ruinous railroad competition was not at all confined to any single section of the United States, or to any particular system of railroads. It had been felt at the South even more than at the North and West, and the corporations there were in no condition to bear through any long period a heavy strain on their resources. It was in the South, accordingly, that the next attempt was made to reduce the railroad chaos to some degree of order. In principle this experiment was very like that which resulted from the Saratoga conference, but its working details had been much more carefully thought out. It assumed a definite shape under the name of the Southern Railway and Steamship Association.

Pressed by an unendurable competition which threatened to them nothing less than common bankruptcy, the representatives of a number of independent railroad and steamship companies met at Atlanta, Georgia, in September, 1875, and regularly associated themselves. A formal constitution of some thirty articles, setting forth both the objects the association was designed to secure and the means through which it was proposed to secure them, was agreed upon and signed by the representatives of thirty companies. Under this constitution those signing it agreed upon a certain specific mode in which they proposed to transact that portion, and that portion only, of their business in which they might be jointly concerned, and to the proper conduct of which constant negotiations and even coöperation were necessary. A central bureau was provided for, which was in fact a species of clearing-house, through the agency of which all the joint business of the associated corporations was to be transacted, whether among themselves or with foreign corporations. A single official, with the style of general commissioner, was to preside over this bureau. The necessity of transacting business through the clumsy agency of conventions was thus obviated, and, as all matters in dispute had to pass through the hands of an experienced and impartial officer, that personal contact between incompetent and irritated subordinates which is the cause of at least one half of the railroad wars became wholly unnecessary. The general commissioner was intended to be the common executive officer of the association. As all negotiations were to be carried on through him, every difficulty as it arose necessarily came under his eye, enabling him to prevent many complications by judiciously acting as adviser and mediator. If, however, harmonious coöperation could not be preserved in this way, it then became the duty of the general commissioner, as umpire, to judicially decide questions at issue between the members of the as-

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sociation, though his decisions were at all times subject to appeal to a board of mutually appointed arbitrators. The next duty of the general commissioner was to see that all agreements entered into, and all his own decisions or those of the boards of arbitration, were fully and honestly carried out. In this respect, of course, he, like the Saratoga commissioners, could bring no legal power to bear on a recusant. Yet, though the force he could exercise was in main a moral one only, he was not confined to that. He could, in case of need, declare a partial or even a general war of rates, and the combined force of the association being thus wielded by one hand, it was in a position to practically enforce a policy, and, what was more, in doing so to expend only that amount of strength necessary to accomplish the end in view. Neither could the withdrawal from it of any one member, nor indeed of a number of them, dissolve the association. For, in spite of such withdrawal, the clearing-house and the agency for the transaction of joint business still remained in the service of those which were left. As other companies could also at any time join the association, the system admitted of indefinite expansion, and, indeed, could with mere changes in detail be made to include the entire railroad system of the continent, much as the similar German association includes all the railroads of Central Europe.

Next to the outside pressure which causes those managing the individual lines to yield something of their independence for the sake of order, the success of any such combination as this depends almost exclusively upon the ability, temper, and skill of the general commissioner, and upon the degree in which he is able to inspire respect and confidence in the minds of the associates. In this particular the Southern association was fortunate. Mr. Albert Fink, for a number of years superintendent of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, in which capacity he had displayed qualities especially fitting him for such a post as he was now chosen to fill, became its general commissioner. He, if any man, could be expected to carry the plan of the association into successful working, for it was he who had devised and matured it. The experiment was thus inaugurated under the most favorable auspices, and, after six months of successful operation, Mr. Fink has recently reported that thus far experience has suggested no change in its constitution.

So far as the public is concerned, everything essential as a safeguard against abuse seems in this case to exist. It is a complete, but not a secret combination. It exists in the full light of publicity. The purposes for which it was organized are openly avowed, and its every transaction is, or may easily be made, matter of general observation. To secure this result it would only be necessary to give it legal recognition. It is, however, by no means generally appreciated as yet what an important matter as respects railroads this publicity is. It in fact overshadows everything else. It is not too much to say that from the moment the railroad system grows, or can be brought, into such a shape that its working is carried on without concealments, from that moment the most difficult phase of the railroad problem may be looked upon as solved. As a necessary consequence of their combining together, the members of the Southern association put forward before the community an avowed and responsible head, answerable for every abuse. Upon him, and through him upon each and all members of the association, the full weight of public opinion could be brought to bear. In case of discriminations or extortions the community, and if need be its political representatives, would know just where to look for a remedy.

Although hitherto reported as in successful operation, this experiment cannot yet be regarded as an assured success. Time is necessary to mature and strengthen it. For the present, at least, it contains within itself many of those germs of inherent weakness which so rapidly developed in the case of its Saratoga predecessor. Men accustomed to a sort of lawless independence remain

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for a long time restive under any sense of control. They need constantly to feel that a policeman's eye is upon them, and that there is a station-house in the next street. There is no reason to suppose that any one or two individual parties to the Southern association are powerful enough to assume a protectorate over it; and without the cohesive influence of some such protectorate there is in all voluntary combinations a sort of natural tendency to anarchy. In the absence, therefore, of any compelling force, the chances would seem to be that, in the South as well as in the North, the mill of competition has got to keep on grinding for some time yet. Its work is not done. Indeed it will not be done until, through the process of grinding, the great principle of the survivorship of the fittest is finally ground out.

This process is not likely to prove a rapid one, for order is not easily established in any community which has been long in a state of anarchy. In such cases the demoralization becomes general; the tone of the individual deteriorates. This is what is now the matter with the railroad system in America. Lawlessness and violence among themselves, the continued effort of each member to protect itself and to secure the advantage over others, have, as they usually do, bred a general spirit of distrust, bad faith, and cunning, until railroad officials have become hardly better than a race of sublimated horse-jockeys. There are notable individual exceptions to this statement, but, taken as a whole, the tone among them is indisputably low. There is none of that steady confidence in each other, that easy good faith, that *esprit du corps*, upon which alone system and order can rest. On the contrary, the leading idea in the mind of the active railroad agent is that some one is always cheating him, or that he is never getting his share in something. If he enters into an agreement, his life is passed in watching the other parties to it, lest by some cunning device they keep it in form and break it in spirit. Peace is with him always a condition of semi-warfare; while honor for its own sake and good faith apart from self-interest are, in a business point of view, symptoms of youth and defective education. Under such circumstances, what is there but force upon which to build? It was the absence of the element of force which caused the failure of the Saratoga association, and probably will cause the failure of that at Atlanta. Taken as a whole, the American railroad system is in much the same condition as Mexico and Spain are politically. In each case a Cæsar or a Napoleon is necessary. When, however, the time is ripe and the man comes, the course of affairs can even now be foreshadowed; for it is always pretty much the same. Instead of the wretched condition of chronic semi-warfare which now exists, there will be one decisive struggle, in which, from the beginning to the end, the fighting will be forced. There will be no patched-up truces, made only to be broken, for the object of that struggle will be the complete ruin of some one in the shortest possible time. Then will come the combination of a few who will be sufficiently powerful to restrain the many. The machinery through which this can be done will be found simple enough, and, indeed, it is all in use in the Atlanta association. The protectorate only is there wanting. That machinery consists simply of a clearing-house through which all joint business between the corporations would be carried on. To be thrown out of this might be made to entail for a railroad corporation the same consequences which being thrown out of the clearing-house now entails on a bank; it could no longer make through or joint rates, or sell through tickets. Shut up within its own territory, its whole business would be local business. As a competing power, therefore, it would cease to exist. The result, expressed in few words, would be a railroad federation. The united action of the great through lines is necessary to bring this about; and how to secure that action is now the problem. If the elder Vanderbilt were twenty years younger than he is, he probably might be relied upon to solve it

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speedily and decisively. As it is, however, there does not appear to be any man upon the stage distinctively equal to the occasion.

It is necessary, however, to return to the past and the experiments which have already been made. Whether either of them is to be accounted a success, or whether both are to result in failure, the Saratoga and the more recent Atlanta combinations were both of them distinct attempts to bring about a result than which none has been hitherto more popularly dreaded in America, — a general railroad combination. The alarm and bitter denunciation with which the Saratoga effort towards the same end was received is too recent to be yet forgotten, and, even if it were forgotten, it would be unreasonable to expect a community to abandon at once the ingrained convictions of forty years. The time has not yet come for the people of this country to cut loose from their reliance on the competition of railroads with each other. The point in connection with railroads which now stands in greatest need of thorough discussion is therefore, after all, a new one. It is whether such a combination as that effected at Saratoga, or that now in existence in the South, is indeed opposed to any sound principle of public policy; whether in fact the community would not derive benefit rather than suffer injury from it should it naturally come about.

There are three familiar grounds — the economical, the political, and the sentimental — upon which the popular apprehension as respects the combining together of railroads is based. It is now proposed to examine each of these grounds of apprehension in some detail; and first, the economical. After all is said and done, it is the pocket nerve which is the most sensitive in the human system. In the popular mind, and with good reason, the idea of any industrial combination is closely connected with that of monopoly, and monopoly with extortion. Why then, it is most pertinently asked, should a railroad combination, avowedly intended to hold competition in check, if not to put an end to it, produce any result other than the natural and obvious one of raising prices? Who is to protect the community against the extortions of these great corporations, should they cease to quarrel and compete with each other? The question is direct and practical; an answer, to be satisfactory, must be not less so. The answer, then, simply is that — what ought to be, or what the economical treatises tell us ought to be, to the contrary notwithstanding — practical experience has shown, and is yearly showing with more and more clearness, that there are limitations even to the economical working of the principle of competition in trade. These general principles, however, were sufficiently discussed in the last number of The Atlantic, and it now remains only to make a direct application of them to the subject in hand. And in the first place it must be frankly acknowledged that the argument against railroad competition can only be advanced subject to great limitations. Undoubtedly the fierce struggles between rival corporations which marked the history of railroad development, both here and in England, were very prominent factors in the work of forcing the systems of the two countries up to their present degree of efficiency. Railroad competition has been a great educator for railroad men. It has not only taught them how much they could do, but also how very cheaply they could do it. Under the strong stimulus of rivalry they have done not only what they declared were impossibilities, but what they really believed to be such. None the less, extraordinary as these results have been, they have been reached only at an excessive cost; a cost so excessive as to show clearly that the process is one which cannot be continued indefinitely. Under the excessive strain of competition the number of competitors is being steadily reduced. The present question, therefore, is not whether good results have ever been secured through railroad competition, but whether the same or even better results may not now be secured through other and less costly processes. During the last twenty years

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the railroad system has grown, and experience has grown with it. During that time, also, competition has to a degree expended its force, and is now obviously working its way out to a final result, of which the Saratoga and Atlanta combinations are very definite indications.

In endeavoring to forecast the probable results of having the railroad system assume the form of an organized combination, we are by no means without analogous cases having a very close bearing on the argument. In our cities, for instance, as regards the supply of gas, it is found cheaper and better for the community to have to do with one company than with several. So also as respects the supply of water. In this country it is now usual for cities and towns to construct their own water works. If this, however, were not the case, few would be disposed to deny that a city having to do with a single aqueduct company would be apt to have a much more satisfactory service than one which sought to divide it among many. Carrying now the argument directly into the case of railroads, and having recourse again to experience, we find, as was shown in the March number of The Atlantic, that railroad competition has been tried all over the world, and that everywhere it is now, consciously or unconsciously, but with one consent, slowly but surely being abandoned. In its place the principle of responsible and regulated monopoly is asserting itself. The same process, varied only by the differing economical, social, and political habits and modes of thought of the people, is going on in France, in Belgium, in Germany, and in Great Britain. The experience of the three first named countries bears much less strongly than that of England on the particular conditions existing in America, yet even for us their experience is not without its significance. In France we see five great corporations dividing the country into distinct territories, and each of the five directly responsible for the territory served by it; while both these corporations and the government view with undisguised apprehension the recent appearance of a competing, though subsidiary, system which must ultimately be absorbed, though perhaps only as the result of more or less complete bankruptcy. In Germany the lines are rapidly passing into the hands of the government. Apart, however, from this aspect of the question, which, for the present generation at least, has little direct significance for Americans, the German experience in one respect deserves peculiar notice. The local and governmental subdivisions of Germany, more than those of any other country of Europe, resemble our federated system of States. Placed in the centre of Europe, Germany is a species of thoroughfare, while at the same time the individual members of its railroad system belong under different jurisdictions. Here, then, every condition was found which was likely to incite an uncontrolled railroad competition. To a degree it existed, at one period, but the German temper and habits of thought are so different from the American that competition there speedily resulted in combination. The German railroad union was referred to in The Atlantic for March. Including nearly one hundred different managements, operating twenty-six thousand miles of track, this association actually accomplishes all the results which the Saratoga and Atlanta combinations were designed to accomplish. It makes all necessary arrangements respecting joint traffic, settles questions of fares and freight, and substitutes arbitration in place of wars of rates. It has introduced uniformity and stability into the system, and rendered the tariffs at once intelligible and equal. The fact that such an association is easily formed in Germany, and is formed only with the greatest difficulty in America, proves nothing except the powerful influence of national thought and temper. A certain amount of waste and confusion sufficed to bring a system into being in the one case; the present question is, how much more waste and how much greater degree of confusion will be necessary to bring a somewhat similar system into being in the other case?

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In Belgium alone has railroad competition proved a permanent advantage; and it has proved so there for the simple reason that the competition between railroads in Belgium, unlike that in the United States, was never uncontrolled. The hand was ever on the regulator. The government, as the largest owner of railroads, was itself the chief competitor, and as such its action was certain, equable, and justly distributed. It could not show preferences, or discriminate, or make good the losses sustained in fighting over a divided business out of profits extorted from an exclusive business. Regulated in this way, competition could be kept alive and made beneficial. It did not wear itself out by its own excesses.

Of all foreign experience, however, that of England most resembles our own. The only essential difference is that England is wealthier and infinitely more compact than the United States, so that, as respects railroads, causes produced their results much more quickly there than here. Nowhere, however, is the present tendency towards the concentration of railroad interests in a few hands more apparent than in England. The mill of competition has there about fulfilled its allotted work. The whole English railway system has now passed into the hands of a few great companies, by whom the country is practically divided into separate districts. These are literally in the hands of monopolies. The practical result of this consolidation, as compared with the old-fashioned competition, was set forth in two concrete cases by the recent parliamentary committee on railway amalgamation, in language which has heretofore been quoted, but which in this connection will bear repetition.

The North Eastern Railway "is composed of thirty-seven lines, several of which formerly competed with each other. Before their amalgamation they had, generally speaking, high rates and fares and low dividends. The system is now the most complete monopoly in the United Kingdom; from the Tyne to the Humber, with one local exception, it has the country to itself, and it has the lowest fares and the highest dividends of any large English railway. It has had little or no litigation with other companies. Whilst complaints have been heard from Lancashire and Yorkshire, where there are so-called competing lines, no witness has appeared to complain of the North Eastern; and the general feeling in the district it serves appears favorable to its management."[1]

There is probably scarcely a section of the United States which has not at some time had an experience very like the English one just referred to. Massachusetts, for instance, could supply a well-known case in point, of very recent date. Of the two sections of that State lying north and south of the city of Boston, the one known as the Cape Ann and the other as the Cape Cod district, the first has from the beginning been served by two rival lines whose whole history has been one long trial of strength, resulting at last in the absolute ruin of one line and in the severe crippling of the other. How many millions of dollars were recklessly squandered in the long course of the struggle, it is impossible to compute. While the Cape Ann district has thus enjoyed the benefits of railroad competition, the southern, or Cape Cod district has, on the other hand, been served by a single consolidated corporation, the cardinal principle with which has been monopoly. It took to itself a well defined district, and that district it undertook to furnish with all reasonable railroad facilities; but within the limits of its own territory it did not propose to tolerate any rival. The result in these two cases, whether in accordance with theory or not, is confirmatory of experience. Between its two rival corporations the northern district was through years converted into a battle-ground and turned upside down; rates fluctuated wildly and varied everywhere; common tariffs were made and not observed, and profits were pooled; bits of connecting road were seized hold of by the one combatant or the other and were

[1] Report from Select Committee on Railway Companies Amalgamation (1872), page xxvii.

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perverted from serving the community into being engines of attack or defense. As to the two companies, with that impenetrable stupidity which usually characterizes the lover of petty independence, they sturdily preferred to lose thousands in conflict rather than incur the risk of being overreached in negotiation by so much as a dollar. Meanwhile, in the southeastern section of the State peace certainly prevailed, if not absolute contentment. As respects railroads this last it is not well to expect, and, if expected, it will not be found. Nevertheless it is certainly true that, according to general experience, the nearest approach to it is reached, not only abroad but here, through the course pursued in this case. The reliance on competition seems to give throughout a false direction to public opinion as respects railroads. They are looked upon as something alien, if not hostile. On the other hand a unity of interest is generally followed by a sense of responsibility on the one side, and of ultimate friendliness on the other.

Leaving, however, the economical objections to any recognized railroad combination, the political objections are yet to be considered. It is certainly not too much to say that jealousy of great corporations is a cardinal article in American political faith. There is reason for it, too, and in this respect recent scandals have given to railroad corporations a peculiar and unpleasant prominence. Neither is this instinctive jealousy confined to America. It is only a very few years since Captain Tyler, in one of the reports of the Board of Trade of Great Britain, formulated the proposition that the time was at hand when "the state must control the railroads or else the railroads would control the state." Yet when the parliamentary committee on amalgamations considered this question in 1872, they were obliged to report that the "growth of the corporations had not brought with it the evils generally anticipated." The fact is that in this, as in so many other instances, the truth of Mr. Disraeli's aphorism that "in politics it is the unexpected which is apt to occur" received strong illustration. In this country, as well as in Great Britain, those wise people who so earnestly pointed out the dangers incident to railroad concentration wholly ignored the important practical fact that concentration not only brings with it a corresponding increase of jealousy, but also an equally increased sense of responsibility. It is not the few great corporations which are politically dangerous, but the many log-rolling little ones. No one who has had experience in dealing before a legislative body with questions affecting railroad interests has failed to realize this fact. The burden of responsibility — almost of popular odium — which the large corporation bears, the ease with which a senseless cry can be raised against it, is even, as compared with smaller corporations, out of all proportion to its increased strength.

Finally it remains to consider the sentimental objections. The combination of railroads, it is claimed, is unrepublican, — through it the dynasty of the Railroad Kings is insidiously asserting itself. This argument is of the kind which sets refutation at defiance. Not infrequently it is met with in the columns of the press, but it is an argument appropriately addressed only to that discouragingly large class among whom words are money and not counters. There is, however, a principle much nearer the foundation of republican institutions than any jealousy or apprehension of Railroad Kings — the great principle of not unnecessarily meddling. After all, men and systems can best develop themselves in their own way, and it is hardly worth while either to continually prognosticate evil, or to pass one's life in fighting shadows.

If the solution, for the time being at least, of this American railroad problem should indeed prove to be near at hand, and should come through a more perfect concentration of railroad interests, like most solutions of great questions it will have come in its own way and from the quarter least anticipated. It will not have been reasoned out, but practically evolved. Indeed, the long public dis-

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cussion of the subject has in fact done little more than sweep away a vast quantity of rubbish through the process of showing by experience what cannot be done. It has been a sort of long-continued attempt to organize chaos through the instrumentality of ignorance. It now remains to be seen whether in settling itself this question will leave a single anticipation in regard to it fulfilled, a single argument unrefuted. The next few years will probably witness great changes. Should, as now seems most probable, the excess of competition speedily force the railroads into the position of one subordinated whole, the problem will for the first time have assumed a shape which makes a solution of it possible. Combination involves responsibility. By it the system will be brought into a position where it can at last be reached. This result once arrived at, the task of perfecting the machinery necessary for its just regulation will be comparatively little more than matter of detail.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

To those who know Philadelphia well, yet not exactly as she is known of her own, there is an enormous incongruity in her being the site of an international exhibition. The historical propriety of celebrating the centennial anniversery here is self-evident, but the exhibition involves many ideas besides that of a national festival, and for the most part ideas of an order peculiarly opposed to the Philadelphian habit of mind. No place of such size has been so consistently averse to everything new; no large community ever set its face so firmly against innovations and improvements. It is probably not easy to convince any city, as a body, that it is making a mistake; in such cases the teaching of time is the best argument; but the pride of Philadelphia has been to perpetuate the mistakes of previous generations. In these days of recollections and reminiscences, everybody has, or should have, read of the circumstances which induced the tendency; it would be superfluous and perhaps invidious to rehearse them now. One of the strongest was the influence of the original settlers, with whom the element of change was opposed to the essence of their creed. As time went on they were somewhat pushed into a corner, and retired within the pale of extreme exclusiveness from contact with profane manners; but the standard they had established continued to shape and color the notions of those who superseded them. When the government withdrew on one hand to Washington and commerce on the other to New York, and the high fashion of the republican court vanished with other vestiges of the old order, there ensued a long period which may be called the rule of the mediocracy. Public opinion was controlled by society, a term which still had a significance such as it cannot have again in any part of this now republican country, nor probably in the republicanized world. Society here consisted in a number of families of high respectability, more or less entitled to the appellation of old, which they all now claim equally in speaking of those past times. The great division between Quakers and "the world's people" continued, and the ideas of the former still gave the law to the latter, unconsciously to both. This law was the principle of universal conformity; whatever was different was disapproved. Everybody must dress, speak, build, live, and think alike. Diversity of taste or fortune excused none in external modes. The few fine old houses of colonial and revolutionary days had been turned into hotels and boarding-houses, or pulled down to make room

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for stores and shops; the descendants of their builders had moved up-town into the regulation red-brick, white-shuttered edifice of the gridiron pattern, — to live in the handle, as somebody said, for there was much respect shown for the front parlor, which wore the stiff, uninhabited air proper to apartments reserved for state occasions. Of course there were individuals to break the law; there always are; but they were regarded with a severity of which the most daring offender against the written code need no longer stand in fear. If anybody built himself a different house, or lived in it differently from his neighbor, the rest of the community might not actually look forward to his robbing a bank or murdering his wife, but they felt no surprise were he guilty of such a lapse. The house is the best illustration of a Procrustean rule by which everything was tried. The penalty of failure to be like everybody else was inexorable; it was not open persecution, but a moral process which answered to the old punishment of pressing to death. Transgressors were not cut or dropped, but a sort of ostracism was practiced against them which, if it did not shut them out of society, made them glad to keep away from it. No one who has not heard an old-school Philadelphian, strong in conscious similarity, pronounce a fellow-being "peculiar," can estimate the chilling, killing, damning force of the epithet. It availed naught that habits and fashions came from England or France, countries which were supposed to be in advance of ours in some respects half or a quarter century ago. Such a plea was met with derision. "It may do for Paris, but it will not do for Philadelphia," was the fiat on a pretty and rational change in women's dress, and no one ventured to adopt it. So much for outlandish customs; an attempt to introduce them from another part of our own country was an impertinence.

Migrating from one city to another along the Atlantic coast was an unusual step then, but various considerations from time to time brought people of good standing from other places to Philadelphia; they never became amalgamated; although passing strangers were most hospitably treated, those who came to make their abode here remained "outsiders." With regard to the different strata of society, at long intervals an individual, more rarely still a family, penetrated by slow and painful degrees the upper crust; some unusual qualification was recognized as warranting their admission. But it was mutually understood that absolute conformity was the price; the distinctive merit which had won the privilege must disappear on exercise of that privilege. Those admitted on such terms always became the greatest conservatives.

Although the academies of the fine arts and natural sciences were founded early in this century, art and science met with no general encouragement; the Quakers were the chief patrons of the latter, those of the former were among the "peculiar." There was no value for persons of an intellectual or literary bent; the few who followed such pursuits must have been as lonesome as the honest Yankee says he feels nowadays. To know, or to try to know, anything beyond the common stock was discountenanced as sternly as living in a house higher than the rest on the street. Thus a dead level was produced, no doubt the most comfortable footing for the majority everywhere. How long this would have lasted, by what natural process it would have expired, what would have succeeded, can be but guesses. The place had spread immensely in the rapid development of its manufacturing resources, but the effects of this were not felt beyond the business world, and business itself was conducted on the old, slow, narrow system. Suddenly, violently, in an hour the end came. The day which brought the news of the fall of Fort Sumter saw the overthrow of the mediocracy. All the old customs, barriers, molds of opinion, were broken up at a blow. Not that there was the unanimity of feeling shown in some places. The affinities of Philadelphia for other parts of the country had always turned southward; the Quak-

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er spirit was again active in absurd appeals for peace and brotherly love. We had throughout the war a large though ever-diminishing party of Southern sympathizers, to give them the mildest name by which they were called. Yet everybody was the better even for the errors, even for the passions, of those years, which shook us from our habitual apathy and lethargy. The Cooper's Shop refreshment-saloon, where every coming and going regiment was entertained on its passage through town, the Sanitary Fair, the military hospitals, the inexhaustible subscriptions, were proofs of the enthusiasm and sacrifices of which Philadelphia was capable. Quakers, whose religion forbade their bearing arms themselves, with a noble inconsistency gave wealth and health and even life in the service of the sick and wounded soldier. Of those who went to the field, whether they fell there or lived to come home, there is no need to speak.[1] We can look back to those years with pride and gratitude.

At length the war was over, and the country gradually adapted itself to normal conditions. We began to look about for the old roads and landmarks; they were gone. Numbers of men and women unknown before had been brought to the front by their courage, ability, and devotion. Some had lost money; others had made great fortunes. Energy and enterprise had been awakened; every faculty had received an impetus; incessant excitement for so many years had destroyed humdrum habits. The mediocrats discovered that their power had long been dead, and that they were even in danger of being forgotten altogether. The old *régime* was over. Those who can remember it will do it justice; its cleanly ways, its unostentatious forms, the benevolence and philanthropy which constituted its chief interests, the hearty hospitality, the respect for one's neighbor which had no small share in keeping up self-respect, are things that one misses, whatever has been gained. But the time for change had come. That showed itself first superficially in the aspect of the town: handsome houses appeared, not on the old, invariable model; an architect was needed where formerly there had been only a builder; the irritating and wearisome monotony of the red brick was relieved by sandstone, marble, granite, by every variety of material and style. Hot-houses, conservatories, and picture-galleries were often appurtenances of the new residences; a new need — the desire for the magnificent, for the beautiful — had come up with the new caste.

Statues, paintings, bronzes, began to find their way into many houses; a taste for art, and a determination to cultivate and gratify it, manifested itself in many ways. The enchanting park, the like of which no other city in the world can boast, was one of the first achievements of the new epoch. It is not to the old Philadelphians that this dawning phase of luxury and culture belongs; it is to new men, who brought new ideas with their new money. It is to the credit of the old stock that they have been ready to adopt these larger, more civilized views. The last decade has been preparing Philadelphia for the great events of this summer. Ten years ago it would have been impossible. The men who have paved the way for the result are also for the most part those who have carried it through, and it is a prodigious undertaking to have performed with but little aid and encouragement from without.

It now stands inaugurated, open, soon to be complete. All winter long our quiet streets have been crowded and bustling, the town alive with an all-pervading stir. The unwonted sound of foreign speech, which once made Philadelphians turn to look, has become as familiar as the varieties of our own; we have grown used to the sight of Europeans staring impartially at every woman; the numerous types of our countrymen have more interest for some of us, especially certain dark, long-haired figures distinguished by studied dignity and courtesy, wearing thin-soled boots and an indescribable wide felt hat, who

[1] The officers of the best Pennsylvania regiments were in most cases from Philadelphia; so was her most distinguished general.

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have not been seen here since the close of the year 1860. The centre of all these intimations and apparitions has been the exhibition grounds, where, throughout the mild, open winter, the work has gone on without pause. For some time before the 10th of May, the interiors — above all that of the Main Building — offered most curious sights and studies. Groups of workmen from all parts of the world were unpacking and arranging with amazing celerity; the contents of cases lettered in all known and unknown tongues, with strange cabalistic characters, stamped with the arms of every government, were piled and scattered by thousands. These ruder, earlier tokens of universal industry make the ends of the earth whence they come nearer and clearer to the mind than the rarest and most finished productions. The familiar names and look of the American show-cases gave an extraordinary edge to the strangeness of the rest; the contrast was needful to the full effect. In this host of heterogeneous humanity, this wilderness of deal boxes of all shapes and sizes, of temples, pavilions, booths, grand pianos, porcelain tea-cups, flags, chips, shavings, planks, and paint-pots, there were all the elements of an organic chaos, yet an indefinable sense of order predominated, which must have been the mental recognition of a plan as yet invisible in the faintest outline. It was a most singular, mysterious expression of purpose amid what looked like a mere riot of inchoate matter. Immense preparation was the prevailing impression. The intelligence of the faces one met and of the answers one received was a most striking feature of these visits; not surprising if it be remembered that those employed, from superintendents to laborers, were naturally chosen for their superiority; yet one is so often overcome by the aggregate of human stupidity that it is a comfort once in a life-time to realize the amount of intelligence there must be in the world. This was a marvelously curious and attractive period of the exhibition, which disappeared in the nature of things as the day of opening approached.

If everything was not ready on the 10th of May, it was not the Centennial Commission that was behindhand. The foreign commissioners bear flattering testimony to the forwardness of our exhibition compared with previous ones. The day was on the whole fortunate, notwithstanding the early and the latter rain. The cool, damp spring had emerged into a May as green and blossomy as the Mays of England. The refulgent sun and the sky across which rolled great, white, rounded masses of cloud, belonged to America alone. The universal flutter of flags, the grouping and draping of tricolor, woke a strange thrill. The last time the waving of those colors brightened the air, it meant war and woe; now it means peace and exultation; how much lies between! Some comparisons and contrasts, some old memories and associations, could not be kept out of mind, and perhaps it was good to remember them.

The crowd was the most interesting part of the opening ceremonies, and that best worth observing, for to most of the spectators even on the platform the speaking was dumb show, the music merely reverberation. But the hundred thousand good-tempered, well-dressed lookers-on, whose patience could not be exhausted nor their holiday humors spoiled by hours of waiting, and seeing and hearing nothing after all, was what gave the occasion its strongest stamp. The group of diplomatic personages, officers, and elegantly dressed women which headed the procession was a mere point in the panorama; the character of the assemblage was democratic. It was a cosmopolitan concourse, if one takes note of a large sprinkling of foreign faces, of turbaned or pig-tailed heads, but its concrete expression was American; a decent, dryly-humorous multitude, peaceable, yet having its own way despite police and soldiery. It was not enthusiastic as our people sometimes are, and bore strong, silent witness to its convictions. Those who have observed the rejoicing or homage of an American crowd know how different it is from the windier demonstrations of European

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ones, in which the majority of the shouters could not tell what they are shouting about; there is little of follow-the-leader in our popular manifestations, but the individual fervor of thousands, each one of whom thinks for himself, makes a collective excitement of tremendous intensity. There was an incident on the inaugural programme which tested the state of public opinion and feeling like a touchstone. The President of the United States came, spoke, and went, without applause. A few scattering cheers made more apparent the silent indifference with which he was received. Let the truth be told in spite of the reporters: there were more groans and hisses than huzzas, as he finished his brief address. Ten years ago earth and sky would have shaken with the thunder of his welcome. What a sublime possession to have thrown away, the confidence and gratitude of a nation! He stood there, as it were, discrowned and disowned, the frock-coat and black hat typifying the loss of the glory he put off forever with his uniform.

The 10th of May was no day for seeing the exhibition itself. The next time that I went there the whole place looked deserted: it was only in the Japanese department or picture-galleries that one became aware of a crowd through which it was not easy to pass, and which, though constantly changing, did not decrease hour after hour. The Japanese collection is the first stage for those who are moved chiefly by the love of beauty or novelty in their sight-seeing. The gorgeousness of the specimens is equaled only by their exquisite delicacy. To judge of the antiquity of their art, let any one who has been in Europe compare them with the treasures which have accumulated at famous shrines where the lamp of sacrifice has been kept burning for centuries by the piety and gratitude of the richest sovereigns; what barbarous lumps of gold and silver stuck full of jewels of the rudest shape are the crowns, the carcanets, the holy vessels, of the ages before the *quattro cento*. The preciousness of the material, the size and number of the diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and pearls, aggravate the clumsiness of design and execution. Here is the handicraft of those extremest Orientals, five, eight, eleven hundred years old, if we can believe it, with a grace and elegance of design and fabulous perfection of workmanship which rival or excel the marvels of Italian ornamental art at its zenith; and as one of discernment standing by said, there is no decline nor degeneracy, no period of corruptness and coarseness, such as the Renaissance shows in its decay. There may be a monotony of theme, a sameness of idea, but endless variety of representation. It is all reproduction of natural objects with nothing conventional in the treatment, no attempt to compose patterns, or combine the trees, blossoms, birds, and animals according to decorative theories. Yet somehow these creatures are transported out of the realm of reality before we find them on the screens, hangings, and vases. The fancy and sentiment shown in the mode of depicting and arranging them seems inexhaustible. I do not know whether familiarity would dispel this illusion. There is a large painting on silk, meant, perhaps, for a curtain, which has in the foreground a group of animated nature in a flowery jungle on the bank of a stream: there is every sort of beautiful beast which one could fondle, there are fish in the water, birds on the branches, butterflies in the air, all colored in the softest, most harmonious, delicate tints; it looks like a glimpse of the garden of Eden on the evening of the fifth day; the river glides away from this happy nook like a ghost fleeing before the dawn, through a blank, shadowy waste, towards far distant mountains melting into mist. There are other paintings — drawings, sketches, what shall they be called? — on screens, a few houses and trees beside water which vanishes amid outlines of scenery as ethereal as visions; you hardly see them as you examine the picture, they steal out as you are turning away; the whole landscape has hardly any color, yet it is not in black and white; it might be veiled moonlight without shadows. There is

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an indefinable suggestiveness about these pictures, like those mental processes which evade analysis, those memories of something one cannot recall yet feels to have been full of charm.

> "The wandering airs they faint
> On the dark, the silent stream.
> The champak odors fail
> *Like sweet thoughts in a dream,*"

comes nearer to the impression they produce than anything else I remember in Western literature, and these lines convey it too palpably yet not exactly; the inspiration must emanate from some source of poetry deep in the Eastern breast, to which we have never penetrated. Side by side with these dissolving views are splendid scarlet cranes, purple iris-flowers in painting and embroidery, slabs of solid tortoise-shell two and three feet high, embossed with birds and beasts and flowers in gold and silver, of massy richness, yet so cunningly wrought that every feather of the plumage and vein of the petals may be traced. And so it is in everything they do, — painting, porcelain, bronzes; of the last there are some of a warm yellow brown, like smoked amber, with a surface as soothing to the eye as satin, on which are raised designs of deep gold color, and others of dark, rich red; the whole hue is golden, but a superb contrast is produced by the three shades. The Japanese seem to possess the secret which the modern pre-Raphaelites have striven for without success, the union of detail and effect; perhaps they limit the choice of their subjects to those in which the two can be happily combined. An enumeration of even the most striking objects in the Japanese department would be the driest of catalogues; description can give no idea of them; wherever you look, the eye is delighted and contented. The commonest object of pottery or cotton-stuff for daily use has a merit of design or color which it does not owe to oddity alone, as one may see by comparing it with similar objects in the Chinese department close at hand; those for rather finer purposes, such as little fans and toilet-boxes, which are displayed wholesale, have each some of the exquisite, generic grace of the most rare and costly specimens.

After the Japanese collection everything looks in a measure commonplace, almost vulgar. The English embroidery and china in imitation of their models are either pitiably weak or like feverish fancies, quite disordered and unnatural. The only piece of needlework we saw which held its own against Japan was a three-leaved screen by a Miss Gemmel, of the Royal School of Art Needlework; it is a lovely design of white fruit blossoms on two of the panels, and wild roses on the third, — if I remember right, — with light green leaves on a very dark green ground, free and simple and yet controlled by rule; the pattern in shining silk on a cloth ground heightens the contrast of shades and colors very happily. The whole nearer East looks dim and rough after the splendor and sheen of Japan. China strikes one as elaborately ugly and grotesque, Egypt as poor and semi-civilized; unfortunately, Egyptian wares have been discredited by the shams which have lately been sold even on the Nile; some of the embroidery in the show-cases of that department, if genuine, looks more like imitation than the imitations themselves. If Egypt has finished unpacking, she makes but a poor display, but like many others she may not be ready; one powerful nation, more than a week after the opening, was represented only by her flag and a packing-case. This incompleteness, which is not confined to the interior of the buildings, but is to be seen in every direction as the eye wanders over the grounds, imparts to the aspect of the whole place an air of rawness and impermanence which is probably common to all exhibitions on the same plan, but which is also emphatically American. The detached cottages and pavilions, especially our own, have in most cases a lamentable look of smart new railway stations. Inventions, modern improvements, machinery, patents, and the last Paris fashions, are the only objects and ideas which surround us from the cradle; there is nothing in our country as in older ones to give contrast to such an exhibition. Besides ever-present traditions and recollections of an ancient past, London

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had Westminster Abbey and the Tower, Paris her old churches and bridges, Vienna her grand cathedral and gloomy palaces, to add relief to the novelty of a world's fair. The absence of such elements in our surroundings gives a double delight to objects like the Japanese, whose beauty has nothing to do with newness or utility. In the cities of Europe, it is true, the spectacle of people from far-off countries in strange, picturesque garb is an every-day matter, and fails to raise the emotions it does with us; yet after all, the occasional Arab, Turk, or Chinaman one meets here, among hosts of people in what it is agreed to call the European dress, is a very small part of the show, and does no more to transport us in imagination to his native country than the lion in the Zoölogical Gardens hard by makes that corner of the West Park look like a tropical forest. It is only lucky that they have not all followed the examples of the Japanese clerks and showmen, who in our dress look like the ugliest and most unfortunate of little mortals; their inferior countrymen, the carpenters, working outside at the cottage in their national costume, are far more comely to behold. They are the sweetest-voiced, gentlest-mannered folk, and it is impossible to look from their small forms to their exquisite productions without an uncomfortable misgiving that they may feel like so many Gullivers in Brobdingnag.

For these reasons the exhibition presents to Americans a national rather than an international physiognomy, and for these and others ought to be more interesting to foreigners than to ourselves. Except the Australians, nobody else has a country where everything is new. In no other could it happen that, going from one building to another of a great industrial exhibition, within the precincts of an immense modern city, the path should lead through dells and dingles whose pristine sylvan sweetness lingers among old forest trees and beside singing brooks, where the wild flowers of the wood are springing under milk-white canopies of dogwood and pale pink azaleas.

BEFORE THE PRIME.

You think you love me, Marguerite,
Because you find Love's fancy sweet;
So, zealously, you seek a sign
To prove your heart is wholly mine.

Ah, were it so! But listen, dear!
Bethink you how, this very year,
With fond impatience you were fain
To watch the earth grow green again;

When April's violets, here and there,
Surprised the unexpectant air,
You searched them out, and brought me some,
To show, you said, that spring was come.

But, sweetheart, when the lavish May
Rained flowers and fragrance round your way,

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You had no thought her bloom to bring
To prove the presence of the spring!

Believe me, when Love's April time
Shall ripen to its perfect prime,
You will not need a sign, to know
What every glance and breath will show!

Kate Putnam Osgood.

A SENNIGHT OF THE CENTENNIAL.

THE Centennial is what every one calls the great fair now open at Philadelphia. "Have you been at the Centennial?" "How do you like the Centennial?" Some politer and more anxious few struggle for logical precision, reflecting that you cannot go to a Centennial, any more than you can go to a Millennial. These entangle themselves in International Exhibition, or talk of the Exposition. The English, who invented it, and have a genius for simplicity (in some things), called the first international exhibition the World's Fair. But this simple and noble name does not quite serve for us, since our World's Fair means the commemoration of our hundredth national anniversary; and so, at last, Centennial is the best name, in spite of its being no name at all.

The Centennial is so far peculiar in other ways that one may fitly give one's self the benefit of a doubt whether it is wholly advantageous to have seen other world's fairs in order to the intelligent appreciation of this; whether, in fact, it were not better never to have seen anything of the sort before. We will assume, for the present writer's purpose, that this is so. We may even go a step further and suppose that one's acquaintance with the Centennial is to be most fortunately formed upon a dull, drizzling day, somewhat cold and thoroughly unpleasant, like the 17th of May, for example. On that day, a week after the opening of the show, the first impression was certainly that of disorder and incompleteness, and the Centennial had nothing to do but to grow upon the visitor's liking. The paths were broken and unfinished, and the tough, red mud of the roads was tracked over the soft asphalt into all the buildings. Carts employed in the construction came and went everywhere, on easy terms alike with the trains of the circular railway whose engines hissed and hooted at points above the confusion, and with the wheeled-chairs in which ladies, huddling their skirts under their umbrellas, were trundled back and forth among the freight cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At many points laborers were digging over the slopes of the grounds and vigorously slapping the sides of the clayey embankments with the flat of their spades; and ironical sign-boards in all directions ordered you to keep off the grass on spaces apparently dedicated to the ceramic arts forever. Even if these grassless spots had been covered with tender herbage, there seemed not enough people present to justify the vigilance that guarded them; but I think this was an illusion, to which the vastness of the whole area and its irregular shape and surface contributed. There were probably fifteen thousand visitors that day, but many thousands more dispersed over the grounds and scattered through the different buildings would have given nowhere the impression of a crowd. With my simple Bostonian experiences as ground of comparison, I had been diffidently thinking that Mr. Gilmore's Ju-

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bilees possibly afforded some likeness to the appearance of the spectators at the Centennial; I am bound to say now that the Centennial at no time and in no place gave any such notion of multitude. From day to day the crowd sensibly increased, but it never struck one as a crowd, and it hardly ever incommoded one, except perhaps in the narrow corridors of the Art Hall, and the like passages of the Annex to that building; these were at times really thronged.

If we had been the most methodical of sight-seers we could hardly have systematized our observations on a first day. It was enough if we could form a clear idea of the general character of the principal features and their position. Even this we did not at all do. We wandered quite aimlessly about from one building to another, and, if we ever had anything definite in view, gave ourselves the agreeable surprise of arriving at something altogether different. Nevertheless from these desultory adventures some distinct impressions remained, — such, namely, as that of a great deal of beauty in the architecture. The Agricultural Hall we did not see till next day, and we therefore did not see what I believe is considered the best of the temporary structures; but the Main Building has a lightness, in spite of its huge extent, which is as near grace as it might hope to come; and the Machinery Hall has the beauty of a most admirable fitness for its purpose. The prospect of the interior is very striking, and much more effective than that of the Main Building, where the view, from the floor at least, is more broken. The Art Hall, which is otherwise conventionally well enough, is disfigured by the colossal bronzes at the entrance: —

"Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

The show of sculpture within seems to have been almost entirely left to the countrymen of Michelangelo, who are here reposing, for the most part, upon his laurels. One of them has posted in the most conspicuous place in the rotunda his conception of Washington, — Washington perched on an eagle much too small for him. The group is in plaster; the eagle life-size and the Washington some six feet high from the middle up; having no occasion for legs in the attitude chosen, Washington thriftily dispenses with them. The poor man who made this thing is so besotted with it as to have placarded his other works, "By the sculptor of the Washington." This is not his fault, perhaps, and I am not so sure after all that his Washington is as bad as the bronze statue of Emancipation (I suppose), a most offensively Frenchy negro, who has broken his chain, and spreading both his arms and legs abroad is rioting in a declamation of something (I should say) from Victor Hugo; one longs to clap him back into hopeless bondage. Then there is the wax Cleopatra in the Annex: an image to bring tears to the eyes of the legislative gentleman who lately proposed to abolish the study of the nude in our State drawing-schools. It will not do to describe the extreme dishabille of this figure; it is enough to say that it is Cleopatra coming to meet Antony (the delightful printed explanation handed you by the attendant says Cæsar) in her barge, fanned by a black slave, and attended by a single Cupid, whose ruff, as he moves his head, shows the jointure of his neck; a weary parrot on her finger opens and shuts its wings, and she rolls her head alluringly from side to side and faintly lifts her right arm and lets it drop again — for twelve hours every day. Unlike many sculptures this has no vagueness of sentiment, and it explicitly advertises a museum of anatomy in Philadelphia. For the last reason it might be fitly expelled, but a large number of visitors of every age and sex would miss it; certainly it has a popularity which the other two Disgraces of the Art Hall have not.

After the three objects I have mentioned, I think the room devoted to the German paintings is most disagreeable. The pictures are indifferent good and bad; the taste, the gross and boastful vanity, the exultant snobbishness, of the show is intolerable. Of course portraits of the imperial family, in all attitudes of triumphant warfare, abound, but

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there is one picture, the Surrender of Sedan, which ought not to have been admitted except for extraordinary artistic merits; and these it has not. On the brow of a hill stand Wilhelm, Bismarck, and the other Chiefs of Police, swollen with prodigious majesty and self-satisfaction, while a poor little Frenchman, with his hat in one hand and a paper in the other, comes creeping abjectly up the slope, half bowed to the earth and not daring to lift his eyes to the imperial presence. It is a picture to make any Frenchman "bound" with rage, if he happens not to laugh, and I do not see how we are to escape our share of the outrage offered in it, by the singularly offensive despotism from which it comes, to our ancient friend and sister (or say step-sister) republic. When I think of it, I am ready to justify the enormous charges at the restaurant of the Trois Frères Provençaux (so called because each of the Brothers makes out his bill of Three Prices, and you pay the sum total), as a proper reprisal upon us; but I would fain whisper in the ears of those avengers that not all Americans are guilty. There is nothing else among the works of art that I can recollect, calculated to wound any one's national sensibilities. To be sure, Mr. Rothermel does not spare a huge slaughter of rebels in his Battle of Gettysburg, but I heard it said that this picture was not a work of art. I do not know about such things myself. I had a horrific interest in the spectacle, almost as large as the canvas, which covers the whole end of one room; and I thought the rebels were fighting hard, and, if they were dying, were dying bravely.

The rooms devoted to the English pictures were most delightful. There were many works of their masters; they had sent us of their best, and not of their second-best, as the French had done, and there was a kindliness of intent and a manifest good feeling toward our fair, if not toward our nation, to which every generous American must at once respond. Not only had they sent us of their best, but their best pictures are for our pleasure and not their profit; they are owned by Englishmen who risk everything that may happen to their treasures in the voyage over-seas, and gain nothing but the satisfaction of doing a gracious and graceful thing. To courtesy of which we cannot be too sensible we owe the sight not only of famous Gainesboroughs, Reynoldses, Wests, and Lawrences, but also the works of the great modern painters, Landseer, Leighton, Millais, Alma Tadema, and the rest. I may be wrong in stating that no other nation has done anything like this, but I certainly recollect nothing else of the kind; and the English have added to the favor done us by having distinctly lettered on the frame of each picture the name of the painter and the owner, as well as the subject of it, thus sparing the spectator the fatigue and trouble of referring to the catalogue. By all odds theirs is the most satisfactory department of the Art Hall; and they have not only done us a great pleasure, but have done themselves great honor. Here, if nowhere else, one is conscious of modern mastership in painting; here is the sense of a strong and definite impulse which in all its variety has a unity expressed in every work; one would know these strikingly characteristic pictures for English art anywhere and everywhere; one might like them or not, but one could not mistake them; and with any refinement of literary taste, one quite ignorant of the technicalities of art may enjoy them. It may be a fault in painting to be so literary; nevertheless it is pleasant to see pictures painted by poets — by men who have evidently had ideas to express, and have thought and felt and wrought poetically. These great Englishmen have not merely painted well, but they have painted about something; their pictures tell stories, and suggest stories when they do not tell them. I leave to skilled criticism the discussion of their comparative artistic merits, and speak as one of the confessedly unlearned in art, when I say that their pictures interested me far beyond any others. We had certainly no cause, considering all things, to be ashamed of the show of American paintings in comparison even with many of the English,

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and still less with those of other nations. There were not many positively poor, and there were many strikingly good, especially landscapes painted with sympathy, and portraits painted with character; but they showed a distracting variety of influences, and they did not detain you and call you back again and again to tell you something more, and to add yet this suggestion and that. Some did so, but most did not; a perception of their merely artistic qualities exhausted them — the point at which the English pictures began more deeply to delight. They were too often unstoried like our scenery, without our scenery's excuse. You felt that American art had made vast advances on the technical side, but that it lacked what English art has got from its intimate association with literature; that it was not poetical; that generally its subjects were seen, not deeply felt and thought; it wanted charm.

Of the French pictures the most striking were the horribly fascinating Rispah defending her dead Sons from the Vulture, — a powerful achievement of ghastly fancy, painted with prodigious realism and knowledge, — and Carolus Duran's deliciously fascinating portrait of Mademoiselle Croisette (of the Théâtre Française) on horseback. Comparatively few of the pictures were yet in position, and the display had nothing of the strongly distinctive quality of the English. Whole rooms devoted to the French were barred against the public, but enough was visible to emphasize the national taste for the nude. When one caught sight of this in paintings just unpacked and standing against the wall, it was as if the subjects had been surprised before they had time to dress for the Centennial, so strongly is the habit of being clothed expressed in the modern face. In the Austrian room were some needless exposures, for which the vast and rather cumbrous gorgeousness of the Homage of Venice to Queen Catharine Cornaro hardly atoned, with all its overdressing. But that is an interesting picture.

The Belgian rooms were very incomplete, and not very characteristic. Among the Swedish pictures were some beautiful landscapes, full of the cold northern sentiment, with the dark water and the birchen shade. From Mexico and South America there were curious specimens of the theatrico-historical, such as used to please us fifty years ago, and some portraits of national statesmen, interesting for their evident faithfulness. Italy had sent no pictures that commended themselves to special remembrance. Her strength — or her weakness — was her sculpture, which had at its best the character of illustration. I believe there were few things ideal, and with all the exquisite execution and pleasing fancifulness of conception, the capricious and the absurd intolerably superabounded. Indeed, England alone of all the foreign countries had sent of her best art to the Centennial. At almost any sale of French pictures in Boston you see the work of more famous painters; here there was not one first-rate name; and this was true of the Continent generally. The show impressed one as that of pictures that had not succeeded at home.

The Horticultural Hall, whither we went from the Art Gallery, is one of the buildings which are to remain, and its lovely architecture, in which the light arabesque forms express themselves in material of charming colors, merits permanence. It is extremely pleasing, and is chiefly pleasing as architecture; for the show of plants is not very striking to the unbotanized observer, who soon wearies of palms and cactuses and unattainable bananas, and who may not have an abiding joy in an organ played by electricity, with a full orchestral accompaniment similarly operated. Far more beautiful than anything in the hall was the great bed of English azaleas near it, as delicate and tender and rare in color as the lovely English pictures. At the fact that these and a houseful of rhododendrons could be safely brought so far and made to bloom so richly in our alien air, one may fitly wonder not a little.

We had time that first day for hardly

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more than a glance at the different buildings. We went next to the Machinery Hall, through the far extent of which we walked, looking merely to the right and left as we passed down the great aisle. Of that first impression the majesty of the great Corliss engine, which drives the infinitely varied machinery, remains most distinct. After that is the sense of too many sewing-machines. The Corliss engine does not lend itself to description; its personal acquaintance must be sought by those who would understand its vast and almost silent grandeur. It rises loftily in the centre of the huge structure, an athlete of steel and iron with not a superfluous ounce of metal on it; the mighty walking-beams plunge their pistons downward, the enormous fly-wheel revolves with a hoarded power that makes all tremble, the hundred life-like details do their office with unerring intelligence. In the midst of this ineffably strong mechanism is a chair where the engineer sits reading his newspaper, as in a peaceful bower. Now and then he lays down his paper and clambers up one of the stairways that cover the framework, and touches some irritated spot on the giant's body with a drop of oil, and goes down again and takes up his newspaper; he is like some potent enchanter there, and this prodigious Afreet is his slave who could crush him past all semblance of humanity with his lightest touch. It is, alas! what the Afreet has done to humanity too often, where his strength has superseded men's industry; but of such things the Machinery Hall is no place to speak, and to be honest, one never thinks of such things there. One thinks only of the glorious triumphs of skill and invention; and wherever else the national bird is mute in one's breast, here he cannot fail to utter his pride and content. It would be a barren place without the American machinery. All that Great Britain and Germany have sent is insignificant in amount when compared with our own contributions; the superior elegance, aptness, and ingenuity of our machinery is observable at a glance. Yes, it is still in these things of iron and steel that the national genius most freely speaks; by and by the inspired marbles, the breathing canvases, the great literature; for the present America is voluble in the strong metals and their infinite uses. I have hinted already that I think she talks too much in sewing-machines, but I dare say that each of these patents has its reason for being, and that the world would go mostly unclad without it. At least I would not like to try to prove the contrary to any of those alert agents or quick young lady attendants. Nevertheless, a whole half-mile of sewing-machines seems a good deal; and *is* there so very much difference between them?

Our first general impressions of the different buildings were little changed by close acquaintance. What we found interesting in the beginning, that we found interesting at the end, and this is an advantage to those whose time is short at the Centennial. You know and see continually more and more, but it is in the line of your first enjoyment. This is peculiarly the case in the Main Building, where the contrasts are sharpest, and the better and worse most obvious. In the case of some of the nations (notably Russia, Turkey, and Spain) no judgment could be formed, for there was as yet nothing to look at, when we first came, in the spaces allotted to them. A few amiable young Spanish workmen loitered smiling about, but neither Turk nor Russ was visible. Before the end of the week the Muscovite had developed a single malachite table, but the Ottoman had still done nothing. But by this time the vigor of Spain was surprising: her space was littered with unpacking goods, and already many things were in place, though the display had not yet the order that could make it easily enjoyed. The people who had been most forward were the Norwegians, the Swedes, the Danes, the Egyptians; and to the last I found pleasure in this superior readiness of their departments. The Chinese, whom we found in disorder and unreadiness, pushed rapidly forward during our stay, and before

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we left, the rich grotesquery of their industries had satisfactorily unfolded itself. We were none the less satisfied that there should be still a half-score of their carpenters busy about the show-cases; their looks, their motions, their speech, their dress, amidst the fantastic forms of those bedeviled arts of theirs, affected one like the things of a capricious dream. It would be interesting to know what they thought of us spectators. We saw but one Jap in his national costume: a small, lady-handed carpenter, who wrought with tools of eccentric uses upon one of the show-cases, and now and then darted a disgusted look through his narrow eye-slits at the observer; he had his name neatly lettered on the back of his coat, and it is the fault of my ignorance that I cannot give it here. The other Japanese were in our modification of the English dress; they all had that gentlemanly air of incurious languor which we know in students of their nation at the Cambridge law-school, and that unease in our dress, which they had evidently but half subdued to their use. It is a great pity not to see them in their own outlandish gear, for picturesqueness' sake; the show loses vastly by it; and if it is true that the annoyances they suffered from the street crowds forced them to abandon it, we are all disgraced by the fact. It would have been better to give each Jap a squad of soldiers for his protection everywhere, than lose his costume from our fair for such a reason. There is a lamentable lack of foreignness in the dress at the Centennial. The costumed peoples have all put on European wear. To be sure, the still, sphinx-eyed young Egyptian whom we saw scorning our recentness from a remote antiquity in his department wore a fez, but a fez is very little; at the Hungarian wine-booth the waiters wore the superb Hungarian dress, but this seemed somehow in the way of trade, and I suspect their name was Schulze, they spoke German so well. One Turk we did indeed see, in most consoling bagginess of trousers, crimson jacket, and white stockings, but we liked quite as well the effect that so many Quaker bonnets on dear old Quaker ladies gave the crowd. One hears that you find nothing characteristically Quaker at Philadelphia, any more, and perhaps these ladies were from the country. At any rate they were frequently to be seen in their quaint bonnets and dresses of drab, often with quiet old gentlemen in broad-brims and shad-bellied coats, who would have been perfect if their cloth was drab instead of black, though one must still thank them for the cut of it.

We saw them not only at the Centennial, but also on the trains going to and from the lovely country-place in which our favored lines were cast during our sojourn. New England has so many other advantages that one may freely own she is but a barren stock in comparison with the fertile Pennsylvanian country. With us, even Nature is too conscientious to waste anything, and after our meagreness the frolic abundance of that landscape was not less than astonishing. The density of the foliage, the heavy succulent richness of the herbage, the look of solid comfort and content about the farms, spoke of both pleasure and profit in the country life; whereas our farmers seem (and with reason) to hate their thankless and grudging acres. There were great barns and substantial homesteads of brick and stone, kept with a scrupulous neatness; the pretty, tasteful stations were of stone, and all day long and all night long the incessant trains came and went upon that wonderful Pennsylvania Railroad, bearing the prosperity of the most prosperous commonwealth to and fro. From the passenger's point of view it is the best managed road in the country. I have heard Mr. Scott spoken of as a railroad despot, and I have felt it my duty to hate him. I now make him my apology — if it is he who has been able to teach all those amiable and efficient young men in charge of his trains to treat the public not only with civility but respect; to be polite, to be prompt, to call out intelligibly the name of the next station after that you have just left; to be cleanly uniformed, and to be a joy instead of an abomination to travel. I say from

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a conscience blameless of free passes that such a man has a right to enslave the public, and I wish that all the conductors and brakemen throughout the land might go and sit at the feet of his employees, and learn their kindness and quickness. Perhaps, however, they must all be Pennsylvanians to do this. Nothing at the Centennial strikes you more agreeably than the good manners of the public functionaries of every grade and service. They listen patiently and answer clearly (in that Philadelphian accent which has its charm), and one may accost them without the least fear of being snubbed out of countenance. They might not improve on acquaintance, but I came away friends with all the Philadelphians I saw in any sort of office. When one thinks of how many officials in other parts of the country he has (in imagination) lain in wait to destroy, this seems a good deal to say.

Our second day at the Centennial began in the Main Building, where after a glance at the not very satisfactory Italian department we found ourselves presently amid the delicate silver-work, the rich furs, the precious and useful metals, the artistic representations of national life of Norway. It was by far the completest department in the building, and for that little country, winter-bound in paralyzing cold and dark for so great a part of the year, the display of tasteful and industrial results was amazing.

The Viking race is not extinct, but the huge energies are refined and directed by the modern spirit to the production of things that may take the mighty West and the delicate South equally with surprise. The silver jewelry was as airily pretty and elegant in device and workmanship as the famous filigree of Genoa, which it so much resembled; and the iron-workers had indulged their stalwart poetry in an iron ship, fashioned like the old Viking craft, and all equipped with iron, at whose prow stood the effigy of Leif Ericsson:—

> "His helmet was of iron, and his gloves
> Of iron, and his breastplate and his greaves
> And tassets were of iron, and his shield;
> In his left hand he held an iron spear."

And his ship, with a touch of that sentiment painfully lacking in so many of the foreign departments, was called the Vinland. The show of furs and feathers, of luxurious wraps and quilts of eider-down, was surpassingly rich, and the mark of an artistic taste was observable in the preparation and arrangement of these, as in everything else. The most interesting things in this and the Swedish departments were, of course, the life-size figures illustrative of present costumes and usages, the work, I believe, of a distinguished Norwegian sculptor. It was like reading one of Björnson's charming stories, to look at these vividly characteristic groups, all of which were full of curious instruction. In one place an old peasant and his wife sit reading in a cottage room; in another a bereaved family surround the cradle of a dead child; here is a group of Laps; there some Swedish peasants stand over a stag which one of the hunters has shot; yonder are a Norwegian bride and groom in their wedding-gear, the bride wearing a crown and ornaments of barbaric gold, — which in this case were actual heirlooms descended from mother to daughter in one peasant family through three hundred years. All was for sale. "We will even separate husband and wife, and sell the bride away from the groom," laughingly explained the commissioner. The very pavilion itself, built of Norse pines, and ornamented in the forms of the old Norse architecture, was to be sold; yet there was nothing of the offensiveness of a mere mart in this, as there was in other departments, notably in the extremely shoppy show of the Austrians. The Norwegians had not merely contributed their wares, but had done us an honor and a pleasure by the thoroughly artistic character of their exhibition. So had the Swedes; so had in less degree the Danes, who showed some interesting figures illustrative of the Danish military service, actual and historic, and whose display of exquisite pottery, shaped and colored in the most delicate spirit of antique art, Greek and Egyptian, was certainly one of the most charming features of the fair. So had

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the Khedive of Egypt, whose section was in perfect order, and who has superbly commanded, it is said, that nothing shall be returned to him and nothing shall be sold, but that all his contributions shall be appropriately given away in this country: despotic splendor that one could more admire if one did not know that the Khedive's march of improvement has been through the blood and tears of his subjects, and that his prosperity is in reality the pomp of a successful slave-driver.

The Italian department, to any one who knows what Italy's wealth in objects of art is, seems — with some signal exceptions — a rather poverty-stricken effort of bric-à-brackishness. It presents a huddled, confused appearance; it is a shop where the prices asked are worthy of the Trois Frères themselves. The spirit of the Brazilian exhibition is in pleasant contrast. The things shown are sincere evidences of the national industry and illustrative of the national civilization; moreover, they are displayed in a Saracenic pavilion that pleases the eye, and are tastefully and intelligibly ordered.

It was not possible, when we saw it, to judge the French department as a whole, and I ought not perhaps to speak of it at all, since so much of it was incompletely arranged. Yet, with all the richness and infinite variety of material the general effect was of shoppiness. The British show was in a more generous spirit, and it was far more interesting. It represented, of course, in English and colonial exhibits, a whole world of varied arts and industries, among which the æsthetic observer would be most taken with the contributions from the Indian empire, and with that wide and beautiful expression of the artistic feeling in household decoration in which England is now leading the world. We Americans could long ago show machinery whose ingenuity and perfection surpassed anything the insular brain had conceived, and now we show in the utilitarian application of the metals, as in tools, and the like, an easy equality, but we cannot yet approach the English in the subjection of material to the higher purposes of both use and pleasure. Their show of tiles, of brasses, of artistically wrought steel and iron, of pottery, of painted glass, was wonderful. We ought, however, to take credit where it is due; in artificial teeth and all the amiable apparatus of dentistry, nothing could approach us; and I must except from a sweeping confession of inferiority the style and workmanship of several large American displays of gas-fixtures: as the most gas-burning people in the world, we were here fitly first; and we were first too, I thought, in the working of silver. The shapes and ornamentations by the different great silver-working houses did justice to the nation which owns the Nevada mines; it proved our capacity for rising equal to an advantage. In glass, however, after the rich colors and manifold lovely forms of the foreign exhibits, we were cold and gray, and in all manufactured stuffs dull and uninteresting; we may have been honest, but we looked poor. I say nothing of our supremacy in a thousand merely ingenious applications and adaptations: that goes without saying; and I say nothing of the display of the publishing houses: books were the last things I cared to see at the Centennial. But I heard from persons less disdainful of literature that the show of book-making did us great honor.

The Main Building is provided with many fountains of the soda sort, and one large fountain for the unsophisticated element, all of which were pretty, and contributed to that brightness of effect which was so largely owing to the handsomeness of the show-cases and pavilions. The finest of these were American. We were thought to have sometimes dimmed the lustre of our jewels by the brilliancy of the casket, but the general display gained by this error. In the middle of the building a band played many hours every day, and over all, with his *bâton* and both arms extended, perpetually triumphed the familiar person of Mr. Gilmore, whom one fancied partially consoled for his lost Coliseums by the bigness of the edifice and the occa-

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sion, though, as I said before, the multitude was in nowise comparable to that of our Jubilees. The sparseness of the visitors was more apparent than real, as seen from the organ loft at the end of the building or from the galleries overlooking the central space, but it was worth while to suffer the illusory regret produced by this appearance in order to enjoy the magnificent *coup d'œil* which was to be gained only from those heights.

In the afternoon we made the tour of the State buildings, of which, generally speaking, it is hard to detect at once the beauty or occasion. Doubtless the use could be discovered by public or representative bodies from the various States. The most picturesque building is that of New Jersey; that of Massachusetts was comfortable and complete, which most of the others were not. The Michigan building promises to be handsome; the Ohio building has some meaning in being of Ohio stones, and it is substantially and gracefully designed; the West Virginia building is observable for its exterior display of native woods. But really the most interesting of these not apparently well-reasoned structures is the Mississippi house, which is wholly built of Mississippi woods, the rough bark logs showing without, and the gables and porch decked with gray streamers of Spanish mosses. A typical Mississippian, young in years but venerable in alligator-like calm, sits on this porch (or did there sit on the afternoon of our visit), with his boots on the railing and his hat drawn down over his eyes and sheltering his slowly moving jaws as they ruminate the Virginian weed. He had probably been overquestioned, for he answered all queries without looking up or betraying the smallest curiosity as to the age, sex, or condition of the questioner. Being tormented (I will not name the sex of his tormentress), concerning the uses of a little hole or pouch (it was for letters, really) in the wall near the door, he said that it was to receive contributions for a poor orphan. "I," he added, "am the orphan;" and then at last he looked up, with a faint gleam in his lazy eye which instantly won the heart. This Mississippian was white; another, black, showed us civilly and intelligently through the house, which was very creditable every way to the State, and told us that it was built of seventy different kinds of Mississippi wood. We came away applauding the taste and sense shown in the only State building that seemed to have anything characteristic to say for itself. But in a country where for the most part every State is only more unrepresentative in its architecture than another, it is very difficult for the buildings to be representative.

In their neighborhood were the foreign buildings, the most noticeable of which were the English, Japanese, and Canadian. The English were stuccoed without, showing the wooden anatomy of the building to some extent, and suggesting the comfort of country or suburban homes; the Japanese was like the pictures of all Japanese houses; the Canadian was a sturdy stroke of poetry. It was all built of Canadian timber and lumber. Rough saw-logs formed the stalwart pillars of the portico; boards and planks piled upon each other defined the shape of the building, which had something immensely gratifying and impressive. To be sure, no Canadian could go there for entertainment, but no Canadian could look at this great lumber lodge without thinking of home, which the profuse tiles of the New Jersey house or the many-shingled sides of the Massachusetts building could never suggest to a native of those States.

Massachusetts, through the poetic thoughtfulness of one of her women, had done far better in the erection of the Old Colony House of logs, which we found thronged by pleased and curious visitors. Without, it looks much like the log-cabins with which any dweller in the Middle West is familiar, but it is of three rooms instead of one; and within it aims at the accurate commemoration of Plymouth in its arrangement and furnishing. There are many actual relics of the Pilgrim days, all of which the crowd examined with the keenest interest; there was among other things the

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writing-desk of John Alden, and at the corner of the deep and wide fire-place sat Priscilla spinning — or some young lady in a quaint, old-fashioned dress, who served the same purpose. I thought nothing could be better than this, till a lovely old Quakeress, who had stood by, peering critically at the work through her glasses, asked the fair spinster to let her take the wheel. She sat down beside it, caught some strands of tow from the spindle, and with her long-unwonted fingers tried to splice the broken thread; but she got the thread entangled on the iron points of the card, and there was a breathless interval in which we all hung silent about her, fearing for her success. In another moment the thread was set free and spliced, the good old dame bowed herself to the work, and the wheel went round with a soft triumphant burr, while the crowd heaved a sigh of relief. That was altogether the prettiest thing I saw at the Centennial.

It was not till our third day that we went to the Woman's Pavilion. Those accustomed to think of women as the wives, mothers, and sisters of men will be puzzled to know why the ladies wished to separate their work from that of the rest of the human race, and those who imagine an antagonism between the sexes must regret, in the interest of what is called the cause of woman, that the Pavilion is so inadequately representative of her distinctive achievement. The show is chiefly saved to the visitor's respect by the carved wood-work done by ladies of the Cincinnati Art School. Even this, compared with great wood-carving, lacks richness of effect; it is rather the ornamentation of the surface of wood in the lowest relief; but it is very good of its kind, full of charming sentiment; it is well intentioned, and executed with signal delicacy and refined skill. It is a thing that one may be glad of as American art, and then, if one cares, as women's work, though there seems no more reason why it should be considered more characteristic of the sex than the less successful features of the exhibition. We did not test the cuisine of the School of Cooking attached to the Woman's Pavilion; the School of Second Work was apparently not yet in operation: if it had been a Man's Pavilion, I should have thought it the dustiest building on the grounds. It seems not yet the moment for the better half of our species to take their stand apart from the worse upon any distinct performance in art or industry; even when they have a building of their own, some organizing force to get their best work into it is lacking; many of those pictures and pincushions were no better than if men had made them; but some paintings by women in the Art Hall, where they belonged, suffered nothing by comparison with the work of their brothers. Woman's skill was better represented in the Machinery Hall than in her own Pavilion; there she was everywhere seen in the operation and superintendence of the most complicated mechanisms, and showed herself in the character of a worker of unsurpassed intelligence.

I sometimes fancied that the Agricultural Hall might reclaim the long-sojourning visitor rather oftener than any other building, if he were of a very patriotic mind. It seems the most exclusively American, and it is absorbingly interesting in traits of its display. There are almost as many attractive show-cases and pavilions as in the Main Building, and they are somehow seen to better advantage. Then there is obviously a freer expression of individual tastes and whims. It was delightful, for example, to walk down the long avenue of mowing and reaping machines, and see those imperfectly surviving forms of "dragons of the prime," resplendent in varnished fine woods and burnished steel, and reposing upon spaces of Brussels carpeting, attended by agents each more firmly zealous than another in the dissemination of advertisements and in the faith that his machine was the last triumph of invention. Their fond pride in their machines was admirable; you could not but sympathize with it, and on a morning after it had rained through the roof upon the carpet and shining metals of one reaper-man, who went about mopping and re-

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touching in an amiable desolation, we partook almost insupportably of his despair. We railed bitterly at the culpable negligence of the management, and were not restored to our habitual mood of uncritical enjoyment till we came to our favorite case of sugar-cured hams: a glass case in which hung three or four hams richly canvased, not in the ordinary yellow linen, but in silk of crimson, white, and gold. These were of course from Cincinnati, and the same pork-packer had otherwise shown a humorous fancy in the management of material which does not lend itself readily to the plastic arts in their serious tempers.

The most artistic use of any material was undoubtedly made by some Louisville tobacco dealers, who had arranged the varieties and colors of their product with an eye to agreeable effect which I never saw surpassed in any Italian market, and who had added a final touch by showing different sorts of tobacco growing in pots. It would be interesting to know whether this most tasteful display was the work of an American. Vastly and more simply impressive was a wholly different exhibition from Iowa, to some of whose citizens the happy thought of showing the depth and quality of the soil in several counties of the State had occurred. Accordingly there it was in huge glass cylinders, in which it rose to a height of four, five, and six feet — a boast of inexhaustible fertility which New England eyes could hardly credit. This was one of the inspirations which gave a shock of agreeable astonishment, and revived the beholder even after a day of sight-seeing.

There were fanciful and effective arrangements of farm implements; exhibitions of farm products both foreign and domestic; shows of the manufactured and raw material — literally without number. To remember one was to forget a thousand, and yet each was worthy to be seen. I remember the cotton from India with its satisfying Hindoo names; the pavilion of Brazilian cotton, and the whole array of Brazilian products; the pavilions of American wines and the bacchanal show of Rhine wines, where the vine in leaf and cluster wreathed pillar and cornice, and a little maid sat making more vine-leaves out of paper. The finest of the pavilions seemed to me that of an Oswego starch manufacturer, where an artistic use of the corn and its stalk had been made in the carved ornamention of the structure. But there were many and many cases and pavilions which were tasteful and original in high degree; and when one looked about on the work of preparation still going forward over the whole territory of the building, — as large, almost, as a German principality, — one felt that the tale was but half told.

A beneficent Sunday in our country retreat interrupted our sight-seeing: a Sunday of rural scenes and sounds, when the trains forbore to chuckle to and fro on the Pennsylvania Railroad in exultation at Pennsylvanian prosperity, and the rich landscape throbbed under the gathering heat. The meadow-lark sang everywhere; the redbird's voice was mellow in the dense woods; the masses of the dogwood blossoms whitened through all the heavy foliage. It was a land of blossoms and of waving grass, and a drive over the country roads in the afternoon, past thriving farms and thrifty villages, showed it a land of Sabbath-keeping best clothes, clean faces, neat hair, and domestic peace on innumerable front steps and porches, where children sat with their elders, and young girls feigned to read books while they waited for the young men who were to come later.

Monday was hot and abated our zeal for the Philadelphian spring by giving us a foretaste of what the Philadelphian summer must be. The sun fried the asphalt pavements of the Centennial grounds, and a burning heat reverberated from them, charged with the sickening odor of the cement. That was a day for the stone interior of the Art Hall, but to tell the truth we found none of the buildings so hot as we feared they would be. It was very tolerable indeed both in the Main Building and the Machinery Hall, and in the United States Building we should not have lost

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patience with the heat if it had not been for the luxurious indifference of that glass case full of frozen fishes there, which, as they reposed in their comfortable boxes of snow, with their thermometer at 30°, did certainly appeal to some of the most vindictive passions of our nature; and I say that during the hot months it will be cruelty to let them remain. There are persons who would go down from Massachusetts to join a mob in smashing that case on the 4th of July, and tearing those fish to pieces. There are also people of culture in this region who would sign a petition asking the government to change the language of the placard on the clothes of the Father of his Country, which now reads, "Coat, Vest, and Pants of George Washington," whereas it is his honored waistcoat which is meant, and his buckskin breeches: pantaloons were then unknown, and "pants" were undreamt-of by a generation which had time to be decent and comely in its speech. This placard is a real drawback to one's enjoyment of the clothes, which are so familiarly like, from pictures, that one is startled not to find Washington's face looking out of the coat-collar. The government had been well advised in putting on view these and other personal relics, like his camp-bed, his table furniture, his sword, his pistols, and so forth. There are also similar relics of other heroes, and in the satisfaction of thus drawing nearer to the past in the realization of those historic lives, one's passion for heroic wardrobes mounts so that it stays at nothing. In one of the cases were an ordinary frock-coat of black diagonal, and a silk hat such as is worn in our own epoch, objects which it is difficult to revere in actual life, but for which in their character of relics we severely summoned what veneration we could, while we searched our mind for association of them with some memorable statesman. We were mortified to think of no modern worthy thus to hand down a coat and hat to the admiration of posterity, and in another moment we should have asked whose they were, if we had not caught sight of a busy attendant in his shirt-sleeves and bare head, just in time to save us from this shame.

We passed on to the interesting exhibition of Indian costumes and architecture, and to those curiously instructive photographs and plaster models of the ancient and modern towns of the Moquis. These rehabilitate to the fancy the material aspect of the old Aztec civilization in a wonderful manner, and throw a vivid light upon whatever one has read of the race whose empire the Spaniards overthrew, but which still lingers, a feeble remnant, in the Pueblos of New Mexico. If the extermination of the red savages of the plains should take place soon enough to save this peaceful and industrious people whom they have harassed for hundreds of years, one could hardly regret the loss of any number of Apaches and Comanches. The red man, as he appears in effigy and in photograph in this collection, is a hideous demon, whose malign traits can hardly inspire any emotion softer than abhorrence. In blaming our Indian agents for malfeasance in office, perhaps we do not sufficiently account for the demoralizing influence of merely beholding those false and pitiless savage faces; moldy flour and corrupt beef must seem altogether too good for them.

I have to leave in despair all details of the government show of army and navy equipments, the varied ingenuity and beautiful murderousness of the weapons of all kinds, the torpedoes with which alone one could pass hours of satisfaction, fancifully attaching them to the ships of enemies and defending our coasts in the most effectual manner; the exquisite models of marine architecture; the figures of soldiers of all arms — not nearly so good as the Danish, but dearer, being our own. Every branch of the administrative service was illustrated, so far as it could be, and the bribes almost sprang from one's pocket at sight of the neat perfection with which the revenue department was represented. There was manufacture of Centennial stamped envelopes, which constantly drew a large crowd, and there were a

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thousand and one other things which every one must view with advantage to himself and with applause of the government for making this impressive display in the eyes of other nations.

After paying our duty to these objects, we took our first ride on the narrow-guage railroad, of which the locomotive with its train of gay open cars coughs and writhes about the grounds in every direction, with a station at each of the great buildings. I believe this railroad has awakened loathing in some breasts, and that there has been talk of trying to have it abolished. But I venture to say this will never be done, and in fact I do not see how the public could get on without it. The fare is five cents for the whole tour or from any one point to another; the ride is luxuriously refreshing, and commands a hundred charming prospects. To be sure, the cars go too fast, but that saves time; and I am not certain that the flagmen at the crossings are sufficiently vigilant to avert the accidents whose possibility forms a greater objection to the railroad than mere taste can urge against it. As we whirled along, a gentleman next us on the transverse seat entered into an agreeable monologue, from which we learned, among many other things, that they had in the Agricultural Building the famous war-eagle, Old Abe, whom a Wisconsin regiment carried through the war; and the next morning we made haste to see him. We found him in charge of one of the sergeants who had borne him through thirty battles, and who had once been shot down with the eagle on his perch, and left for dead on the field. The sergeant was a slim young fellow, with gray eyes enough like the eagle's to make them brothers, and he softly turned his tobacco from one cheek to the other while he discoursed upon the bird — his honors from the State government of Wisconsin, which keeps him and a man to care for him at the public charge; his preference for a diet of live chicken; his objection to new acquaintance, which he had shown a few days before by plunging his beak into the cheek of a gentleman who had offered him some endearments. We could not see that Old Abe looked different from other bald eagles (which we had seen in pictures); he had a striking repose of manner, and his pale, fierce eye had that uninterested, remote regard said to characterize all sovereign personages. The sergeant tossed him up and down on his standard, and the eagle threw open his great vans; but otherwise he had no entertainment to offer except the record of his public services, — which we bought for fifty cents.

We were early on the ground that morning, and saw the Centennial in some aspects which I suppose the later visitor misses, when the crowd becomes too great for social ease. The young ladies in charge of pavilions or quiescent machinery, and the various young men in uniforms who superabounded at nine o'clock, gave the Machinery Hall the effect of a vast *conversazione*, amidst which no one could wander unconscious of a poetic charm. I am sure this was blamelessly pleasant, and if the Centennial did nothing but promote all that multitudinous acquaintance, it could not be considered other than a most enormous success. These happy young people neglected no duty to the public; there never was on this continent such civility and patience as that of the guards and policemen and officials of the Centennial, and the young ladies would leave a word half-breathed, half-heard, at the slightest demand of curiosity concerning anything they had in charge. In the midst, the Corliss engine set an example of unwearying application to business, and even while one gazed in fond approval, innumerable spindles began to whirr and shuttles to clack, and a thousand *tête-à-têtes* were broken up as by magic.

It was very pleasing to see the enthusiasm of inventors or agents concerning their wares, and the eagerness with which they met curiosity. I do not now speak so much of young ladies like her in charge of a perfumery stand in the Main Building, who would leave her company with both elbows on the counter and his chin in his hands, to spring away and atomize with odorous extracts

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any passer who showed signs of loitering near; rather I sing such geniuses as he of the Carriage Hall, who illustrated his cradle attachment to the parental bedstead, and his automaton baby-tender. From how much getting up at night, and how much weary care by day, these inventions had sprung, one could only conjecture; but I am sure that the most profound domestic experience inspired them. The inventor was never weary showing how, with his cradle hung by springs to your bedside, you had but to roll over and rock the most refractory baby to sleep, without losing your temper or your rest; how on simply inserting an infant into the aperture of his wheeled stool, the child walked about all day in perpetual content, a blessing to himself and his parents. The terms of confidence which he established with admiring mothers, the winks he gave, the nudges which I am sure he aspired to give, were all charming, and came from nothing less than a sense of having benefited the whole human race. Almost as serenely confident was the young lady who operated the Radiant Flat Iron in the Machinery Hall, an implement in whose hollow frame burnt a gas-flame blown hotter by a draft of air, the two elements being conveyed thither by India-rubber tubes from reservoirs under the ironing-table. "But what makes the pressure of the gas and air?" "Oh, you see I stand on a sort of bellows, which I work by resting from one foot to the other as one always does in ironing." The world is perhaps not yet prepared for the intricate virtues of the Radiant Flat Iron, but in the mean time we venerated its ingenuity. It is, doubtless, as promising of general usefulness as that beautiful ice-boat which our chair-boy hurried us away to see, and which seems peculiarly popular with the wheelers of chairs; they perhaps envy its capacity for getting over space at the rate of a mile a minute, though this need not be, as it is time they should rather desire to annihilate. They are an obliging race, and the chairs are a great help to the enjoyment of the Centennial. They are to be found in each of the principal buildings, and it is best to take them anew in each hall, instead of hiring one for a tour of the whole. If you do that, much time is lost, and in getting out to climb steps and cross broken spaces and railroad tracks, the occupant of the chair shares too actively in the enterprise. The chairs are mainly for ladies; very few men have the self-respect requisite for being publicly trundled about in that manner.

To any one who knows the different American types, the attendants and operatives in the Machinery and Agricultural Halls would afford curious study. The Western face distinguishes itself very easily from that of the Middle States, but in its eagerness is not so readily told from that of New England, which shows how largely New England has characterized the appearance, while Pennsylvania has prevailed in the accent, of the younger States. Where New England came out with most startling evidence was in the visages of the Waltham watch-makers, who, whether pure Yankees or Yankeeized foreigners, had looks that no one could mistake. They were at work there all day with their life-like machinery, and on every side the thousand creations of American inventive genius were in operation, with an exhilaration and impressiveness in the whole effect which can in no wise be described. Of the huger machinery, the working of some pumps that drove their streams of water far over and across a great tank was the gayest and most strenuous sight. I should hardly know how to justify to the inexperienced the joy I knew in putting my hand over an air-blast, that flung it into the air like a leaf. Nevertheless, such things are.

I have left the Carriage Hall to the last, though it was one of the first things we saw. I am not a connoisseur of wheeled vehicles, and I dare say I admired not too wisely. The American shapes seemed to me the most elegant; there was a queerness, a grotesqueness, an eccentricity, about the English, when they were not too heavy. But what most seizes the spectator is some one's ghastly fancy of a white hearse. It

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shows that a black hearse is not the most repulsive thing that can be. There are some exquisite specimens of car-architecture for a Brazilian railroad; a buggy from Indiana is kept — I do not know why — in a glass case; and there is a very resplendent Pullman car through which we walked, for no reason that I can give — probably the mere overmastering habit of sight-seeing.

We thought it well during our week at the Centennial to lunch as variously as possible, and I can speak by the card concerning the German Restaurant, the two French Restaurants, and the Vienna Bakery; the native art in cooking we did not test. The German Restaurant and the Lafayette Restaurant are very reasonable in their charges, less expensive, indeed, than most first-class city restaurants. The Trois Frères Provençaux is impudently extortionate. Not that dishes cooked with so much more sentiment than any you can find elsewhere are not worth more, but that there are absurd charges for what Americans ordinarily pay nothing for: bread, butter, and service at double and quadruple the Parisian rates. But it is even worse at the Vienna Bakery, where they have twenty-five cents for a cup of coffee, and not good coffee at that — not at all the coffee of Vienna. Happily, no one is obliged to go to these places for sustenance. There are a hundred others within the grounds where you may lunch cheaply and well, or cheaply and ill, which most of our nation like better. There is, for instance, a large pavilion where one may surcharge the stomach with pie and milk at a very low price. There is an American Restaurant, there is a Southern Restaurant (served by lustrous citizens of color), there is a restaurant attached to the Old Colony House; there is no end to them; and I am very glad to say of them, and of all other American enterprises for the public comfort, that their opportunity has not been improved to the public ruin. The extortion seems to be all by the foreigners, — unless sixty cents an hour is too much for a wheeled chair. I think it is; but the chairs will doubtless be cheaper when the cars of the circular railroad have run over two or three. All stories of the plundering of strangers by the Philadelphians may be safely distrusted. Probably never before in the history of world's fairs has the attitude of the local city towards its guests been so honest, so conscientious, so generous.

The grounds of the Centennial are open twelve hours every day, and your payment of fifty cents admits you for all that time to everything there. No account, however close, however graphic, can give a just conception of the variety and interest of the things to be seen. The whole season would not exhaust them; a week or a month enables you to study a point here and there. Yet if you have but a single day to spend, it is well to go. You can never spend a day with richer return.

A very pleasant thing about the exhibition is your perfect freedom there. There are innumerable officials to direct you, to help you, to care for you, but none of them bothers you. If you will keep off those clay slopes and expanses which are placarded Grass, there will be no interference with any caprice of your personal liberty. This is the right American management of a public pleasure.

The muse at all minded to sing the humors of a great holiday affair could find endless inspiration at the Centennial; but there are space and the reader to be regarded. Yet I must not leave the theme without speaking of the gayety of the approaches and surroundings; the side shows are outside here, and the capacity for amusement which the Centennial fails to fill need not go hungering amid the provision made for it by private enterprise. It is curious to see the great new hotels of solid and flimsy construction near the grounds, and the strange city which has sprung up in answer to the necessities of the world's fair. From every front and top stream the innumerable flags, with which during a day in town we found all Philadelphia also decked. Yet it is an honest and well-behaved liveliness. There is no disorder of any sort;

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nowhere in or about the Centennial did I see any one who had overdrunk the health of his country.

Not the least prodigious of the outside appurtenances of the Centennial is that space allotted on a neighboring ground to the empty boxes and packing cases of the goods sent to the fair. Their multitude is truly astonishing, and they have a wild desolation amidst which I should think the gentlemen of the Centennial Commission, in case of a very disastrous failure of the enterprise, would find it convenient to come and rend their garments. But no one expects failure now. Every day of our week there saw an increase of visitors, and the reader of the newspapers knows how the concourse has grown since. The undertaking merits all possible prosperity, and whatever were the various minds in regard to celebrating the Centennial by an international fair, no one can now see the fair without a thrill of patriotic pride.

W. D. Howells.

CONTRAST.

The day is bitter. Through the hollow sky
  Rolls the clear sun, inexorably bright,
Glares on the shrinking earth, a lidless eye,
  Shedding no warmth, but floods of blinding light.

The hurricane roars loud. The facile sea
  With passionate resentment writhes and raves
Beneath its maddening whip, and furiously
  Replies with all the thunder of its waves.

The iron rock, ice-locked, snow-sheathed, lies still,
  The centre of this devastated world,
Beaten and lashed by wind and sea at will,
  Buried in spray by the fierce breakers hurled.

Cold, raging desolation! Out of it,
  Swift-footed, eager, noiseless as the light,
Glides my adventurous thought, and lo, I sit
  With Memnon and the desert in my sight.

Silence and breathless heat! A torrid land,
  Unbroken to the vast horizon's verge,
Save once, where from the waste of level sand
  All motionless the clustered palms emerge.

Hot the wide earth and hot the blazing sky,
  And still as death, unchanged since time began.
Far in the shimmering distance silently
  Creeps like a snake the lessening caravan.

And on the great lips of the statue old
  Broods silence, and no zephyr stirs the palm.
Nature forgets her tempests and her cold,
  And breathes in peace. "There is no joy but calm."

Celia Thaxter.

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RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. WARNER says in the preface to his book of Egyptian travel, called Mummies and Moslems,[1] that he has tried to "look at Egypt in its own atmosphere and not through ours." In this design he has, we are glad to say, exemplarily failed; and we owe one of the most delightful books of travel we have read to the constantly American quality of the air through which all Egyptian things appear to him. In fact, it is only by carrying his native atmosphere with him that the traveler can make his report of strange lands intelligible to his own countrymen, and Mr. Warner succeeds in representing "Egypt in its true colors and perspective" simply because he never sees it through its own atmosphere, but always through ours. It is this which we are to thank for all the generous and charming traits of his book: for its quaint and delicate humor; its humane sympathy with the haplessness, the hopelessness of the life of that old land; the reverence for what is truly venerable in her past; the keen appreciation of the effects of European civilization, artificially induced, upon her; whereas, if he could really have looked at Egypt through an Egyptian atmosphere, he would have seen no more to move him to laughter or compassion or veneration than his dragoman would. We take leave to fancy that he supposed his design after his book was written. We feel pretty sure that no design of any kind produced the fortunate mood which characterizes it throughout; and we certainly detect nothing so disagreeable in the structure of the book. It is the record of events as they happen, thoughts as they occur, things as they appear, day after day, set down clearly and simply, but with all the unconscious charm of a style which is here at its best, and with a touch so light, so brief, so passing, so uninsistent, that from beginning to end the book never wearies. The author's humor is a delicious light upon it all. He did not go to Egypt to make people laugh; and you laugh all the more contentedly with him because you feel that it is not required of you; because the traveler, who finds it impossible not to see the fun of Egypt, sees also its vast gravity and sadness, and, while guarding himself a little overscrupulously, perhaps, against poetic or emotional expression, knows how to be satisfactorily serious at the right moment.

The thirty-eight chapters of the book are mostly a record of the Nile voyage in a dahabeëh, or dahabeiah, — for, as Mr. Warner says, "It seems to be the privilege of travelers to spell Arabic words as they please, and no two writers agree on a single word or name," — but several of the best treat of some preliminary and subsequent days in Cairo. Our readers have already had the chapter concerning the voyage to Egypt and the author's first days there, with which the book opens, and which he calls At the Gates of the East, as well as that on Passing the Cataracts of the Nile. The latter is rather more elaborate than the rest of the book; but the former gives a very good notion of its prevailing tone and manner.

The voyager on the Nile cannot hope to see anything novel; he can hardly hope for experiences that differ from those of any other of the hundreds of people who make the voyage in the same season with him, and write or do not write about it. The freshness must be all in the spirit with which he looks at things; the variety in the ideas and associations which they evoke in him. We could not easily give special proof of Mr. Warner's gift of being constantly entertaining amid scenes which are so pitilessly bewritten in all languages, but his book will afford all the necessary proof. What strikes one most in a critical glance at his work is how unfailingly he keeps, throughout, the happy tone which he falls into at the outset. He makes you free of his dahabeëh at once, with the least possible ostentation of hospitality, and you lead its daily life with him, in a good comradeship which never ceases to be easy. He calls your notice to this or that aspect of life on the shores; he asks you to view the customary objects of interest with him; to go with him to such houses as he is invited to visit; he makes his comment, brief, pointed, wittily thoughtful; that is all at which an analysis of his charm arrives, but this does not begin to be all.

The multitude of the pictures in which

[1] *Mummies and Moslems.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Hartford: American Publishing Company. 1876.

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his pages abound makes it hard to choose any one that shall seem more characteristic than another, but here is one, taken at a venture, that is at least characteristic: —

"As we lay, windbound, a few miles below Soohag, the Nubian trading-boat I had seen the day before was moored near; and we improved this opportunity for an easy journey to Central Africa, by going on board. The forward-deck was piled with African hides so high that the oars were obliged to be hung on outriggers; the cabin deck was loaded with bags of gums, spices, medicines; and the cabin itself was stored so full that, when we crawled down into it, there was scarcely room to sit upright on the bags. Into this penetralia of barbaric merchandise the ladies preceded us, upon the promise of the sedate and shrewd-eyed traveler to exhibit his ostrich feathers. I suppose nothing in the world of ornament is so fascinating to a woman as an ostrich feather; and to delve into a mine of them, to be able to toss about handfuls, sheafs of them, to choose any size and shape and any color, glossy black, white, gray, and white with black tips — it makes one a little delirious to think of it! . . .

"While the ostrich-trade is dragging along its graceful length, other curiosities are produced: the short, dangerous tusks of the wild boar; the long tusks of the elephant — a beast whose enormous strength is only made a show of, like that of Samson; and pretty silver-work from Soudan.

"'What is this beautiful tawny skin, upon which I am sitting?'

"'Lion's; she was the mother of one of the young lions out yonder. And this,' continued the trader, drawing something from the corner, 'is her skull.' It gave a tender interest to the orphan outside, to see these remains of his mother. . . .

"'What's that thick stuff in a bottle there behind you?'

"'That's lion's oil, some of *her* oil.' . . .

"I took the bottle. To think that I held in my hand the oil of a lion! . . .

"'And is that another bottle of it?'

"'*Mais*, no; you don't get a lion every day for oil; that is ostrich-oil. This is good for rheumatism.'

"It ought to be. There is nothing rheumatic about the ostrich. When I have tasted sufficiently the barbaric joys of the cabin, I climb out upon the deck to see more of this strange craft.

"Upon the narrow and dirty bow, over a slow fire, on a shallow copper dish, a dark and slender boy is cooking flap-jacks as big as the flap of a leathern apron. He takes the flap-jack up by the edge in his fingers and turns it over, when one side is cooked, as easily as if it were a sheepskin. There is a pile of them beside him, enough to make a whole suit of clothes, burnous and all, and very durable it would prove. Near him is tied, by a cotton cord, a half-grown leopard, elegantly spotted, who has a habit of running out his tongue, giving a side-lick of his chops, and looking at you in the most friendly manner. If I were the boy, I would n't stand with my naked back to a leopard which is tied with a slight string.

"On shore, on the sand and in the edge of the wheat, are playing in the sun a couple of handsome young lions, gentle as kittens. . . . The two play together very prettily, and when I leave them they have lain down to sleep, face to face, with their arms round each other's necks, like the babes in the wood. The lovely leopard occasionally rises to his feet and looks at them, and then lies down again, giving a soft sweep to his long and rather vicious tail."

Then here is a pretty study, of a kind whose humorous compassion always tinges Mr. Warner's contemplation of modern Egyptian life: —

"I encountered here a little boy who filled my day with sunshine. He was a sort of shepherd boy, and I found him alone in a field, the guardian of a donkey which was nibbling coarse grass. But his mind was not on his charge, and he was so much absorbed in his occupation that he did not notice my approach. He was playing, for his own delight and evidently with intense enjoyment, upon a reed pipe, an instrument of two short reeds, each with four holes, bound together, and played like a clarionet. Its compass was small, and the tune ran round and round in it, accompanied by one of the most doleful drones imaginable. Nothing could be more harrowing to the nerves. I got the boy to play it a good deal. I saw that it was an antique instrument (it was in fact Pan's pipe unchanged in five thousand years), and that the boy was a musical enthusiast, a gentle Mozart, who lived in an ideal world which he created for himself in the midst of the most forlorn conditions. The little fellow had the knack of inhaling and blowing at the same time, expanding his cheeks, and using his stomach like the bellows of the Scotch bagpipe, and producing the same droning sound as that delightful instrument. But I would

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rather hear this boy half a day than the bagpipe a week.

"I talked about buying the pipe, but the boy made it himself, and prized it so highly that I could not pay him what he thought it was worth, and I had not the heart to offer its real value. Therefore I left him in possession of his darling, and gave him half a silver piastre. He kissed it and thanked me warmly, holding the unexpected remuneration for his genius in his hand and looking at it with shining eyes. I feel an instant pang, and I am sorry that I gave it to him. I have destroyed the pure and ideal world in which he played to himself, and tainted the divine love of sweet sounds with the idea of gain and the scent of money. The serenity of his soul is broken up, and he will never again be the same boy, exercising his talent merely for the pleasure of it."

The sketches of life and character in the book are often of the airiest slightness, but they never fail of an effect, taken with the context, which we are not sure they would have without it. In Mr. Warner's writing, the insidious approach to the reader's sense of the ridiculous is what gives much of his humor its delightfulness, and the unexpectedness of many of these little glimpses or pictures seems great part of their value; they are like those bits and scraps in an artist's portfolio, which lurk about among the larger drawings, and which, as you seize upon them, you rather pride yourself on not letting escape you. For all that, they are too slight to be separately shown and boasted of. It is with an infinite number of touches, occurring at most uncertain intervals, that the characters of Abd-el-Atti, the dragoman, and his subordinates, are drawn, and it is not till far on in the book that we fully realize the discipline of the crew when Mr. Warner tells us that "the boat might as well be run by ballot." In most cases Mr. Warner has no opportunity to recur to his subject, but then, he contrives to make a few graphic lines efficiently record it, as in the case of the venerable sheik who takes the boats up the cataract, and who, being bribed with a piece of cotton cloth by the owners of the author's dahabeëh to delay its ascent, incorruptibly appropriated the cloth and earned the usual fee besides, by promptly taking the dahabeëh up the cataract.

At Luxor an Arab performs the duties — such as they may be at Luxor — of American consul, and he hospitably entertained Mr. Warner and his friends at dinner.

"There is no difficulty in getting at the meats; we tear off strips, mutually assisting each other in pulling them asunder; but there is more trouble about such dishes as pease, and a *purée* of something. One hesitates to make a scoop of his four fingers, and plunge in; and then, it is disappointing to an unskilled person to see how few peas he can convey to his mouth at a time. I sequester, and keep by me the breast-bone of a chicken, which makes an excellent scoop for small vegetables and gravies, and I am doing very well with it, until there is a universal protest against the unfairness of the device.

"Our host praises everything himself in the utmost simplicity, and urges us to partake of each dish; he is continually picking out nice bits from the dish and conveying them to the mouth of his nearest guest. My friend who sits next to Ali ought to be grateful for this delicate attention, but I fear he is not. The fact is that Ali, by some accident, in fishing, hunting, or war, has lost the tip of the index finger of his right hand, the very hand that conveys the delicacies to my friend's mouth. And he told me afterwards that he felt each time he was fed that he had swallowed that piece of the consul's finger."

It is at the house of this officer of our government — whose taste in entertainments might well be made a subject of congressional investigation — that the American traveler is enabled to see the dance of the Ghawazees, a demoralizing spectacle which has its absurdities. But it is now a thoroughly stale subject, both in its sadness and its absurdity, and what will more interest the reader are the glimpses of life in Cairo, presenting some of those points at which Egyptian and European civilization meet to corrupt each other.

One has reason to be thankful to Mr. Warner that he does not affect to be very instructive, still less to be prophetic concerning the Khedive's attempts to Europeanize his people, but one cannot read what he says without a better sense of the situation. The experiment is in most respects superficial, and it involves the most grotesque anomalies. The Khedive has a model farm and model manufactures; but the labor in these is the old underpaid, enforced labor that built the pyramids. His wives and concubines are indulged in the Paris fashions, and are guarded in the harems by black eunuchs out of the Arabian Nights. The same incongruity runs through all

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phases of the scheme; and yet some little good is slowly accomplished; at least matters are changed, and no change can be for the worse, in Egypt. At present the taxes are enormous and lay the final burden upon agriculture, which sinks under it. But untaxed agriculture could hardly flourish in the hands of the fellahs, who do every year what has been done for five thousand years, planting and reaping from the same soil the same crops, till at last the life-sustaining principle is so enfeebled in the superannuated grain, that the bread made from it fills without nourishing the consumer; though as for that, in Egypt it is no small matter merely to be filled.

Something is done for reform in Egypt by the army under the control of American officers, who introduce an enlightened discipline and some small measure of education. But after all, this is a slight affair. Nothing can be done for Egypt except through the relief and emancipation of the women; and nothing can be done for the women except through Christianity. This is the sum of all intelligent thinking about the East, and this is the end at which Mr. Warner, who writes so compassionately of women throughout his book, always arrives. He gives some pages to an account of the Presbyterian mission school at Assiout, where a small beginning is made in the right direction: —

"The school for girls, small as it is, impressed us as one of the most hopeful things in Egypt. I have no confidence in any scheme for the regeneration of the country, in any development of agriculture, or extension of territory, or even in education, that does not reach woman and radically change her and her position. It is not enough to say that the harem system is a curse to the East; woman herself is everywhere degraded. Until she becomes totally different from what she now is, I am not sure but the Arab is right in saying that the harem is a necessity; the woman is secluded in it (and in the vast majority of harems there is only one wife), and has a watch set over her, because she cannot be trusted. One hears that Cairo is full of intrigue, in spite of locked doors and eunuchs. The large towns are worse than the country; but I have heard it said that woman is the evil and plague of Egypt — though I don't know how the country could go on without her. Sweeping generalizations are dangerous, but it is said that the sole education of most Egyptian women is in arts to stimulate the passion of men. In the idleness of the most luxurious harem, in the grim poverty of the lowest cabin, woman is simply an animal.

"What can you expect of her? She is literally uneducated, untrained in every respect. She knows no more of domestic economy than she does of books, and she is no more fitted to make a house attractive, or a room tidy, than she is to hold an intelligent conversation. Married when she is yet a child, to a person she may have never seen, and a mother at an age when she should be in school, there is no opportunity for her to become anything better than she is. . . .

"On our return to the river, we passed the new railway station building, which is to be a handsome edifice of white limestone. Men, women, and children are impressed to labor on it, and, an intelligent Copt told us, without pay. Very young girls were the mortar-carriers, and as they walked to and fro, with small boxes on their heads, they sang, the precocious children, an Arab love-song: —

'He passed by my door, he did not speak to me.'

"We have seen little girls, quite as small as these, forced to load coal upon the steamers, and beaten and cuffed by the overseers. It is a hard country for women. They have only a year or two of time in which all-powerful nature and the wooing sun sing within them the songs of love, then a few years of married slavery, and then ugliness, old age, and hard work.

"I do not know a more melancholy subject of reflection than the condition, the lives, of these women we have been seeing for three months. They have neither any social nor any religious life. If there were nothing else to condemn the system of Mohammed, this is sufficient. I know what splendors of art it has produced, what achievements in war, what benefits to literature and science in the dark ages of Europe. But all the culture of a race that in its men has borne accomplished scholars, warriors, and artists has never touched the women. The condition of woman in the Orient is the conclusive verdict against the religion of the prophet."

The Nile Notes of a Howadji gave merely the sentiment of Nile travel, and we know of no book on the same subject which is charming in so many different ways as Mr. Warner's, which, while so informal and desultory, is so honest in material, and tells so much that one cares to know in the fash-

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ion one cares to learn it. If this book can make its way among the subscription-book public, it will do a vast service to literature in educating the popular taste to the appreciation of good reading, and the time will yet come when the book-agent will be welcomed at all our doors instead of warned from them by every prohibitory device.

— No one need be deterred from reading Mr. Hamerton's volume, Etching and Etchers,[1] by the fear that it will have no interest except to those especially seeking information upon the subjects. In spite of the attention given to technical details, it will be found to deal even more extensively with general principles, applicable to all the arts of design, and interesting to all students and lovers of art. Besides, it is well worth while to study for its own sake a form of art which was the favorite mode of expression of some of the greatest of the old masters, and though as yet but little practically known among ourselves, is giving employment in Europe to much of the best artistic talent of the day.

Mr. Hamerton's book was first published in London in 1868, almost simultaneously with the beginning of the recent revival of etching in England. While intended in part as a manual of practical instruction, it had for its higher and chief purpose to stimulate and guide the newly awakened interest in an art which, though practiced by Albert Dürer and brought to perfection by Rembrandt, had, in England at least, fallen into almost total neglect. This first edition was embellished by thirty-six etchings — ancient as well as modern — printed, with the exception of two copies from Ostade, from plates actually executed by the artists whose names they bore. Among them were specimens of the genuine handiwork of such illustrious masters as Rembrandt and Paul Potter. This little collection of etchings at once attracted the attention of connoisseurs; the edition, to which it gave in their eyes an exceptional value, was soon exhausted, and copies can now be obtained only of dealers in rare books, and at extravagant prices. But the author had a still better evidence of success in the numerous letters he received from artists and amateurs, not in England alone, but in foreign countries, including our own, asking for further enlightenment, and submitting to him specimens of the etchings which the perusal of his book had led them to attempt The present edition is substantially the same as the first, excepting a few omissions and the addition of more than two hundred pages of new matter. But the number of plates has been reduced to twelve, and of these only two are original etchings: a sketch from nature by the author, and another by the French etcher, Lalanne. All the rest are copies, made by Mr. Hamerton himself, of plates, or parts of plates, by various masters, "selected in almost every instance for some special reason, and not to make the book look pretty." They are given "not at all as embellishments, but simply to make the text more intelligible," and with the same view each plate is accompanied by a page of letterpress, printed in red, noting the processes employed in its production. The book in its present form will be less attractive to the mere connoisseur, but equally valuable and instructive to the practical student; while the reader who may feel the want of a collection of original etchings is furnished in the appendix with a plan for making one for himself.

Though the author disclaims any "prettiness" for his copies of other etchers' work, it would be a mistake to suppose that they have no artistic merit or attractiveness. Several of them are from originals by masters of the highest reputation, and reproductions of the works of Rembrandt, Ostade, and Haden cannot but retain something of the charm of the originals, even when interpreted by a less skillful etcher than Mr. Hamerton. Something, perhaps, of the "thinness and hardness" to which, the author tells us, the art has a natural tendency, may be observed in these copies, and more especially in Mr. Hamerton's original work, in this as in other volumes illustrated by him; but this is a fault easily pardoned, as being rather the coming short of a true aim than a false direction in the aim itself. Although as cosmopolitan in his tastes and as free from prejudice as a writer can well be, our author has, as an artist, an undisguised preference for what are sometimes called "artist's etchings," that is, for the free and unconstrained expression of an artist's thought, by his own hand, on the copper. The influence of this preference can be detected in these copies. In one or two instances where an opportunity of comparison with the originals has been possible, it is plain that, while keeping sufficiently near to his model for the purpose he had in view,

[1] *Etching and Etchers.* By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, author of The Intellectual Life, etc. Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

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he has not attempted to reproduce it line for line. In the copy of a part of one of Waterloo's plates, for example, it has apparently been impossible for him to follow exactly the somewhat too classical and conventional forms of the masses of foliage. He has, consequently, substituted for the old etcher's rounded and graceful curves the angular and "scratchy" method of indicating leafage which may be remarked in his own studies from nature. The result, while not altogether satisfactory as a copy, has at least this advantage over the original, that it looks much more like an actual transcript from nature, and less like an imitation of an oil-painting or a steel engraving.

But though Mr. Hamerton's own position as an etcher may not be in the very front rank, he is a most instructive as well as entertaining writer upon art. The subject, indeed, is one upon which it is very difficult to write well, though by some unfortunate fatality it seems to be the one topic most often selected by the merest tyro for the exercise of his skill in the utterance of sounding phrases and glittering generalities, or else as a fair field for sharp criticism and dogmatic assertion. But Mr. Hamerton is no tyro. His qualifications, for which his whole life has been a preparation, are numerous and of a high order, and not the least among them is a practical knowledge of his subject. He is a painter in oil and in water-colors, as well as an etcher. In early life a disciple of Ruskin, and beginning the practice of art under the influence of the pre-Raphaelite school, he has gradually thrown off whatever was vicious in the theory and practice of his teachers, and has learned to look at nature synthetically instead of analytically. He has also had the opportunity of personal acquaintance with some of the most eminent artists of the day, both at home and abroad, while his long residence in France has made it easy for him to place himself in a truly cosmopolitan position with regard to art and artists, a stand-point outside of all cliques and nationalities. Nor has he been so bound up in art as to have no thought for other subjects; as the readers of his numerous publications well know.

The book is written in sound English prose, simple, vigorous, and manly, occasionally becoming a little confused when the author ventures too far into philosophic depths, but often rising into heights of true and unexaggerated eloquence. The development of his analytic faculty by his early studies stands Mr. Hamerton in good stead in the critical examination of different masters and schools. It is perhaps to be regretted that more of the synthetic faculty had not been displayed in binding together the component parts of his work. Scarcely a topic is touched upon which is not referred to again and again in scores of widely separated pages. But a more methodical arrangement might have impaired the readableness of the book, which now has the unconstraint and desultory freedom of an evening talk by the fireside.

We must content ourselves with calling attention to the first of the five books into which the volume is divided, as in a general way containing the pith and kernel of the whole, though the topics discussed in its several chapters are by no means exhausted there, but are referred to again and again in the succeeding books. These chapters, and all in other parts of the work relating to the same subjects, will be found to have an interest and an application far beyond the limits of any special branch of art. They may be read with profit by art students in whatever department, and by that large class who desire to obtain a true understanding of the principles of art as a part of the general culture which the age more and more demands. Above all, they may be recommended to the art critic. The discouraging view the author gives of the probability of pecuniary success for those who practice the art in strict accordance with its central idea will be likely to deter our professional artists from engaging in it, while the difficulties it presents to the amateur will probably incline him to prefer some of the other methods of working which the author recommends to beginners, especially the newly developed art of charcoal drawing, so ably practiced by our own Hunt, and in which he has so successfully trained his pupils. It is true that the great success in etching attained by amateurs in a few exceptional cases has given rise to the impression that etching is a particularly easy art. But it is only the mechanical part of it that is easy; the intellectual, the truly artistic part of it demands greater and more concentrated mental power and more thorough knowledge than almost any other of the arts.

Although Mr. Hamerton in speaking of etching has, as a rule, always in view its employment in a strictly artistic way, he expressly recommends (page 286) a certain

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kind of etching for the illustration of scientific works by their authors themselves. He regrets "that De Saussure, for example, had not been trained to work of this kind, instead of being dependent upon the feeble draughtsmanship of his assistants, and the miserable engravers who reproduced their drawings." Any one who ever saw Agassiz draw upon the blackboard can imagine what admirable illustrations to his own works he might have etched. And what an advantage would be gained to students in medicine, if, to the skill in drawing by no means uncommon in the profession, the authors of works on anatomy should join a proficiency in the use of the etching-needle.

Another application of the process, and one for which it is peculiarly adapted, will be suggested to the reader of antiquarian tastes by the chapter on the French etcher, Méyron (page 167), whose remarkable talent owed its development to "his passionate wish to preserve some adequate memorial of that picturesque old city of Paris which has disappeared before the constructive activity of Haussmann and Louis Napoleon." It is not impossible that some Yankee Méyron may arise to secure for us "some adequate memorial" of the historic edifices and picturesque nooks and corners of the fast disappearing old city of Boston.

Another field, indeed, has been opened for the etcher, and it is the only one, according to our author, in which he can earn a livelihood, by the quite recent application of etching to the copying of pictures. This new branch of the art, which has in Europe now become the principal one, has there been fostered by the establishment of art journals, such as the Gazette des Beaux Arts and L'Art, in France, and The Portfolio in England, which largely employ it in the illustration of their pages. How admirably successful this new development of the art has become in the hands of the few talented and well-trained Frenchmen who are almost exclusively its practitioners may be seen by these periodicals. Another example is the series of etchings by the Frenchman Jacquemart from pictures belonging to the Metropolitan Museum of New York. It will be long, however, before we can hope to have native etchers competent to render adequately our own precious Copleys and Allstons and Stuarts.

— This volume[1] comes to supplement the Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Récamier, which, although a lively and exceedingly entertaining sketch of the society of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, occasioned very general dissatisfaction among both its French and American readers; for, being made up of letters which were written to her, and not of those which she had herself penned, it did not leave upon the mind any clear, definite impression of the real character of Madame Récamier, into whose secret history all the world was curious to inquire. The failure of that copious work in its main purpose is the ostensible cause of the existence of this after-volume, in which are introduced over forty of the private notes and letters of Madame Récamier; these are as graceful, genial, and chatty as any of the gossip, legitimized under the name of memoirs, recollections, correspondence, or what not, which we have met with, but they hardly fill the gap which was left in the previous volumes.

A faithful autobiography of this brilliant woman, narrating the various changes in her feelings during her strangely romantic life, the story of her fortunate and cloudy days, with their delight and passion, if she ever felt passion, most of all the ceaseless interplay of motive in her who kept so many lovers at her feet and yet never acknowledged one as her master, would have been an invaluable contribution to literature, could she have written it. This loss is poorly supplied by the history of her relations with Camille Jordan, of whom she was hardly more than the esteemed friend, and with her niece, Madame Lenormant, of whom she was the faithful guardian. In the life of the unfortunate J.-J. Ampère, however, who occupies here the place which Châteaubriand filled in the former work, we get some glimpses of her real social relations; for his experience serves to formulate and throw out in sharp outline some vague misgivings which we have always felt in regard to the career of this charming woman. Pure, intelligent, of surpassing beauty, which retained until late in life all the freshness and bloom of girlhood, yet dignified, withal, with womanly grace and sweetness, facile and entertaining in conversation, of gentle and attractive manners, she won by such spells all who came near her, and none ever broke the spell. But her fascinations awoke in men a sense of want, a passion which mere friendship is impotent to satisfy; the attraction which

[1] *Madame Récamier and her Friends.* From the French of MADAME LENORMANT. By the translator of Madame Récamier's Memoirs. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

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she exercised was essentially that of sensuous beauty, and her position forbade her to yield to the love which she enkindled. Many of her friends outlived their passion, and time transmuted it into friendship. But with Ampère, whose experience this little volume narrates, the case was otherwise. Introduced to her when he was on the verge of twenty, before long he fell upon his knees before her in her gardens, his declaration was made, and, Sainte-Beuve touchingly adds, "she never cured him." His life after that was one long travel; he visited Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, Greece, Egypt, and America, but in all his wanderings he remained faithful to the woman who had won him. He became eminent in letters and scholarship; his restless spirit fled from one province of learning to another, nor did he ever know calm until he died. Here was a life made miserable by the incapacity of a shallow woman to love the man whom she had charmed. She never loved, it is said, she was a woman of friendships; and one relents when he sees how warm were those friends of her *salon* whose wit and learning were in the service of beauty. "She was a coquette," says Sainte-Beuve, and coquetry is ever hand and glove with danger; "but," he adds, "if the ministers will let me say so, she was an angel of a coquette."

We notice here and there a few inelegancies in the translation, but as a whole the book is very readable; those who like to discover the secret business and foibles of the great will find food for their curiosity, and if they make no attempt to separate the wheat from the chaff, they will lay the volume down with a feeling of quiet satisfaction.

— There is no period of English literature which appeals to us with so personal an interest as that which derived its main impulse from the French Revolution. We recognize its somewhat hectic life, and acknowledge that it was consciously, in certain phases, a reflection of the greater Elizabethan epoch, yet it is bound to us by political and personal ties which make us willing to indulge in the minutiæ of biographical details respecting the men and women who formed the very animated literary circle in London and Westmoreland at that time, giving a degree of attention to the literature then produced somewhat out of proportion to its intrinsic worth. Every new book concerning Charles Lamb, for example, has been sure of an intelligent and somewhat eager audience any time the past forty years, and this not merely because of the personal affection which Lamb excites, but because he was one of many centres about which revolved the intense life, large and petty, of a crowd of men and women whose shadows, cast under the light of the lurid, angry political heavens, look mightier than a close acquaintance with their real persons would seem to justify.

Of these people William Godwin[1] enjoys a singular reputation. Judged by the fears and admiration of his contemporaries, he has always seemed to readers of the history and literature of the period to be an intellectual bowlder, yet on reading his Caleb Williams and St. Leon, and on dipping into his Political Justice, it has been difficult to account for his great reputation. The only theory which has appeared tenable has been that Political Justice was precipitated from the fluid notions of the day, and, by its presentation in solid form of what seemed lawless and reckless, assumed at once an importance which in steadier days it inevitably lost. The breaking of popular talk and sentiment against this book produced a sort of foam which rendered it very conspicuous for a while; the prominence of Godwin lent its force to his novels and other writings, and gave them a reputation which has scarcely proved enduring. Caleb Williams, indeed, contains a certain fascination by its steel-cold force, and all of Godwin's works merit praise for their vigorous English, but it is useless to count upon his retaining in public estimation anything like the relative importance which he held during his lifetime.

Mr. Paul's work will be gratefully received by all who own to an interest in the period to which it refers, and such readers will find in it some explanation from Godwin's own character, as displayed in his friendships and experience, of the singular mark which he made. Those who take up the book with little previous acquaintance with the persons about whom it is concerned, will be in some perplexity to know why it was written. That is to say, Mr. Paul has performed his task of biographer under such strict limitations that he has hardly provided the reader with sufficient account of the historical *entourage* of Godwin's life. As a psychological revelation

[1] *William Godwin: his Friends and Contemporaries.* By C. Kegan Paul. With Portraits and Illustrations In two volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

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it strikes us as admirable, and hence we say that to readers and students of the period he has rendered substantial service.

Godwin appears in this portrait as a man of intellectual force which is bounded by high walls of conceit and ignorance. Within the channel hewed out for him his life flowed with a certain depth of purpose and singleness of aim which unquestionably separated him from more timid, irresolute, and selfish men. It is not to be wondered at that he excited the admiration of young men, nor that he turned to their enthusiasm for the sympathy which discreeter or more careless men withheld from him; yet he had his warm friends among his associates. Coleridge and Lamb both respected and admired him, and we are indebted to their friendship for some entertaining and characteristic letters. His most intimate friends, however, were not among the better known Englishmen of the period, but were found in a half-educated class who were impressed by the calm audacity of his principles and speculations. With them he was perpetually quarreling and perpetually renewing friendship. His almost unbounded self-conceit was sure to tempt disagreements, and his steadfastness to make him after all a good rock for vacillating minds to anchor under. His family relations were from first to last of a troubled character. His mother, as seen in her letters, was the original fountain, plainly, of much of his temper, and Mr. Paul has introduced no one more striking in personality than this shrewd, tenacious, illiterate, affectionate, and iron-bound old lady. Mary Wollstonecraft and her squalid kin have a positive interest for the reader, and make large claim upon his affection; and the second Mrs. Godwin suggests family squabbles which leave one with a substantial pity for Godwin himself.

Godwin moves throughout the book, among the figures who surround him, with a kind of tragical pain on his countenance, which deepens as mean losses and ignoble failures close in his life. It is a dismal book, and few, we suspect, will fail to recognize in its suggestion of unhappiness the moving cause in Godwin's self-centred, unhopeful nature. Indeed, he seemed always to be recoiling from the logical results of his own life and doctrines. Sometimes those results struck him with all the force with which personal disaster can strike, sometimes they were sharply visible to him in the conclusions drawn by others from premises which he had supplied, and sometimes they appeared in the absolute refusal of his principles to maintain themselves in the presence of obstinate conditions. De Quincey, in his somewhat contemptuous notice of Godwin, represents him as shrinking from the consequences of his Political Justice and really appalled by the sound of his own challenge to the world. "The second edition," he says, — on which, by the bye, Mr. Paul is absolutely silent, — "as regards principles is not a recast, but absolutely a travesty, of the first; nay, it is all but a palinode." Other illustrations will be found in Godwin's dismay at finding one of his young disciples rejoicing in converting a friend to atheism; in the necessity he was under to be inconsistent with his own views respecting marriage, and the ceremonies at death. There is frequently displayed an uneasiness respecting religion which leads one to suspect that he was less of a stoic than he or his biographer would have us believe. Godwin began life as a dissenting minister, but soon abandoned the views which he began to preach. There is nothing in his life as set forth in these two volumes which would lead one to fall in love with the views which he afterwards adopted; so far as he seems to have been guided by them, he was led into cold, damp regions, scarcely penetrated by any brighter rays than those which issue from a dreary slavery to a sense of duty.

French and German.[1]

Mr. Hillebrand is a writer who has perfect command of four languages, German, French, English, and Italian, and he has the rarer faculty of writing nothing in any one of these tongues which is not entertaining as well as linguistically correct. To France, a country which he knows very well, he devoted the first volume of this series; the second was made up of a variety of miscellaneous papers about other parts of the Continent, notably Italy and Germany, while this volume[2] deals entirely with English affairs. It really consists of an agreeable gossiping account of certain English sights, with the moralizing upon them that suggests itself to an observer both intelligent and practiced, who draws his com-

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

[2] *Zeiten, Völker und Menschen.* Von Karl Hillebrand. Dritter Band. Aus und über England. Berlin 1876.

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parisons from a large number of cases, and who is enough of a cosmopolitan to be above a good many of the prejudices which characterize most travelers and writers. That this book is a profound one it would be hard to say, but it is interesting, and it will, perhaps, be found of greater importance at some future time, when there will be a demand for contemporary criticism of England in its present condition. It is for supplying just that want that Mr. Hillebrand is peculiarly fitted.

He notices the indifference of the English public to what is going on in Germany in comparison with its keen interest in the condition of France, and he explains this by the well-known intimacy that has long existed between France and England, and the hardly obsolete provincialism of Germany, and he might have added the slowness of the English in receiving new impressions. He says, "In spite of all the translations, how remote Goethe and Schiller are from the Anglo-Saxons, who are yet allied to them by race. The only thing in our literature which they really understand and love is the sentimental, that is to say, our lyrical poetry. This is encouraged by their kinship. One of the Latin or Celtic races neither understands the language, nor feels the melody, nor imagines the feeling, which combine to form a song. An Englishman is very quick to enjoy it. But, on the other hand, everything fantastic, speculative, or mystical in our literature is for him a closed volume. All our idealism is to him a puzzle, because our idealism is metaphysical, while his is practical." This is not the only acute comparison he makes between the English and the Germans. He even asserts that the two Germanic races are about to interchange their *rôles*, and that the philosophizing nation is about to turn its attention to politics, while the nation exercised in politics is about to take up philosophy, which, he takes the precaution of adding, in no way means that both the politics and the philosophy will not be very unlike what they have been before. And elsewhere he throws a great deal of ridicule on the general ignorance in England of Kant and his philosophy. This is in a chapter on John Stuart Mill and his school of thinkers, a school which has not earned his thorough approval. Of Mill's autobiography he gives a clear and interesting account, closing with the statement (made in 1873) that there are signs in England of the beginning reaction in favor of Cæsarean conservatism, and that Mill is more responsible for this than is any other man. He then takes up Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and gives it warm praise. However one may disagree or agree with Mr. Hillebrand's judgments, it is necessary to credit him with giving in a clear way the core of this book, as it stands opposed to the essence of what Mill teaches. The two books of course represent conflicting elements, and Mill's theoretical, impracticable system of social philosophy naturally called forth a speedy and truculent reply from the Englishman, who was frightened, as Mr. Hillebrand has shown, into clutching at conservatism to save himself. In English literature he has observed a peculiarity which is only of modern growth, namely, its inclination to fantastic refinement. After praising a tolerably unknown poem, The Charm and the Curse, a Tale dramatized from the Edda, by Charles Grant, he says that its simplicity is really delightful after the affected parlor and nursery language, the neck-breaking syntax and decorative word-painting, the artificial excess of words and the attempted imitation of Milton, which characterize modern English poetry. It is, he goes on, as if it were going back to the good old fashion of facilitating the comprehension of the thought by means of the rhythm and expression, instead of, like the modern school, making it more difficult, or instead of making good the absence of thoughts by the clatter of sesquipedalian words. "This tendency of European taste in all the arts is not the work of chance alone; the example of Théophile Gautier and of Baudelaire has been followed in Germany and Italy as well as in England, in music, painting, and sculpture, as well as in poetry, not from conscious imitation, but from the general demand of the times. Sensuousness and extravagance in thoughts and images, as in method and expression, accumulation of material, regard for the form as an end, rule everywhere, and the controlling intelligence, pure and chaste perception, are equally wanting in our popular artists. For in addition to this brilliant coloring which rejoices so much in costume-painting, in addition to the endless amplification of a few thoughts, and the ever-increasing obscurity of expression, and the Bernini-like restlessness of forms, there is also the willful effort to be concrete which marks a period taught to be abstract, as well as a certain morbid inclination to voluptuousness, an un-naïve

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paganism, which has as little to do with the simple, frank enjoyment the ancients had in nakedness, as certain oracular, symbolical verse-making has with the granite lines of Æschylos, or a certain dazzling extravagance of color has with Paul Veronese's generous richness."

This long quotation will perhaps show that Mr. Hillebrand does not join in any hue and cry simply because it happens to be popular; when he proceeds to examine the English, for instance, he brings to bear an experienced eye that has looked at other people, and he does not stand in awe of the objects he is studying. Elsewhere in the book he writes with equal intelligence. He treats at some length of Bulwer, who has always had more admirers among cultivated foreigners than he has found among cultivated Englishmen and Americans, who refuse to take him quite as seriously as he took himself or as German critics seem disposed to take him. If we make allowance for what seems to us the usual exaggeration, no further fault can be found. Dickens comes in too for admiration; and it must be said that Mr. Hillebrand seems to have enjoyed Forster's life of him more than most of its readers did. Of Morley's Voltaire, and Rousseau, he speaks with fitting praise, without overlooking the shortcomings of these remarkable books. He corrects Mr. Morley's denunciation of Frederick the Great, and points out cases in which the biographer errs by too great devotion to views better fitted for the scholar's closet than to the every-day world; but he is emphatic in approving what is good.

These chapters, which apparently are letters about three years old, reprinted, compose all that he has to say about England in its present condition, and although they by no means go over the whole field of active English thought, they take up many of its interesting sides. Before leaving this part of the book it may be worth while to turn to Hillebrand's defense of Bulwer, which is certainly interesting reading: "He has always seemed to me to be a good example of the English aristocrat, such as was frequently to be seen in the last century, a combination of Walpole and Chesterfield, with a little German metaphysics added, and a Byronic pose. Bulwer is decidedly an attractive nature, whose affectation is rendered tolerable by his innate grace. For Bulwer is affected; not in his old-school, French airs, which are those of the cultivated French nobleman of the century of enlightenment who has come down to our day; he is affected when he assumes the ways of the fashionable dandy, or plays the profound philosopher, or coquettes with his stores of learning, or sets out to be the earnest, romantic poet of melancholy despair. He cannot help it, he must always pretend to be some one else; but his easy, attractive form is to be seen beneath the artificial, fashionable veil, and it is impossible to be angry with him. Everything about the man is noble; he has no hidden vein of commonness. All the qualities which one associates with the cavalier are united in him; one can see in the author how courageous, high-hearted, and knightly he was in his life, and what facility he had in everything, in writing as well as in speaking. Hence it is that for us Germans his somewhat abstract idealism brings him nearer to us than to his practical countrymen and contemporaries. His philosophy is not original, but he has an understanding of philosophy. To a scholar of Waitz or Giesebrecht his study of history may seem insufficient and uncertain, but they are enough for a man of the world, and they offer him a tolerable insight into historical sequence, and into the community of our European culture. In Bulwer there was no poet, but he was a poetic soul, and he could revel in the enjoyment of poetry and poetic things." After speaking of his lack of humor and of the heaviness of his satire, Mr. Hillebrand goes on, "One gets to love the author; one often shares with approval in his views of life; one likes the thoroughly gentlemanly society one meets in his books; one gives him applause when he protests against the wisdom of this work-day world, when he steps forward in defense of the great glories of humanity, for the idols which rude hands would destroy, and in his Quixotic enthusiasm breaks a lance for what Goethe called the *ahnungsvoll*." To be sure, this outburst is tempered by a speedy enumeration of Bulwer's faults, of his lack of skill in drawing real human beings, of the unsoundness of the situations he invents, and of the sluggish movement of the action in his stories, — a tolerably complete list, which covers a good part of the ground covered by the novelist; but on the whole he admires Bulwer. It is hard to see how any one can like characters which are unlifelike even if they are gentlemanly, as also to understand how any one can sympathize with Bulwer's loudly professed adoration of the ideal. In fact, that novelist was always trifling with the popular taste,

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and imitating what was good in a palpably insincere fashion. To say that he was not admired in England because he was averse to preaching a practical philosophy seems to be a rather hasty judgment. He was much read and admired, but for the most part only by young people, who were unable to discriminate between what was genuine and what ungenuine. Others could not help being conscious of his deficiencies, of the emptiness of his various pretenses, and of his incessant assumption of all manner of virtues and excellences. Why he has been so much admired by Germans is still a puzzling question. An advocate of Schopenhauer certainly would not seem likely to be the prey of false sentimentality, unless it be that Schopenhauer's philosophy exists in Germany only as a sort of bulwark against the softer trait which has so long marked that country.

As a sort of postscript to the book, two agreeable chapters are inserted, one on Tom Jones, to which Mr. Hillebrand gives fitting praise, and the other on Sterne, of whom he writes entertainingly.

On the whole, this volume will be found interesting, bright, and readable. That it gives a complete picture of modern England cannot be affirmed. Like the second volume of this series, reviewed last October in The Atlantic, it is somewhat superficial, and hardly comes up to the promise of the title or of the first book, Frankreich und die Franzosen, noticed some three years ago. The author's position is that of a cosmopolitan, with its advantages in the way of brilliancy and facility of expression; but there is also a less attractive side, that of superficiality in spite of the great acuteness of part of the book. Nevertheless, it is well worth reading.

ART.

Any amount of discussion about the progress we are making in the way of popularizing art education in this State has not a feather's weight in comparison with the eloquent and intelligible language of the last exhibition of the drawings shown in Horticultural Hall, examples of work from the various art schools in the commonwealth. The display was like a great open book, chronicling exactly the extent of the advancement of the students under the system of art instruction which has for some years been in practice here. The specimens shown received from the public deserved, if not altogether judicious praise. The avowed intention of the managers of the school has always been to teach solely industrial art, and not in any way to attempt instruction in the purely æsthetic branches, making a distinct division between industrial and artistic education. Indeed, this intention has been so often declared that it is quite superfluous to repeat it here. Without any question the mechanical drawings were the most perfect in execution and best adapted to the purpose for which they were made. Drawings of machinery, nicely finished problems of house and ship architecture, original plans, designs more or less ornamental, — in fact, there was an embarassment of riches in this line. Of the primary steps in the system, which were as far as possible shown in a progressive series, there is little to say. No one will pretend to deny that the mechanism of drawing, the mental operation of constructing a figure with any material, is essentially the same the world over, and is based on the application of simple forms, easily grasped, to assist in the representation of complex form. By the aid of horizontal and perpendicular lines or simple geometrical figures, placed in imagination in reference to the object before him or drawn lightly on the paper as guides to be erased in the finish, every artist makes his drawing. This has always been the alphabet of drawing, and the practical service of such aids is axiomatic. Mr. Walter Smith and his assistants teach, if we understand rightly, by no new rules, but by a carefully systematized scale of progression, trying to lead the beginner by the shortest and most reasonable path to a certain degree of proficiency in the illustration of solid objects, and in original design for whatever purpose his course of study

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may imply. In the exhibition — the first thoroughly representative one — the work of the young scholars always testified to an earnest training in the precise direction laid out by Mr. Smith; and this gentleman is to be congratulated on the success of his efforts in securing the undivided attention of a large number of scholars and in awaking general interest in the subject of drawing, rather, we think, than felicitated on the proficiency of his pupils. It is true that there are great difficulties in the way of teaching drawing in the public schools; the benefit of another obligatory course in addition to the now too heavy list of studies is, with reason, doubted. It is also true that this exhibition has had the field all to itself, that the public have had no opportunity of comparing the work done under Mr. Smith's direction with that performed under other influences. Hence it would be idle to attempt a critical consideration of the examples shown. Not being able to gauge the capabilities of the scholars of the public schools, we have no way of determining whether they are doing as well in drawing as they might do. We can only say that the examples shown in the exhibition were, in comparison with similar drawings produced in other countries and under parallel conditions of age and previous training, by no means wonderful. Nevertheless it was a gratifying display.

Mr. Smith's method of instruction is popularly called the English system. What his ideas are of the prevailing systems in France and England may be found in the following extract from his report on the art educational section of the Paris Exhibition of 1867: "Compared with the English school of art system, the French is deficient in breadth and comprehensiveness, and yet it gets more valuable results than the English does. . . . What we want in England is to engraft upon our system this French plan as to drawing, and then we should have absorbed, as it were, the soul of French art education. It is, I am prepared to allow, a very rough-and-ready method, all the more suitable, therefore, for students who begin their studies with taste and power at zero; but it has, on the other hand, capacity of development to suit the education of the most perfect taste and the maturest power. Some years ago the practice of working light-and-shade drawings with leather and stump as instruments, using chalk or charcoal as a medium, was entirely scouted in English schools of art. The examination and reports upon the French art schools' exhibition by inspectors and masters of the English schools, in 1864, drew attention to the excellence of the method, and its adoption was very strongly advocated by at least one master. Since then, both in London and the provinces, several masters have partially adopted the system, and it was well represented in this year's national competition in London. . . .

"What I propose to do is to see whether we cannot combine with our English art education the good features by which the French and German educationalists try to develop art feeling among the actual producers of the works."

We have spoken of the declared intentions of the state director of art education and his corps of teachers in regard to their instruction. One item in the declaration we must protest against, namely, the complete separation of the artistic from the industrial. This is no less than tearing the heart from the body. It would lead one to believe that decoration is mechanical, whereas it is only those decorations which possess the artistic element that are valuable. Imitative decoration, Chinese copying of the originals of others, is in no sense æsthetic; but this cannot be the limit proposed by Mr. Smith's course of instruction. In the last paragraph quoted above, Mr. Smith testifies to the value of this same artistic element. In France and Germany, artist and artisan study side by side, and often the latter is the better workman, from a mechanical point of view. For the productions which demand only a modicum of artistic feeling, but insist upon at least something in this way, the artisan fills his position exactly as well as the artist in his branch, and the more of an artist the artisan may be, the higher value will be placed on his productions. The greatest decorators have been the greatest artists. The Ducal Palace, the Campo Santo, and the Sistine Chapel, and in modern times the vestibules of the academies of fine arts in Paris and Antwerp and the walls of many public buildings in Europe, are monuments to the truth of this assertion.

The difficulties of introducing any system which should not have immediate practical results of more or less commercial value is well understood. It is possible that the patrons of the schools would object to any instruction that was not pronounced industrial, and since we are to judge altogether by results and only to note intentions for

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the sake of comparing them with results, we may safely assert that there were a sufficient number of important works shown in the exhibition to prove that it has been impossible to separate the industrial from the artistic, and that the advanced course of study was in the way of artistic education more or less wisely directed, notwithstanding repeated announcements to the contrary. In almost every section of the display there were copies of illustrations, photographs, or drawings, not chosen for the perfection of their execution but for their artistic qualities. To be sure, there were also examples of very painstaking point drawing from the solid object, which could have no other purpose than to train the pupil to precision in executing the mechanical part of the work. Among others, in the section of the normal art school there were a great many drawings from casts, copies in color from examples of recognized merit, and still-life studies, which could only be decorative, and in this sense industrial to the extent that they were artistic. It is the assimilation of the principles governing the works of the great artist-decorators that would give a decorative value to the examples above cited. Very many of these drawings were quite correct in contour, the oil copies were not without considerable merit, but the general fault of all the black and white studies was the very lack of the decorative element which it is the intention of the school to cultivate. Scarcely one among them gave an impression of the material from which it was studied. Drawings from the cast gave no hint of the appearance of plaster. And yet it would seem to be the first aim of a decorative drawing from a plaster cast to render an impression of the character of the object and its value as a spot of color, as an ornament. In form, also, was there the same lack of decorative quality Illusion by skillfully imitated relief is one of the triumphs of the decorator. In scarcely a single example among the drawings or monochrome paintings is there any intention of relief. It is of no use to try to express solidity on a flat surface unless it is felt. All the rules and appliances in the world will not assist the pupil unless he can be led to appreciate the relief of the object, and thus work it into his drawing. And this sentiment is artistic. It is easy to define exactly where the drawings fell short in their professed purpose. The reason is found, in the majority of cases, in the falsity of the oppositions of tone. The minutest variation in tone will change the apparent form. Most perfect relief is seen in the broad masses of flesh in Titian's pictures. Analyze the delicate modeling, and it is plain that the refinement of variation in the tone causes the apparent relief. We would not be so exacting as to demand an approach to perfection of relief in the drawings spoken of, but we would have welcomed an echo of a sentiment of this most vital element of the highest branch of industrial art. Any one would have been puzzled to assert what was the color or material of the groups of blocks, the torso from the Vatican, or the mutilated Nike Apteros. He would have been equally at a loss to find the intermediate steps between these performances, and to follow the pupil as he left simple objects and reached the antiques. To be sure, the Normal Art School is established for the training of teachers, but from the works of the teachers we must prophesy results of like stamp from the pupils they are destined to instruct, for no one can teach more than he knows.

In considering this subject of art education, it must not be lost sight of that we have in this country no class of men trained in a way that they may be drawn upon for our art-instructors. But putting a saw in a workman's hand will not make him a carpenter, and if we are to judge from results before us it would seem to be wiser to trust to a natural growth of men who are proper instructors than to force them injudiciously in an expensive hot-bed. When the Art Museum shall have accomplished one of the best purposes of its establishment, and we see within its walls a body of diligent students all striving to become artists, even if destined to come out artisans, there will be teachers enough for the primary classes. Meanwhile there are scores of American art students at home and abroad, old enough in experience and properly educated to give instruction, who would gladly welcome employment as teachers.

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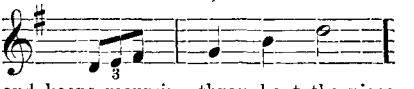
MUSIC.

WAGNER's Centennial March[1] (of which we have unfortunately seen only a poor piano-forte arrangement) is perhaps the most foiling composition to criticism that we have yet met with. To any one who is comfortably content to look for the whole musical essence of a work in the character and relationship of its various themes, and their formal working out, this march presents little difficulty. The two contrasted themes it is built upon are neither new nor especially interesting; they are certainly neither trivial nor very commonplace, they have even a certain stateliness and grandeur, but they do not of themselves produce any marked effect upon either the feelings or the imagination. Their formal treatment, judged by any genuinely musical standard, is so very loose and inorganic that it is wholly uninteresting, and, by itself, monotonous. Sheer persistence and reiteration must not be confounded with thematic development, although when done with a will, and with sustained power, they may at times produce wonderful effects, though of the physical sort; witness the first movement of Gade's C-minor Symphony. Judged from the printed notes, then (always bearing in mind that we are speaking of a very inadequate piano-forte transcription, the merest spectre of the original work), this march should be pronounced, by the most time-honored rules of criticism, to be wholly flat, unprofitable, and without foison. Beyond all doubt, Wagner's superb command over all the resources of the modern orchestra, his wondrous power of contrasting different shades of tone, his gorgeous instrumental coloring, will, in any case, go far toward galvanizing even the deadest inorganic mass of notes into life. We know that this faculty is held in light esteem by many, and we are often brought up short in our admiration of works that are purely orchestral in their character, and are comparatively uninteresting when heard through the medium of a piano-forte transcription, by the reproving remark that a Beethoven symphony does not need its orchestral dress to be beautiful. Aye, very true! Just in so far as the instrumentation of a Beethoven symphony is merely its orchestral *dress*, can it bear being stripped of it; it can even better do without it. But in so far as the instrumentation is an organic part of the symphony itself, it is an utterly indispensable part. Music is most assuredly the art of *tones*. We cannot but feel that all those who rejoice in piano-forte arrangements of Beethoven symphonies, and orchestral transcriptions of Bach passacaglias and toccatas, fail to feel some of the very essential beauties of those works. It would appear, then, that the critic must look to the orchestra to reveal to him whatever of beauty lies in the Centennial March; otherwise there seems to be little hope either for the march or for him.

So much for criticism. But one rather disconcerting fact remains. After playing over the march some half a dozen times, we must candidly admit that we greatly enjoy it. We find it neither monotonous nor dry, but full of fire, dignity, and energy. The themes are given out with such convincing authority, the whole thing is carried through with such indomitable, spontaneous power, there is so much fine, effectual heat in the work, such a total absence of anything small or niggardly in its composition, that it carries us away, in spite of ourselves, perhaps, at first, but very willingly at last. We will mercifully say nothing about the ever-occurring triplet figure, which the newspapers have quite sufficiently talked of in a more or less distracted state of mind, except that it is, as Hamlet might say, an honest triplet. It is simply the first three notes of the first theme, —



and keeps recurring throughout the piece (as fragments of themes have often done before in other pieces), greatly adding to its brilliancy. The effect of the whole march is, no doubt, mainly physical, but we cannot help thinking it an inspiring and wholesome one.

— Mr. Dudley Buck's Centennial Cantata[2] is a very favorable example of the com

[1] *Grand Festival March.* For the opening of the Centennial. By RICHARD WAGNER. Arranged for piano by THEODORE THOMAS Cincinnati: John Church & Co

[2] *The Centennial Meditation of Columbia.* A Cantata for the inaugural ceremonies at Philadelphia, May 10, 1876. Poem by SIDNEY LANIER. Music by DUDLEY BUCK New York: G. Schirmer

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poser's style. Anything other than a masterly treatment of easily melodious and dramatically pertinent themes, coming from his facile pen, would have surprised us. We must think that Mr. Buck has been unfortunate in the text to which he has written music. The greater part of Mr. Lanier's poem, apart from all considerations of its intrinsic poetical worth or unworth is suitable to musical treatment in the dramatic, declamatory, Liszt-Wagner style, but is very ill adapted to musical treatment in the purely musical style in which Mr. Buck is so gracefully at home. Mr. Buck is, above all things, a musician, and never allows the dramatic possibilities of his text to lure him away from a musically self-dependent and consistent form.

Mr. Lanier recently wrote a newspaper letter in which he defended at great length his choice of method in composing this cantata-text. He there lays down three principles (which, in his view, constitute the *a*, *b*, *c* of the matter): (*a*) that every modern musical composer must write for the human voice as a part of the orchestra; (*b*) that only one general conception is permissible in the text, with some subordinate ideas very broadly contrasted; and (*c*) that in the case in point the poem should consist mainly of Saxon words, in order to aid in producing an effect of "big, manly, and yet restrained jubilation." We have nothing to object to the sincerity of Mr. Lanier's convictions, and, as we have intimated, we think he produced various phrases and movements well adapted to dramatic musical arrangement; but we feel bound to oppose his theory that poetry written for music need no longer be "perfectly clear, smooth, and natural." There are critics quite as competent as Mr. Lanier who do not believe that the poorness of Wagner's texts for his own operas is at all essential to their musical splendor. And what does Mr. Lanier say to Schiller's ode, An die Freude, so magnificently set by Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony? We know of no text, either, which might so well inspire a musician of the modern school as Coleridge's Ancient Mariner (though this has been very inadequately used by the English composer, Barnett), a poem largely made up of clear and precise narrative. But, to take the example which seems to have been most immediate in its influence upon Mr. Lanier, Dr. von Bülow's orchestral rendering of Uhland's Sänger's Fluch, we may observe that the simple fact of the composer's skipping the "connective tissue" of narrative in that poem, and dwelling on the dramatic episodes in it, by no means proves that the intermediary narrative portions are "so much waste matter *quoad* music." Without these portions, the poem would have been comparatively worthless and ineffective, and could hardly have inspired any musician to the effort of interpretation. If Uhland had, without further explanation, given the ejaculative utterances of the king, the queen, and the singer, he would have been unintelligible; and before his poem could have been translated into tones by Von Bülow, explanatory marginal notes would have been required, similar to those which Mr. Lanier wisely took the precaution to send to Mr. Buck; and possibly a posthumous newspaper letter from Uhland would not have been amiss. Moreover, a conception to be embodied in words and music, cannot safely be subjected to just the same treatment as that which is given to the *impression* derived from a clear, concise poem, and about to be translated into orchestral effects. Mr. Lanier's fundamental error appears in a simile to which he confidently calls our attention, namely, that a poet asked to write a cantata-text is in precisely the predicament of a painter whimsically required to paint a picture that shall be viewed only by moonlight. This is as ludicrous as it is loose in its analogy. Mr. Lanier himself points out in one case the power of music to invest unmeaning syllables with great effect; and this alone shows that music is not an indistinct medium for the transmission of impressions, comparing with the power of non-musical vocal inflections "as moonlight . . . with sunlight." The syllables "zig, zig, zig" cannot possibly be made impressive in non-musical utterance. So that the idea that music, as contrasted with simple elocution, enfeebles and makes vague, falls to the ground. And even granting that it does make things vague, we should say that the poet, instead of adding to the dimness and mysticism of musical expression, ought to throw into his words a compensating clearness. In either case, then, Mr. Lanier is at fault. He has been misled by a simile, and has gone astray by reason of that peculiar and excessive roominess which an uncertain grasp of principles is apt to create in the mind. His law of the prevailing general idea and of the related subordinate ideas is quite correct, but not at all new; his choice of Saxon words is highly commendable; but his rejection of clearness

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and intelligibility is a lamentable error. It is quite possible that fine things may be produced in a mystical and indefinite vein, but no art can ever achieve greatly which sets out with forethought to be mystical and vague. Mr. Lanier says that he saturated his mind with a theory, and then waited for the poem to come. He would have done better to keep his mind more clear from theories, and to have gone ardently and without prejudice in search of his poem. As it is, in expounding the alphabet of a new poetic-musical art, he has forgotten that it must have a grammar also. And though undoubtedly revolutionary forces have been at work in music, and are now at work in poetry, which the general public may not appreciate, yet the criticisms which the Centennial cantata-text has met represent a healthy and instinctively correct popular protest against what is really a hasty and defective attempt to overthrow artistic order.

The *character* of Mr. Buck's music is almost always in keeping with the *spirit* of the text; we may be sure not to find him writing triumphal marches to words like "Cujus animam gementem," for instance; but all entering into dramatic details, to the detriment of essentially musical thematic development, seems to be repugnant to his nature. Now many of Mr. Lanier's verses are of that involved grammatical structure that makes them utterly incomprehensible when read merely prosodically. We must confess that Mr. Buck's setting often rather increases than lessens this quality in the poetry. Take, for instance, the lines, —

> "Winter cries, Ye freeze: away!
> Fever cries, Ye burn: away!
> Hunger cries, Ye starve: away!
> Vengeance cries, Your graves shall stay!"

The music to the first line is admirable: the basses thunder out, "Winter cries, Ye freeze;" upon which the whole chorus shriek, "Away!" But in the two following lines, all that the listener can understand is, "Fever cries, Ye burn away! Hunger cries, Ye starve away!" In the next line the music again makes the text wholly comprehensible and effective. There are one or two other places where the sense of the text is equally obscure to the listener.

Musically considered, the cantata is a most capital piece of writing. Mr. Buck does not write with a very Titanic pen, but his style is so pure and unforced, his effects are so easily and naturally brought about, that we cannot but overlook an occasional tendency to the trivial and commonplace. The bass solo, "Long as thine art," which sets out in a quite sufficiently commonplace and sentimental vein, gains strength as it goes on, and at the words, "Thy fame shall glow, thy fame shall shine," shows real power and effective brilliancy. The fugued final chorus is a great advance upon the composer's "The God of Jacob is our refuge," in his Forty-Sixth Psalm, and all the choral part from the words, "Mayflower, Mayflower," to the words, "Toil, give, kiss o'er and replight," is brilliant, and, barring the occasional obscurity we have already mentioned, effective, dramatic even, if you will, but always in a merely general way.

— Mr. John K. Paine's music to Whittier's Hymn[1] shows plainly the master's hand in its calm, reposeful beauty. It is a very perfect piece of plain choral writing, and we should place it in the foremost rank among the many modern attempts at *original* composition in this style. We have heard many large adjectives coupled with this music, and many sublime comparisons made with old works of the sort. But the opportunity seems to us hardly to have given room for anything *great*. An opening hymn for the Centennial Exhibition was required of Mr. Paine, and he has given us one such as we are persuaded few other men in the country could write.

[1] *Hymn.* Written for the opening of the International Exhibition. Words by JOHN G. WHITTIER. Music by JOHN K PAINE Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co.

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EDUCATION.

In the Southern country, as a whole, the public-school system is rather in a state of trying to be than of actual being, and therefore in that quarter of our Union it presents as yet no feature of interest beyond the simple fact that in this, its initial stage, it is making so good a fight for existence as to give hopes of vigorous health and a strong constitution in the future. Some of its guardians and nurses are endowed with intuitions and generalizations of liberal culture, so that it is quite possible that the mistakes of the North in elaborate text-books and narrow courses of study may be avoided by this later comer into the public-school field. All the Southern superintendents are in sympathy with the common-school education of the negro, not, it must be admitted, so much for his own sake as in order to mitigate and remove the curse of the ignorant ballot, which now afflicts the recent slave communities. But the superintendent of Virginia believes warmly in the "improvability" of the negro himself as a "man and a brother." Some superintendents recommend that all the taxes of every description raised by negroes should be devoted to the support of schools for their benefit. This amount could not nearly supply them with instruction, since even in Kentucky it would only reach about $15,000 annually. On the present system, says one report, "one race bears all the burden and the other reaps the benefit;" and the popularity of the common-school system, and the zeal with which it is supported, are very much affected thereby.

In the Southern States public-school funds are raised by state instead of by local taxation, and leading superintendents are anxious that in this regard the laws of their respective States should be changed so as to allow of taxation at will for the support of schools. This is the system at the North, and it has proved successful in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. The Peabody fund is doing service of such immense value in inaugurating common-school education in the South, that the only wonder is that some other millionaire has not doubled it. This fund does not assist colleges, academies, or any private, sectarian, or charity schools, nor does it aid schools whose average attendance is less than eighty-five pupils. As a specimen of the work it is doing we quote from the last report of the superintendent of Virginia, who says, "It may safely be asserted in regard to the majority of our one hundred and fifty-five graded schools that they could not have come into being without aid from this source; but, having been tried, and their superior advantages exhibited to the people, these schools will be permanent wherever there is sufficient population to maintain them. The aid given to teachers' institutes was also of great value. It enabled me to send highly-qualified lecturers to instruct the teachers in a number of places." The Peabody fund aids, too, in the publication of the Virginia Educational Journal.

No Southern State has more willingly received the modern doctrine of universal education than Virginia. She is prosecuting the common schooling of her children with vigor, and the last statistics show a gain in almost every particular. The number of teachers has increased two hundred during the past year. Improved furniture and apparatus are coming into use, and the attendance on the public schools has been greater than at any previous time. The primary public schools are rapidly absorbing the lower grades of private schools. There are nearly two hundred academies in the State, from which large classes yearly enter the colleges. The Virginians carry the family idea into the school, and there are "few places where brothers and sisters are sent to different schools. The educational advantages of co-education as to grading, study, and manners are so great that they will prevail over a prejudice which, so far as children are concerned, is left without an argument when the school premises and supervision are what they should be." There are two excellent colored normal schools in Virginia, but no steps have as yet been taken for the normal training of white teachers. The cities of Richmond and Lynchburg are particularly mentioned as having made the greatest advance toward the modern public-school ideal.

West Virginia has sent us no report, but from the last national report (1874) we

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learn that "the results of the free-school work in the State for the last two years are very gratifying, and show a steady and healthy increase in the attendance of pupils at school, as well as greater efficiency in financial and school management." The State has established a normal school with five branches — an instance of energy and wise foresight in the right direction.

At no time in the State of Maryland, since the state school system came into existence, has there been greater activity in all departments than during the year 1874. Although the amount of public-school money received from the State was less than in any previous year, the people of the several counties, by their voluntary contributions, have made up the deficiency nearly threefold. "An important element of educational progress in the State was the establishment, in September, 1874, of the Maryland School Journal, a monthly paper devoted to the cause of education, with the state superintendent and the superintendent of Baltimore as editors." The schools in Baltimore, as is natural in so old a Roman Catholic city, separate the sexes from the primary schools upward. The public-school system was not inaugurated in Baltimore until 1828, when three schools were opened and 269 pupils enrolled. In nine years these had only increased to 659, but in 1837 the city and school authorities established a high school. "The opportunities thus afforded for advancement to a higher grade of training immediately resulted in enlargement of the lower schools, so that in 1840, nine schools were in existence, with over 1800 pupils, while in 1874 there were one hundred and twenty-two schools and 39,569 pupils." This rapid increase, doubtless due in some degree to the great growth of population in the city, was attributed by the late city superintendent mainly to the influence of the *central high school.*" Drawing and music form a part of the public-school training of Baltimore, and in the girls' schools the teachers cheerfully undertook the work of teaching sewing, knitting, embroidery, and other useful branches to the female pupils of their schools, and set apart one afternoon in each week for this purpose. The experiment was very successful. Secondary education throughout Maryland is reported in a declining condition, though the State was once noted for its numerous and excellent classic schools.

In the city of Washington there is no high school excepting a colored one called a "preparatory high school." There is a normal school in which, "besides a review of previous studies, the pupils have been instructed in drawing, in methods of instruction, and in all that relates to the general management of schools," after which course the graduates must answer perfectly to Goethe's definition, "There is nothing more frightful than a person who knows only so much as he is required to teach." Drawing and music and a little natural science and physics are taught in the public schools, but apparently no foreign language.

The proportion of colored pupils is larger in Washington than in any other city in the country. Only twenty-six per cent. of the persons who send their children to the public schools pay any taxes for them, yet the school-tax in Washington is nearly twice as great as in any other locality. There are as yet seatings enough for only half the children. The school-houses are generally overcrowded and ill-ventilated, though two of them, the Franklin and the Jefferson schools, for white and colored children respectively, are fine buildings which took very high medals at the Vienna Exposition. There are seventy-eight private schools in Washington, of which three are kindergartens. The one under Miss Marwedal is very completely organized, having a principal and six assistants and about seventy scholars.

In Kentucky the state and county teachers' associations are thoroughly organized and united, and the recently conferred right of district taxation will enable local enterprise to develop a common-school system commensurate with the wants of the State. The greatest present want of the State is good school-houses, the complaints respecting them being universal, and the pictures drawn of some of them being disgraceful and repulsive in the extreme. Yet improvement in these has set in vigorously, one hundred and forty-one new ones having been built in the past year.

In Tennessee not one fifth of the eligible population of the State had any means of education in 1872. In some of the counties there was not a single school, public or private, in operation. Now over one half of the children are enrolled, and over one quarter are in daily attendance. As the expenditure is only $3.40 per capita, the quality and quantity of the teaching must of course be very elementary. In Kentucky and Virginia it is about $5.08. There are thirty-three "colleges, academies, and

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seminaries" in Tennessee, especially "colleges."

According to the last Arkansas report, the superintendent could not even provide shelving for the preservation of the educational reports of the other States and of the national government. The school-teachers were paid in state scrip, which had depreciated to thirty-five cents on the dollar. At present "the political convulsions by which this State has been shaken appear to have temporarily paralyzed the free-school system. . . . Public-school matters in our State are now at a stand-still. But now that our political troubles are over, and this present state government is fully established, I am satisfied that both public-school and other interests will in a short time revive and be carried on with renewed energy."

In Mississippi, owing to the teachers being paid in "warrants," whose value ranged from nothing up to fifty cents on the dollar, many schools were closed and most were kept open only a small portion of the year. The colleges of Mississippi are for one sex. Education for women appears to be extremely superficial and defective. There are two normal schools, but only for colored teachers. The city centres are apparently doing nothing for public-school education. Only half of the children of the State went to school at all.

In Louisiana, in 1873, only one fifth of the children were even *enrolled*. The revenue was not large enough to cover half the current expenses for half of the children, leaving nothing for building, repairs, and furnishing. The report itself admits that "official rascality" has destroyed confidence in the public-school system. "In most parishes of the State the need of school-houses is the greatest source of embarrassment. Scholars, for want of buildings, have been taught under trees and in buildings that had no doors, windows, or floors. There are no school-buildings worthy the name in the State, with the exception of a few in New Orleans and in one or two of the older towns in the interior. Indeed, even the best of the New Orleans school-houses would not be tolerated in any large town at the North longer than to give time to erect others." There is a high school at Baton Rouge, and three others in New Orleans are creditably spoken of. The financial condition of the Louisiana State University remains deplorable.

In Texas there "is in some counties evidence of a return of public confidence in free education." But the system is struggling with every conceivable difficulty: school-houses *rented* instead of being owned by the State, thus adding one fourth to the school expenses; the one per cent. tax peculated and misapplied; free schools and private schools blended together; a multiplicity of school districts; no provision for the school organization of cities and towns as such, these being under the control of county officers.

In Alabama "the provision of the constitution which requires the inviolable devotion of certain revenues and school funds to the purposes of education has been disregarded by each successive legislature. Each year an increasing percentage of the school fund has been diverted from its legitimate use to the defraying of the general expenses of the State." The indebtedness of the State to the school fund, from this diversion of the revenues, had risen from $187,872 at the end of 1869, to $1,260,511 at the end of 1873, in which year, out of $522,810 apportioned for educational purposes, only $68,313 was paid from the state treasury, and *that* only in teachers' warrants! "The result has been an almost entire paralysis of primary education." In the report for 1874 the retiring superintendent says that "during the past school year the difficulties above referred to have neither been removed nor lessened. On the contrary, new complications have arisen." There are apparently ten institutions in the State for the training of teachers, eight of these being for the colored race and two for the white. "With the zeal for college training which marks the Southern people, the University of Alabama has been kept in operation by the State, while the common schools have been suffered to go down."

The superintendent of Florida reports that "half a decade ago there were no schools outside a few of the larger towns and cities. We have now nearly six hundred scattered throughout the State. They are springing up by the highways and by-ways as pledges of future improvement and progress. Out of a total population of two hundred thousand we have twenty thousand children attending school." Sixteen schools in Florida are beneficiaries of the Peabody fund. Three out of every four of the teachers of Florida are reported as "unfit for their work," and there does not seem to be a single agency in the State, except an "academic department" in the Peabody school at St. Augustine, capable

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of making them any better; no high school or normal school, teacher's institute or college.

Georgia has been called the Empire State of the South, and the Proceedings of the Seventh Annual Meeting of the Georgia Teachers Association give promise of an intellectual life within her borders which will easily enable her to maintain her supremacy. Of the eight papers read at this meeting, six — The Higher Education of Women, Modern Uses of the Ancient Languages, Scientific School Studies, A Plea for Common Sense in Education, Practical Education, and Theories of College Education — would have been considered able in any similar meeting in any part of the country. The venerable Dr. Lyscomb presided, and opened the conference with an appeal to teachers to magnify their office. "There is a Georgia greater than the Georgia we have lost; a Georgia grander than the old Georgia was. The Georgia in our brains, under our feet, and in our hills and our rivers, will be the Georgia that will gladden the hearts and homes of our children."

In South Carolina, of an apparent school revenue of over half a million, "not a cent of an appropriation of $300,000 for 1873 ever reached the schools;" and in 1874 also there was a large deficiency. Great numbers of the schools were closed, and the teachers suffered from "great distress and privation." In 1873 Grenville County received but $800 of the $12,252 of school funds which came into the hands of the county treasurer, a man who, being pardoned from serving a term in the state penitentiary, *afterward* received possession of the school funds from the state treasurer and immediately left the State! Charleston College, with its fine museum of natural history, is still in operation, and probably has to do duty, as far as the whites are concerned, for both itself and the state university at Columbia. Since 1873 the latter has been principally in the hands of negroes, and therefore abandoned by the better class of whites. A preparatory school has been added to it under its new *régime*, and also one hundred and twenty-four state scholarships of four years each, and each with an income of $200, — and this though the number of students in the preparatory school is but one hundred and seventeen, and in the college itself but forty-two. But the practical operation of the measure is far from favorable. "The board of trustees has likewise remitted all fees and rent hitherto imposed upon students, thus rendering the university practically free to all. The university buildings are in an unfortunate condition, and unless prompt and efficacious measures be taken to protect them from the further ravages of time and the weather, they will suffer permanent and irreparable damage."

In North Carolina the State has not yet authorized local taxation for school purposes. It attempts to provide for the schools out of the state taxes, and the result is of course inadequate. Teachers' wages are low, and there appear to be no county superintendents. At the date of the report the state university was in a condition of suspension, and had been so for some time. At the state convention of 1874 a young colored man made a speech at the suggestion of the state superintendent, in which he deprecated the excessive multiplication of studies in the schools for colored children. His address met with a very cordial appreciation by the assembly. Three other colored men took part in the discussions and "were heard with a friendly and respectful interest."

For ourselves, we look for a great educational impetus to be given to the whole South when the magnificent Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore is fairly organized and in operation. It has admirable material to work upon. No observer can teach Southern schools, whether for poor or rich, without recognizing the abounding talent, as well as the docility and enthusiasm and *abandon*, of the Southern children.

With this number we bring our review of the school reports of all the States and Territories to a close. The present defects of our public-school system may be briefly summed up. They are an alarming absence of definite moral teaching, and a disgraceful neglect of historical studies; too much elaboration of arithmetic, grammar, and geography, and too little attention to the other elements of knowledge, together with a complete failure to impart any conception of, or taste for, English literature. Yet in all the thousands of pages of these reports which we have toiled through, only one man — a local superintendent in Rhode Island — perceived that this *not teaching the masses what to read* is in truth the great short-coming of our public-school system.

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